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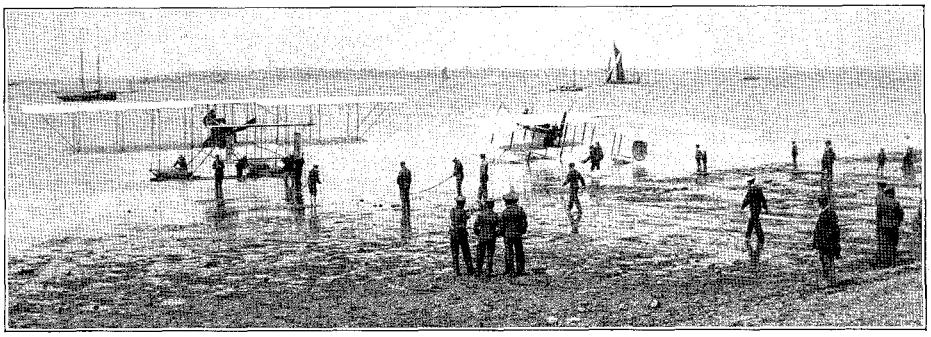

Maurice and Henri Farman "pusher" seaplane.

THE AEROPLANE IN WARFARE

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON

Founder Member of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain and Ireland

THE development of aviation as a science has long been watched with varying degrees of interest by every civilized nation, but its application to military purposes is a matter of more or less secret history. Few people, for example, know why, when the outlook was threatening to the last degree, Germany and France did not actually come to blows at the time of the Morocco crisis. It so happened that the French military manœuvres had just taken place, and the aeroplanes with which France had by that time provided herself in large numbers performed such amazing feats, and foreshadowed so drastic a revolution in warfare, as to petrify with astonishment all the foreign attachés who were present on the field. Just when every one was expecting war to be declared at any moment, the German representatives hastened to Berlin and pointed out that, as Germany's own aeroplane equipment was at that time all but a negligible quantity, it would be utterly hopeless for her to enter upon a war against France with any prospect of success. When one sees what has been done in the present war by the aviators of both sides alike it is easy to understand the correctness of Germany's decision in the Morocco period, for so remarkable a preponderance as then existed on the French side would have gone far toward outweighing the German superiority in numbers where its ordinary army was concerned. Instead of declaring war, Germany set to work to develop her "fourth arm," with the result that when she took the field against France in 1914 she had a colossal array of aeroplanes and trained pilots to control them.

It was a single event, too, which speeded up the British War Office—reputedly the most conservative of human institutions. Aviation had been developing with rapid strides in Great Britain for a good number of years, and the government had been even moved to devote a grant for the production of aeroplanes on military lines. The money provided,

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however, fell very far short of the requirements of the case, in view of the immense progress already achieved in France, and the speed with which Germany was endeavoring to set her house in order. Nevertheless, the British Government the advocates of progress to point out that if a British aviator could fly thus easily and speedily into German territory, a visitation from a German aviator, or German aviators, was equally feasible. More convincingly than ever was it shown

The British Royal Flying Corps in camp.
From a photograph taken during the war.

and the War Office continued to regard the question as an insular matter pure and simple, in spite of the reiterated protests of the leaders of British aviation, who knew what was being accomplished elsewhere. Obviously some striking lesson, of instantaneous value, was needed to convince the government of the error of its ways, but it was left for a small committee of practical patriots to provide the lever which should burst open the coffers of the reluctant treasury. The intrepid Gustav Hamel was engaged to attempt a long-distance flight from England across the Channel, and thence over foreign soil. After an initial failure which, so far as I am aware, has not been recorded previously, he made a triumphant journey right over into Germany, reached Düsseldorf (two hundred and thirty miles) in three hours and ten minutes, and finished twenty miles farther on in Cologne. It was open to that Great Britain was no longer an island so far as concerned immunity from distant attack. The War Office woke up, the government voted the money, and the training of military and also naval aviators proceeded apace.

As a practical result, British military aviation had undoubtedly attained a greater degree of organization before the war broke out than at one time appeared possible, or indeed than was realized by the British public. Like every other department, of course, its personnel and equipment were not based upon a scale in any sense commensurate with the magnitude of the gigantic war with which the nation was suddenly confronted, but nevertheless were ready and complete enough to astound, by their effective work, every man who was not already aware of their inspiring capabilities. At the very outset of the campaign they saved the Brit-

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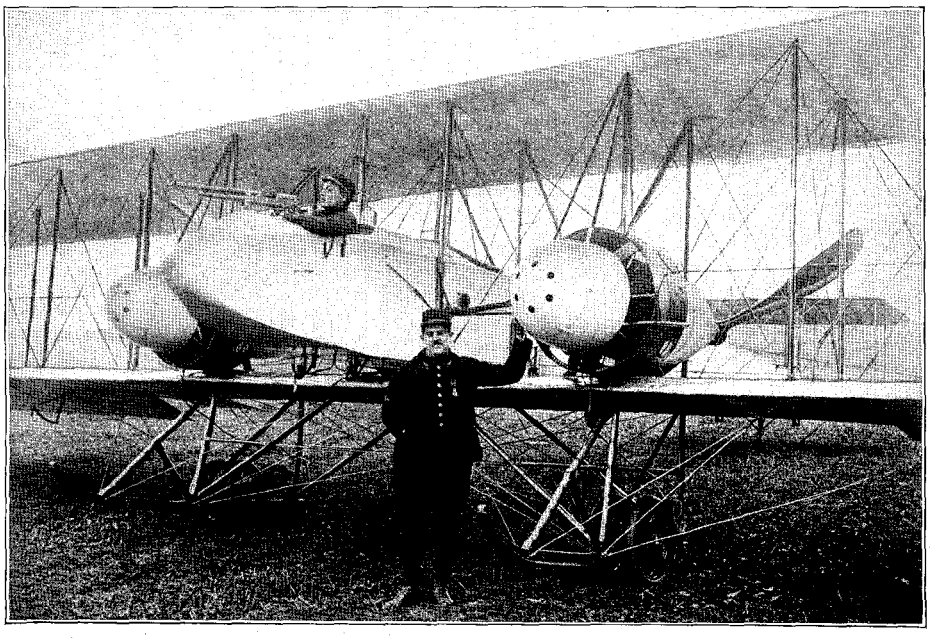
Australian pilot, Captain Watt (in front seat) of the French Military Aeronautical Service.
Since the war began Captain Watt has been decorated by General Joffre with the Legion of Honor.

ish Expeditionary Force from extinction, for, if his aviators had not warned him in time, General Sir John French would not have known of the oncoming of immense German hordes charged with the Kaiser's express command to wipe out the "contemptible little army." As every one knows, the memorable retreat from Mons was strenuous enough as it was, and ranks as one of the greatest of military achievements; but in his historic despatch Sir John French could not conceal his satisfaction with the services which his gallant flying men had rendered, while General Joffre awarded the British Flying Corps the decoration of the Legion of Honor forthwith.

As the British aviators began, so they



French armored aeroplane mounted with a rapid-fire gun.

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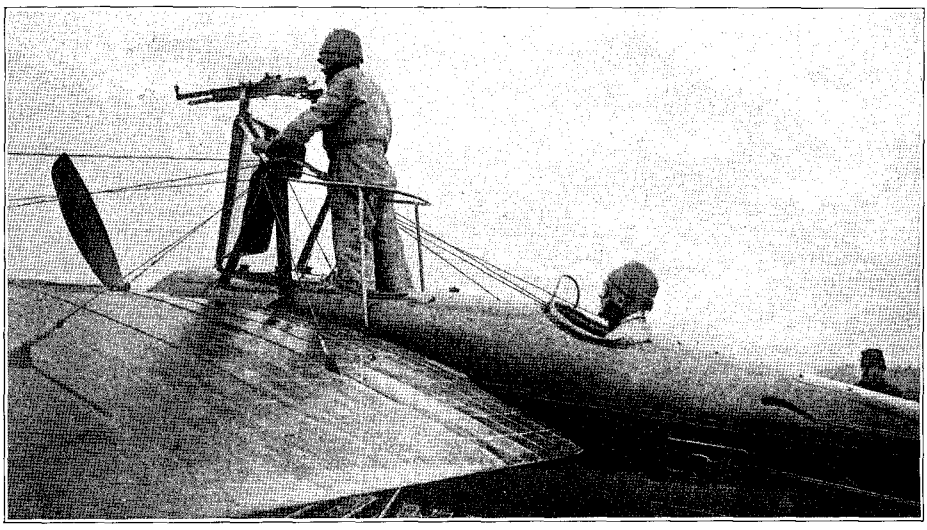
continued, and the history of their achievements is one long record of deeds of gallantry and daring. Fired by these exploits large numbers of young men passed through the schools and were enrolled as pilots, while the manufacture of aeroplanes was pushed forward in every available factory. The efficiency of the flying



A French Deperdussin monoplane equipped with a Benet-Mercier machine gun.

contingents at the front has not only been increased accordingly from month to month, but the outstanding feature of the aerial warfare has unquestionably been centred in its scientific no less than its military value. Whether voluntarily or under orders, flights have been made, and with conspicuous success, of a kind which had never before been attempted. In wind force nothing short of a hurricane has prevented the aviators from carrying out their duties, while the machines themselves have proved capable of things which only enthusiasts would have ventured to predict; indeed, reconnaissances in ninety-mile-an-hour gales have been officially recorded. The art of flying by night, too, has received an extraordinary stimulus.

As an illustration, in passing, of the advances made from the technical point of view, since the war actually began, I may mention two unrecorded feats which were performed only a few days before I write. A friend of my own crossed the English Channel, from Folkestone to Boulogne, in twelve minutes! Another aviator left Farnborough, in Hampshire, with a stiff gale behind, flew down to the coast, crossed the Channel, and sped across France to Sir John French's headquarters in an hour and a half, and it is computed that the machine at times must have attained a speed of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. As to the first-named feat, the fact may be recalled that M. Blériot, in his epic flight across the Channel, took thirty-five minutes, while, as regards the second, it is sufficient to point out that Lord Kitchener at the War Office and the commander-in-chief at the front could communicate by aeroplane, if need be, with a celerity that is only rivalled by the telephone itself.

To General Joffre, no doubt, the capabilities of the aeroplane came less as a surprise than to Sir John French, and this may account for the fact that the services of French aviators have received infrequent mention in the despatches. It was not, in fact, until March of this year that it was stated that, from the beginning of the war up to the end of January, the French flying squadrons had carried out about 10,000 reconnaissances, corresponding to more than 18,000 hours of flight. According to official estimate, the actual distances which these flights involved amounted to no less than 1,800,000 kilometres, or forty-five times the circumfer-

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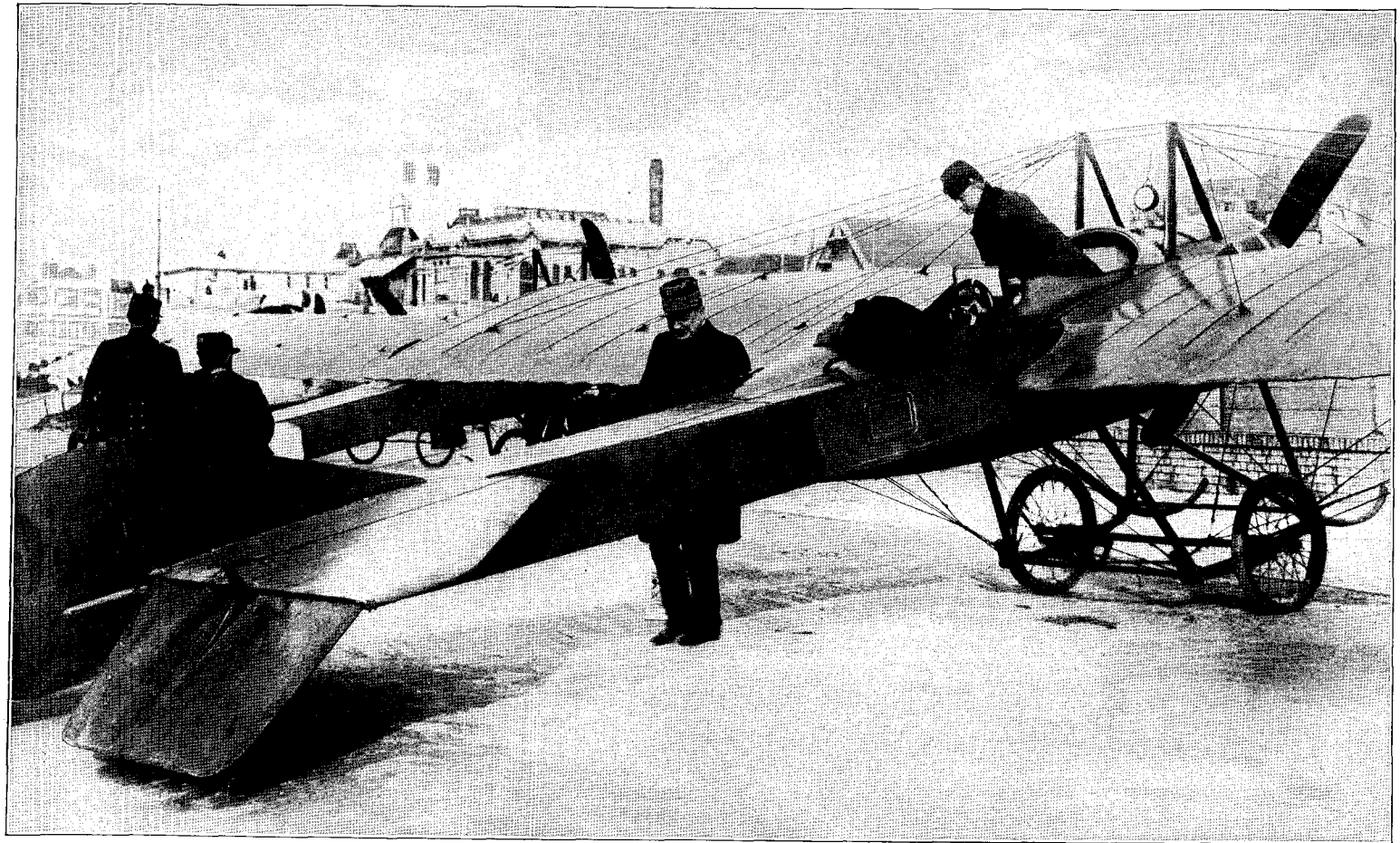

From a photograph by the Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.

A French general inspecting French aeroplanes.

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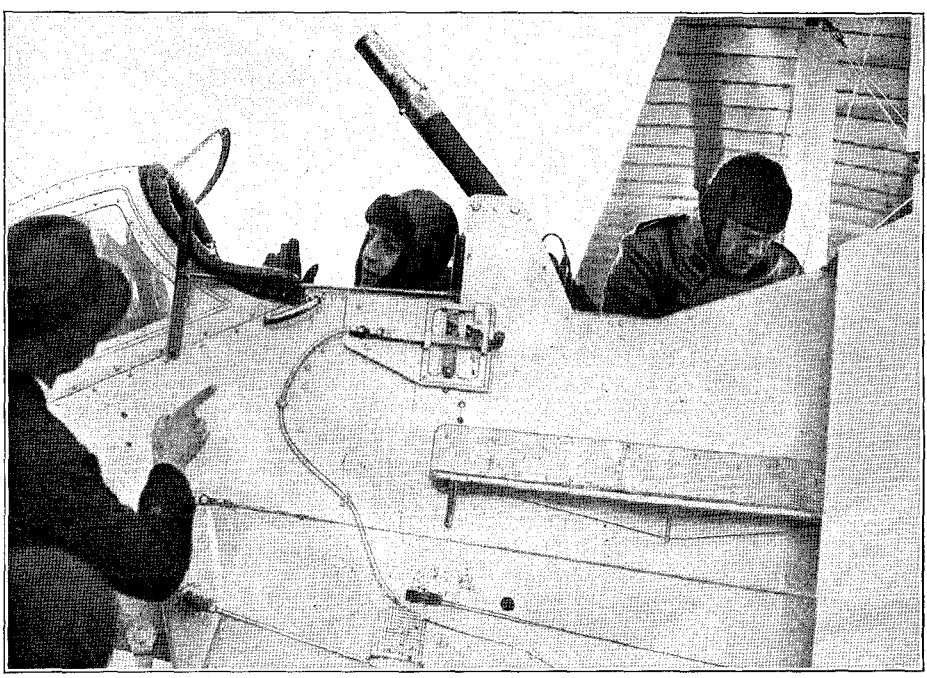
ence of the world. These figures show strikingly enough the efficiency of the aeroplane as a military adjunct, without drawing any invidious and wholly unnecessary comparisons as to the records of the airmen of other nations; but to the French *communiqué* was added a statement as to "grievous losses, which are comparable to and often more severe than those of other arms so far as the number of killed, wounded, and missing is concerned."

The explanation of this sentence is not one which is ever likely to be published in official documents, nor has it up to the present been manifested elsewhere. Nothing has been more remarkable, so far as concerns the British aviation corps of both sections, than the astonishingly small degree of failure, either as regards men or machines. The number of deaths, either from accidents connected with flight as such, or from the enemy's artillery, has certainly not exceeded three per cent. Not for a moment, however, could it be said that the flying men of the British forces have been coddled and those of the French ordered to take extreme risks; the most dangerous ventures, indeed, in the shape of organized raids, have been carried out by the Royal Naval Air Service.

The plain truth of the matter is that, relying upon their superiority in equipment as compared with the air departments of other nations, the French had allowed their military aviators to grow slack, and at the time when the war broke out they were by no means in a state of high efficiency. The government machines were neither of the latest nor best, nor were the men who handled them the most expert the country could produce, either as pilots or mechanics, while trained observers were at an utter discount. The losses referred to in the statement above quoted, there is reason to believe, were for the most part sustained in the earlier months of the war, and matters assumed a different aspect when reorganization was effected, although meanwhile the French army had to borrow from the Royal Flying Corps of General French. But not only were new and better machines eventually forthcoming, but the services of well-known civilian pilots were enlisted, and experts such as Verrier and Louis Noel were summoned from the English aviation grounds, where they were giving exhibition flights. France has never



From a photograph copyright by Topical Press Agency.

A British gun-carrying biplane, showing the armored seats.

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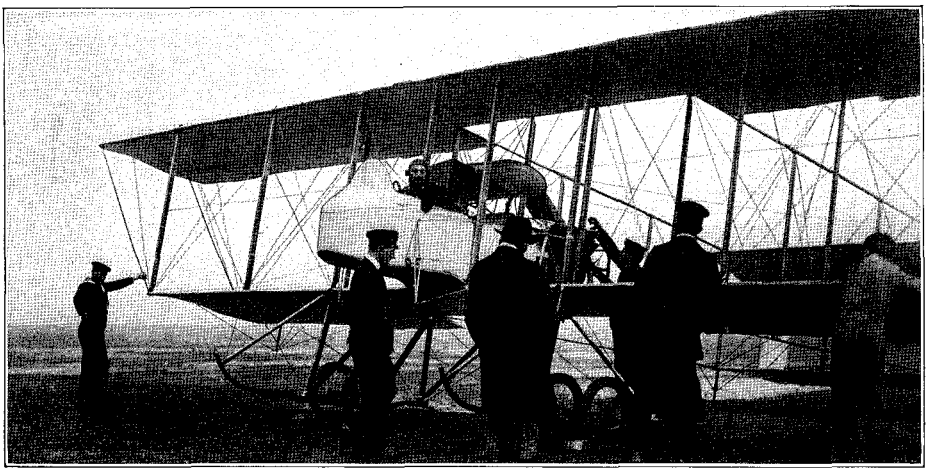
lacked skilled and daring aviators in plenty; all that was wrong was that aviation had been mismanaged on its military side. Even the French losses, however, have been fewer than might have been expected as compared with popular ideas of the dangerous nature of aviators' work, and on the law of averages most people would have calculated upon a higher percentage of disaster even if the same number of flights had taken place under peace conditions.



Commander Samson, R. N., commanding a wing of the Royal Naval Air Service, seated in a Maurice Farman biplane.

Two main factors, indeed, have to be borne in mind when considering the extraordinary efficiency and comparative immunity from loss of the aviation squadrons of the Allied armies. The first was known before the war began. Aviation may be said to have entered the realm of practical science when it was discovered that, notwithstanding the fact that an aeroplane is heavier than air and working against gravity by the power of its engine, the pilot is nevertheless not solely dependent upon the latter for the preservation of his own life. A headlong and fatal flight to earth was assumed to be inevitable when the engine failed; but when it was shown in due course that an aeroplane could glide down in spirals and alight without disaster, if only the pilot could choose a safe landing-place, the problem of flight assumed an entirely new phase.

As for the second factor, which only the war has taught us, it has been shown beyond doubt that, to a large extent, an aviator may be said to bear a charmed life even when over the enemy's fire. Time and time again machines have descended with their planes honeycombed with bullets, and it has been shown that to bring an airman down by gun-fire or rifle-fire it is necessary either to kill or wound the man himself or to damage an integral part of the machine to a degree that makes it uncontrollable. Rifle-fire has proved ineffective, save by sheer luck, but anti-aircraft guns are a more serious matter. They can fire almost straight up in the air to a distance of about seven thousand yards, and the Germans place their guns in groups, so that when an aviator is sighted he has not to fear a single weapon only, but enters upon a zone of fire. This fact notwithstanding, he escapes oftener than not by a quick change of course, coupled with a rapid ascent, and the opportunities of effective marksmanship are generally inferior to the pilot's chances of escape. What he fears, indeed, even more than the prospect of being actually hit is the disturbing effect of shell-fire on the stability of his machine, and there is no gainsaying the fact that aviators generally, from this cause, experience many anxious moments. As a matter of general practise, however, it has been found that reconnaissance work is fairly safe at anything above six thousand feet. Insomuch as rays of light diverge from the

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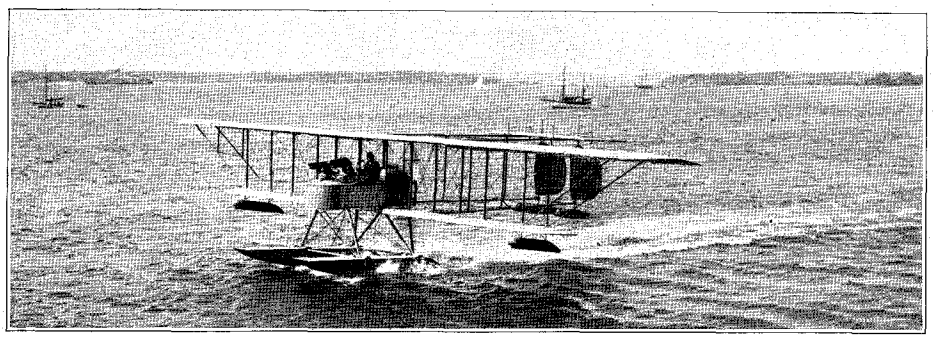
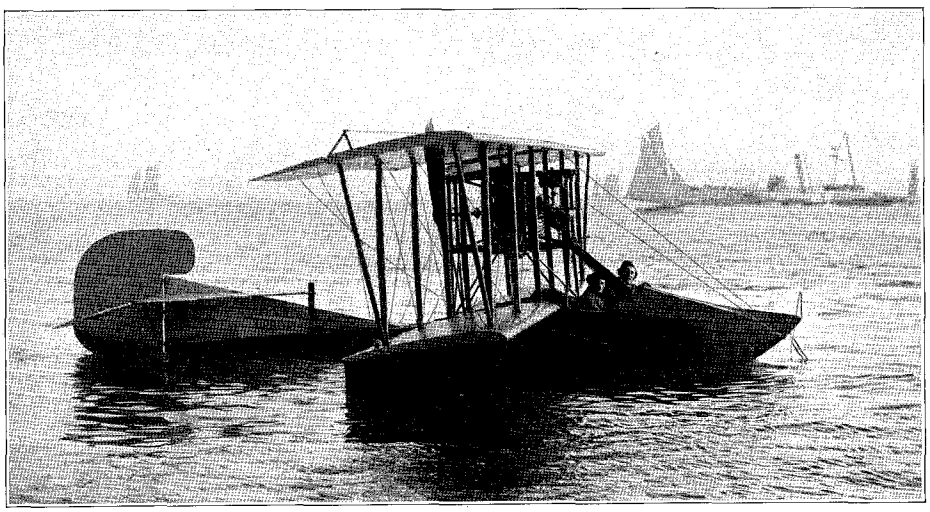


A Short "pusher" seaplane equipped with a one-and-a-half-pounder gun.

human eye, a machine that is travelling at any considerable altitude appears to be absolutely stationary, and its speed cannot be gauged, while at a height anything near the full range of the guns it is, of course, invisible.

It is almost superfluous to say that no official details have been vouchsafed as to the composition of the Royal Flying Corps or the Royal Naval Air Service of the British Expeditionary Force. As an illustration of the tardiness with which information filters through from the front, I may mention that it was not until the war had been in progress for seven months, or, in other words, a month after the article on "The Motor in Warfare" appeared in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, that any material reference was made by the official "Eye-witness" at the front to the question of mechanical transport, by which time, however, he was pleased to inform the world that this was "a petrol war." I may state here, however, that the number of machines employed by both wings of the British forces was about two hundred in all in March last, since when, however, the government orders have been rapidly maturing from week to week. No one type is paramount. Though the government factory, of course, favors the "BE2" biplanes of its own design, the output is not particularly large. Official plans were supplied to motor-car factories and others, but rapidity of production was hampered by the fact that numerous alterations of design were made from headquarters.



From a photograph by Bain News Service.

British-built Curtiss flying boat, at Brighton, England.

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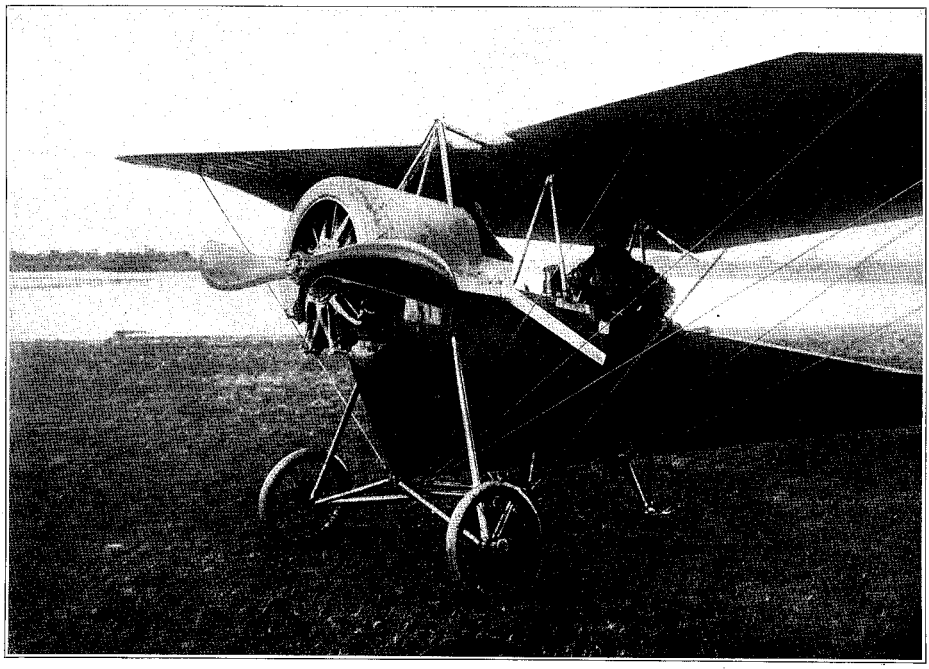
Meanwhile, the various aeroplane manufacturers themselves have been working on government orders for their own machines, and have produced these at a much more expeditious rate than the official factory itself. As a result, the types are no less varied than they were at the outbreak of the war, when everything that was available at the moment was requisitioned. The monoplane is out of favor because it is neither so speedy nor so stable as the biplane, but it has nevertheless figured at the front because of the exigencies of the occasion. The preponderance of the biplane is, nevertheless, emphatic, although in great diversity of pattern. While it may be said that the capabilities of the distinctive types were well known to aviators before the fateful August 3d of last year, sundry reputations have been materially enhanced. The Avro biplanes, for example, have proved remarkably efficient, and are a striking example of the rewards of persistent endeavors on the part of their inventor, Mr. A. V. Roe. Many years ago I saw him vainly striving to rise from the earth on a little triplane, fitted with a nine-horse-power motor, at the first aviation meeting ever held in England, amid general laughter. The Avro of to-day, with an eighty-horse-power Gnome motor, can do 84 miles an hour, with a slowest speed of 30, and can land at 20, while it has laid to its credit the most remarkable achievement of the war. When the Admiralty aircraft raid on Friedrichshafen took place, the machines by which this feat was accomplished were three Avros which had never before made a single flight. Constructed in the north of England, they were packed straightway in crates and sent to Belfort, on the French side of the Swiss frontier. There they were unpacked and assembled, and were mounted forthwith by the gallant trio—Squadron-Commander Briggs, Lieutenant Babington, and Lieutenant Sippe. Briggs, it will be remembered, was wounded in the head and taken prisoner, but the other two returned and landed within 250 yards of the spot from which they started, having flown about 240 miles in wintry weather, and mostly over enemy territory.



French scouting aeroplane.

The aviator is seated under the wings, so that they do not interfere with his vision or the dropping of bombs.

In point of speed, however, the chief honors have been gained by machines of the "baby," or "tabloid," scout type.

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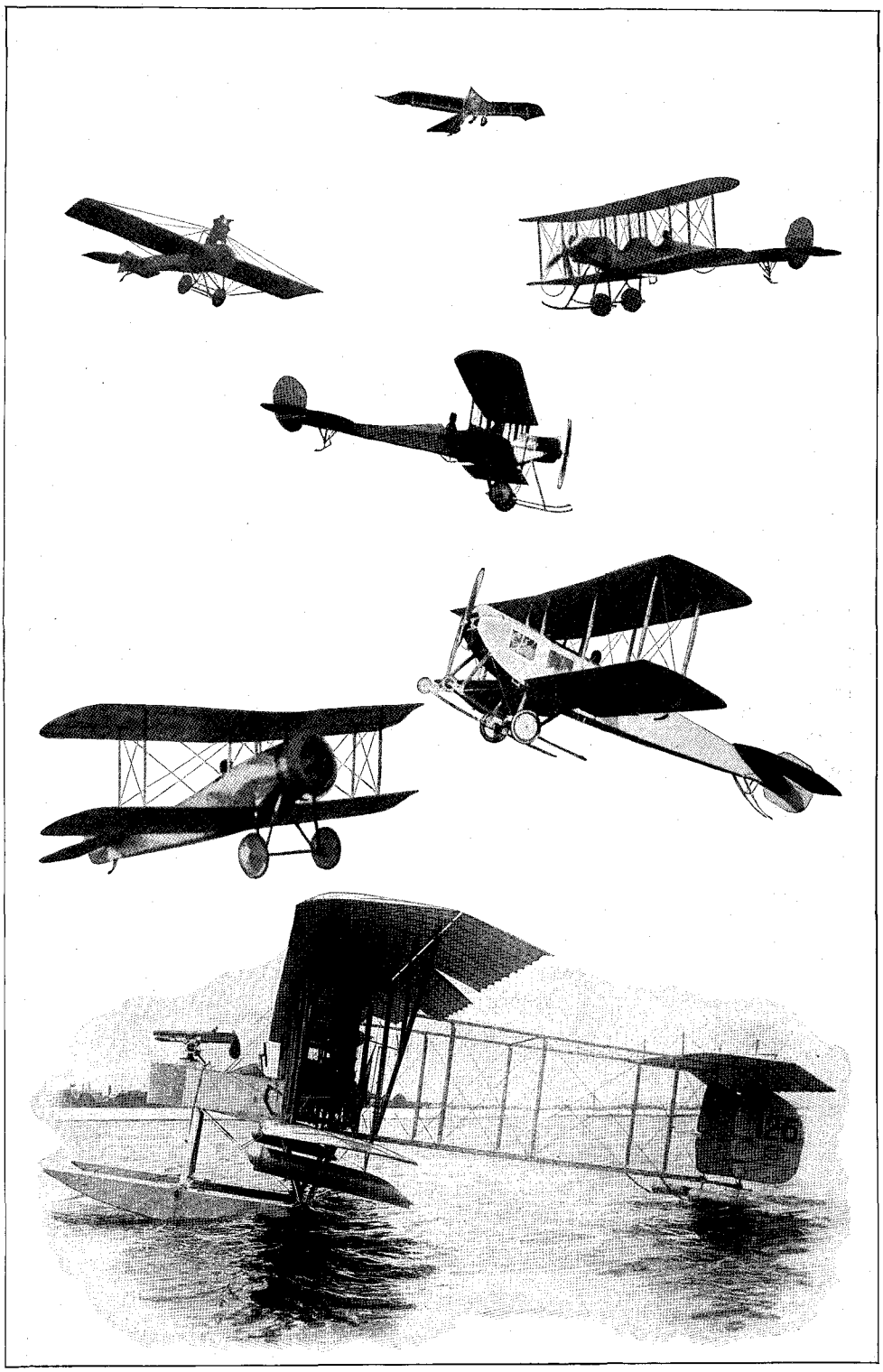

TYPES OF

Etrich monoplane.

French army monoplane mounted with Hotchkiss quick-firing gun.

"BE2" with seventy-horse-power Renault Motor.

"BE2" biplane.

Bristol scout, tabloid type.

Sopwith two-seater.

English army seaplane.

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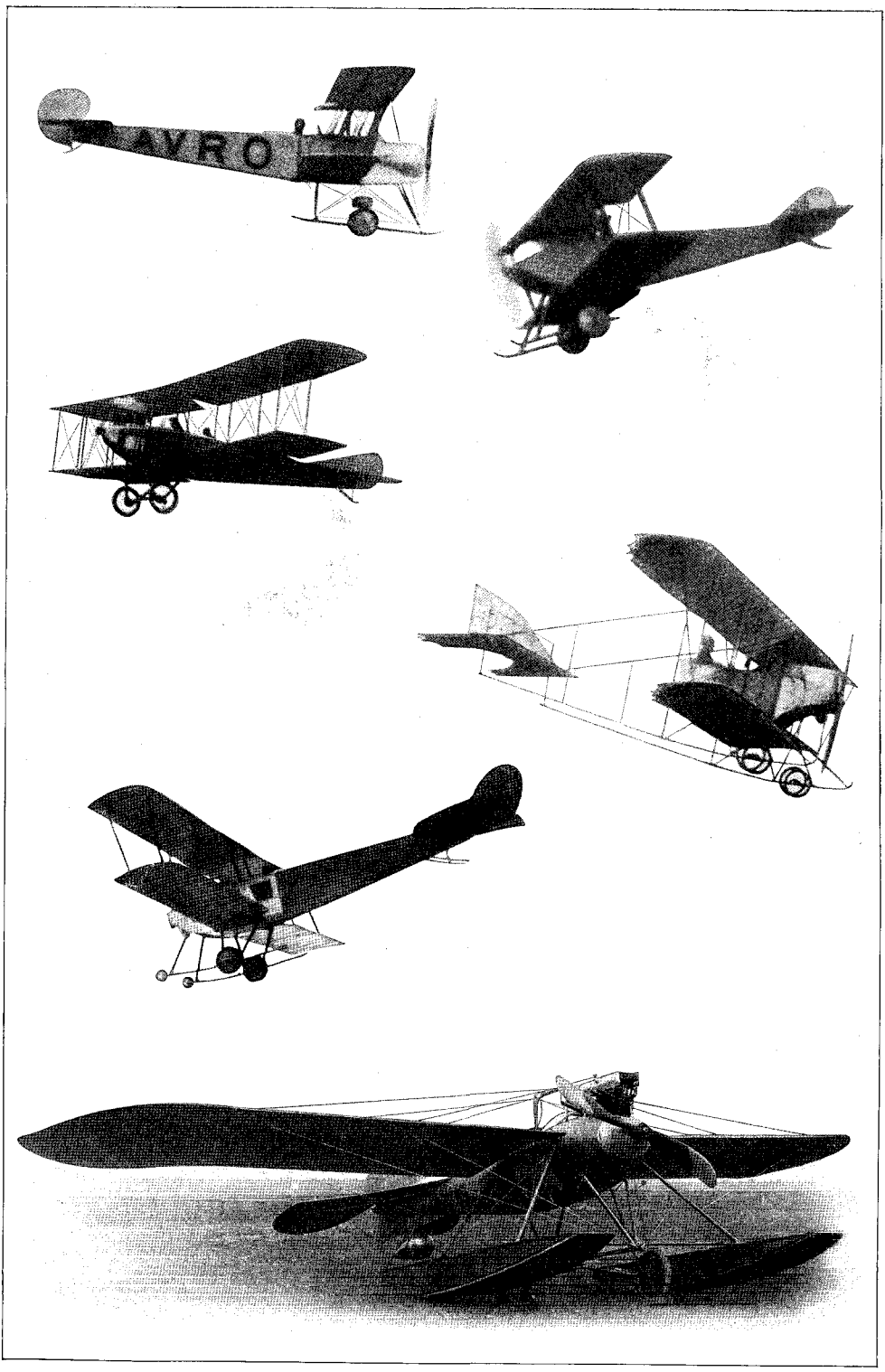

MILITARY AEROPLANES.

Avro.
German Albatros biplane.
Sopwith biplane.
Sopwith "tabloid" biplane.
Caudron biplane.
German Albatros—Taube seaplane.

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They are biplanes with very small planes, and are equal to a speed of 90 to 100 miles an hour, and a slow speed of 40; they require, however, a particularly skilful type of pilot. The Bristol, Short, "BE2," Sopwith, Avro, De Havilland, Blackburn, and Handasyde may be mentioned as British aeroplanes which have done chief service at the front, while there are, of course, a number of machines of French pattern which have long been manufactured under license in British factories. The engines themselves also, with the exception of the Green, are all of foreign type, though manufactured in England. The famous rotary Gnome motor is largely employed, but the Renault, with eight inclined cylinders, and the Austro-Daimler are also used to a considerable extent, and ever since the war began have been manufactured in leading British motor-car factories, such as the Daimler, Rolls-Royce, and Arrol-Johnston.

The Lewis machine gun.

This gun is largely used in aircraft and is so light it can be used as a hand weapon. It was invented by Colonel Lewis, of the United States army, was perfected in Belgium, and is now built in England.

In France a curious situation arose at the outset, inasmuch as certain types of aeroplanes were deemed unsuitable for military purposes, and their manufacturers were confronted with the prospect of either closing down their business or producing machines to government order from the designs of their own rivals; the Blériot factory among others had to set to work upon the making of biplanes. The most prominent types in use are the Voisin, Caudron, Henri and Maurice Farman, with a new type of the latter, and the Morane "parasol," all being biplanes with the exception of the last-named. The Caudron can rise three thousand metres in ten minutes but is not overspeedy in a straight flight. The new Voisin is a large and powerful machine, fitted with a two-hundred-horse-power motor, and is built of steel; it can not only carry a machine gun, but a good number of bombs as well, while its landing-power has been improved as compared with its prototypes.

As for the Germans, they had taken the lesson of the Morocco incident so seriously to heart that they entered the theatre of war with an aeroplane equipment which was far in excess of that of any other country; indeed, it is believed that the German aeroplanes were quite 1,500 in number, with between 600 and 700 pilots. They were of various types, chief among which was the Taube, in several varieties, both monoplane and biplane, together with the Albatros, also in both forms, and the Aviatik, D. F. W., and L. V. G. biplanes. The motors employed were the Mercédès and the Benz. The first-named engine, by the way, is the best thing yet produced for its purpose in the aviation world, where reliability and duration of flight are concerned. In the earlier months the Taube machines were the most prominent, not only by their number

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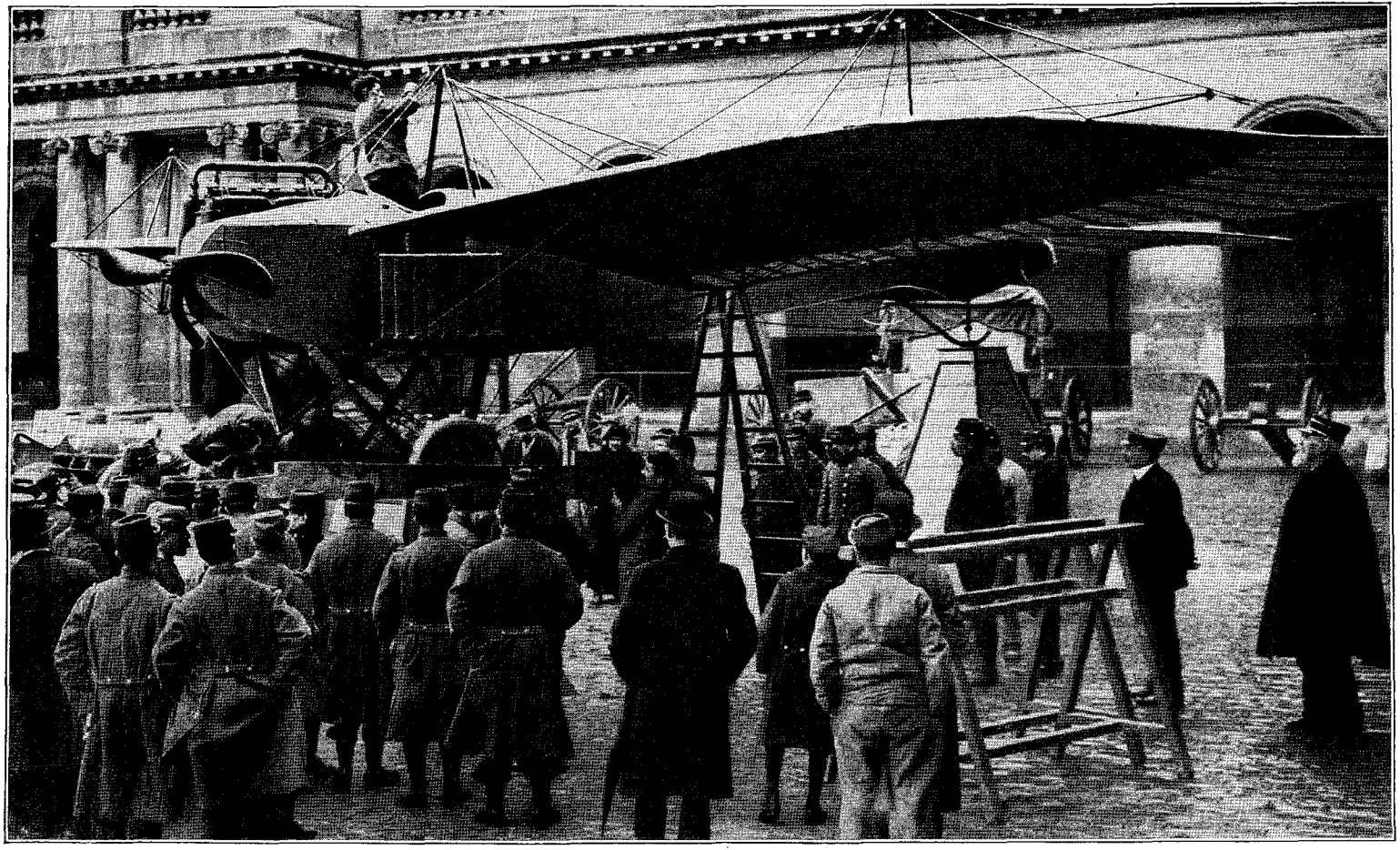

From a photograph copyright by Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.

French soldiers in the courtyard of the Invalides, Paris, erecting a Taube aeroplane captured from the Germans.

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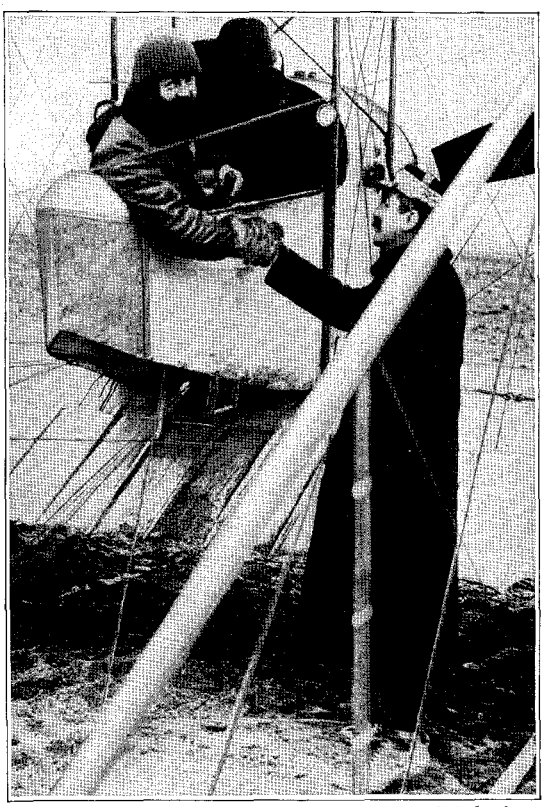
but by their distinctive shape. As a matter of fact, however, though they resembled and were named as "doves," the Austrian inventor, Etrich, whose designs the Germans unblushingly annexed, did not take his idea of the wing formation from a bird, but from the leaf of the zanolia-tree. The impression, nevertheless, created even by the original Etrich monoplanes when in flight was essentially that of a giant bird. I have never seen anything more beautiful, in fact, than an Etrich which flew over my head on a London golf-course during a short visit which the inventor himself paid to England. And thereby hangs a tale. Herr Etrich drove in a taxicab to the flying-ground at Hendon, in order to pick up his machine and fly home. He forgot, however, to discharge the cabman, and after waiting five hours the latter proceeded to make inquiries as to his fare. He was met with the reply that, according to a telegram just received, Herr Etrich had passed over Calais!



From a photograph by the Sport and General Press Agency, Ltd., London.

French army airman starting on a reconnoitring trip over the German lines in northern France.

Eventually large numbers of the Taube machines were eliminated from the field by accident or attacks in mid-air. The German pilots have proved far inferior in initiative and skill to those of the Allies, and were evidently trained too much on military lines pure and simple. Even their theatrical displays over Paris came to naught, and were regarded as an interesting diversion by the inhabitants of the gay city, who used to crowd the bridges whenever the "doves" were signalled or expected. On one occasion an enterprising person brought out a large number of chairs and hired them to spectators at so much per head, but on that particular morning no hostile aircraft appeared, and the unlucky speculator was thrown into the Seine by his indignant patrons. The most useful thing that the German aviators have ever done was the saving of Von Kluck's army from annihilation, as they were able to inform him of the unsuspected presence of General Foch's army in the neighborhood of Amiens and also of large forces behind Paris. Without this forewarning Von Kluck's army would certainly have been cut to pieces, but thanks to the aeroplanes he was able to extricate himself just in time. The Austrians, too, would not have been able to hold Przemysl for five months but for the fact that their aeroplanes located the Russian guns wherever they were laid.

The work of the aviators at the front has been a curious admixture of purely routine operations and feats of supreme personal danger. The primary duty, of course, of a military aviator is that of effective reconnaissance. It may take the form of watching for the advance of hostile troops, directing artillery fire, or the locating of the enemy's concealed batteries when they have got to work. But what is sauce for the goose is proverbially sauce for the gander, inasmuch as the enemy is always endeavoring to achieve like purposes, and a highly important feature of

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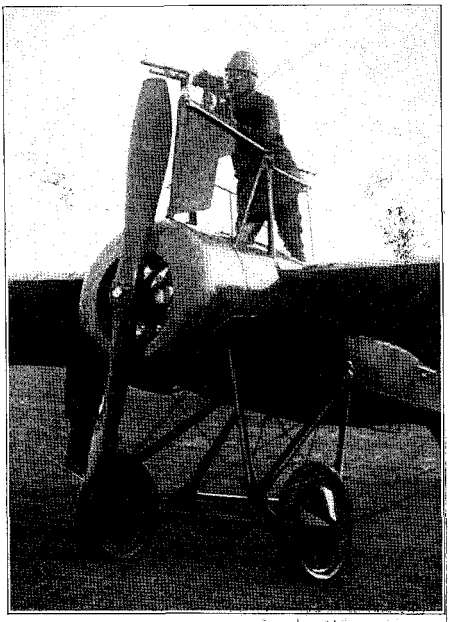
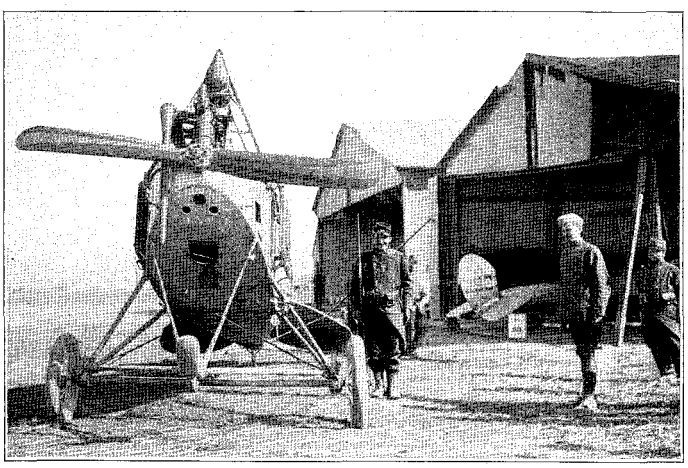
the aviator's services is that of warding off the reconnaissances of his opponents. Now, one of the things of which the Royal Flying Corps has especially good reason to be proud is the undoubted way, as testified by Sir John French himself at a very early stage of the proceedings, in which it established an ascendency in this respect over the German aircraft. Aviators with whom I have conversed many months later have convinced me that this feature has been maintained throughout. The value of the German equipment has been largely neutralized by the fact that whenever a British pilot sees an enemy machine he goes for it without a moment's hesitation, and in the resultant aerial duels the Germans have lost so many machines and men that now they generally decline to put up a fight, and retire from the scene as hastily as possible, in which process they are undoubtedly helped by the great power of their machines.

The methods of repelling an aerial attack are various, and depend, of course, on the types of machine engaged. It is commonly supposed that one pilot invariably attempts to rise above the other and shoot or drop bombs from above; but the British aviators have lately adopted another method with success, if the hostile aircraft is a biplane, by getting in front of it from below, and thus obtaining a fair mark at the pilot himself. The circumstances vary, however, in every case according to the nature of the machines engaged, and also of their armament. A pilot may be alone, or the machine may be a two-seater with an observer armed with a rifle. The position of the observers, moreover, is also dependent on the type of machine. On the larger English and French biplanes he is placed right in front, while on the German biplanes, which have heavy engines, he is a good way behind the pilot, and incidentally in a much more desirable position in every way. The carrying of machine guns and the armoring of aeroplane bodies is the exception rather than the rule, but the seats themselves are high and bullet-proof more often than not.



French armored monoplane with a Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun.



A German L. V. G. biplane (wings off), captured by the Royal Flying Corps and guarded by French sentries.

While reconnaissance work, as has been mentioned, is the main duty of the aeroplanist in war, his power of offensive oper-

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ations is by no means to be despised, and almost daily sorties are made from the Allies' lines in order to drop bombs on batteries, powder magazines, ammunition trains, railway junctions, aeroplane parks, submarines, etc., and often to invaluable effect. So far as the British forces are concerned, this has been done in routine fashion by the Royal Flying Corps, but wherever a great distance is involved the work has been performed by the Royal Naval Air Service, whose daring exploits have been the most dramatic events of the whole war. Not only have they achieved the most important practical results, but their moral effect has been tremendous, and Teutonic complacency must have received a series of very severe shocks by the magnificent raids on Düsseldorf, Cuxhaven, Friedrichshafen, Hoboken, and other places. The combined raid, moreover, of English and French machines, to the number of forty, on the Belgian littoral must have provided one of the most imposing spectacles of the war; at the same time, it may be pointed out that artistic imagination, as displayed in the illustrated papers at the time, was hopelessly at fault in showing the forty machines rising into the air *ensemble* like a flock of birds, for the simple reason that they were despatched one by one, at five-minute intervals.

A British aeroplane camp.

Volumes might be written, if all the facts were known, as to the innumerable thrilling adventures and narrow escapes which have been incidental to this aerial warfare throughout. A certain number have found their way into the world's press, and others one hears of privately, but it is safe to say that many will never be recorded. In the second category may be mentioned the remarkable experience of an English aviator named Mapplebeck. A fragment of a shell entered his right hip, struck a five-franc piece in his pocket, and the splinters of each ploughed across his body to his left hip. By all the laws of surgery he ought to have bled to death. He retained consciousness, however, until he alighted, and was then, after temporary attention, despatched to a base hospital, where the surgeons found that though an artery had actually been pierced it had been automatically plugged by a severed muscle. Verrier, the French expert, also effected a descent under extraordinary conditions. One leg was completely paralyzed by the enemy's fire, while the observer on board was even more seriously wounded, and Verrier had to guide his machine earthwards not only when all but disabled himself, but with the whole weight of his passenger leaning on the control levers.

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In the way of sensational falls two may be mentioned as specially noteworthy. One of the best-known British aviators, Mr. B. C. Hucks, was flying against a sixty-mile-an-hour gale, at a height of six thousand feet above the German lines, but in spite of his slow speed trusted to his altitude to save himself from artillery fire. A shell found its mark, however, and passed between Hucks and his observer. It opened up a big hole in the fabric, and carried away a main strut, two ribs, and the petrol pipes. These facts notwithstanding, however, he managed to alight with safety. Flight-Commander C. Grahame-White, during the naval air raid on the Belgian coast, ran into a fierce snowstorm, which overweighted his planes, disturbed the balance of his machine, and literally hurled him into the sea from a height of seven thousand feet. After being thirty-five minutes in the water he was picked up by a French mine-sweeper, which was then shelled for an hour and a half by German guns. Truly a lively experience.

Very remarkable, too, are the instances which go to show the way in which pilots have escaped disaster under other conditions than that of disablement, but none the less abnormal. One member of the Royal Flying Corps, for example, was rendered almost completely dazed by shell-fire at close quarters, and lost command of his machine. For some little time it gyrated about in all manner of ways, and finally "looped the loop," but before the point of actual disaster was reached he regained possession of his faculties and alighted with the machine under control. A naval airman when flying seaward entered a thick white cloud and wholly lost his sense of direction. He only realized that he was upside down on finding that things were falling out of his pockets. Then his belt broke, and he had to hang on by his knees and elbows. At length he emerged from the cloud and saw the sea apparently over his head, but was able to right his machine and continue his flight.

Baron de Neufville flew for three hours above the German lines near Arras, at a height of nine thousand feet and in a temperature of thirty degrees below freezing-point. Even the anti-aircraft guns, as he remarked, did not serve to warm him! A young English aviator, the bullet-holes in whose planes bear testimony to his repeated exposure to fire, had one narrow escape with an amusing ending. Mistaken for a German airman, he was fired at by the French and forced to descend through the puncturing of his petrol-tank. When the mistake was discovered, of course, profuse apologies were forthcoming, and he was presented by the mayor of the district with a bouquet! Talking of bullet-holes, by the way, I may mention that the record is held by a British aviator who, escaping from a hail of shrapnel, counted ninety separate punctures in his planes.

It is not to be supposed that the flying man misses any opportunity of poking fun at the enemy. A French aviator flew over Antwerp and dropped leaflets to enliven the inhabitants. The Germans, of course, opened fire, and thought they had winged him, but to their chagrin he "looped the loop" several times in obvious derision, then sailed away. Hoodwinking the Germans under much more dangerous conditions has been practised several times with consummate daring. Verrier, for example, found himself over a German camp, and immediately became the object of a furious fire. He "banked" right over and dropped like a wounded bird, but when at close quarters he suddenly righted the machine, distributed half a dozen bombs in the middle of the camp, and in the resultant confusion effected his escape. As a matter of fact, however, it is absolutely necessary for the British naval aviators, at all events, to do something of this kind, for they are under Admiralty instructions to descend to three hundred feet in order to make sure of their mark. To fly in an aeroplane at all, under peace conditions, is usually supposed to be fairly indicative of courage, and vastly more so to pass over the enemy's lines; but surely the sublimity of human bravery is reached in cases like that of the Friedrichshafen raid, when, according to the Germans' own admission, the English trio descended to within ninety feet and into the heart of the enemy's fire, in order to effect, as they did, the wrecking of the Zeppelin sheds.

Among other individual deeds may be mentioned that of a French armored aeroplane which attacked single-handed three armored Taubes near Amiens, and suc-

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ceeded in driving them off. Another French machine with a gunner on board brought down a Taube and two Aviatiks in one and the same flight. Pégoud, the original "looper," has been decorated for many achievements, among which was the dropping of nine bombs on a German ammunition depot, the terrific explosion which followed nearly upsetting his machine. He had three bombs left, however, and with these he scattered a company of soldiers. On another occasion he rose to a great height, then dropped within fifty feet of a captive airship, which he demolished with his final bomb, but again with serious risk to himself. An English airman, endeavoring to locate a battery, stuck to his task while one hundred and fifty rounds were fired at him, but when the smoke had cleared away he was able to signal the position, and give the range to the British artillery, who promptly put in effective work on the German guns. One could multiply examples almost indefinitely of individual daring, or of the extreme utility of the aeroplane in attack or defense; but space will only allow the mention of one striking example under the latter heading. The German army was advancing secretly by night, when suddenly the search-light of a British aeroplane revealed the presence of the Prussian Guard at a distance of barely one hundred and thirty yards *behind* the British lines, and the intended surprise was converted after heavy fighting into an utter rout.

While the war has, for the most part, merely brought into effective and world-wide prominence the capabilities of machines with which students of aeronautics were already familiar, it has evolved one new departure in connection with the use of the hydro-aeroplane, or seaplane, as it is termed by the British Admiralty. Isolated experiments, of course, had been made as to the launching of seaplanes from a battleship's deck, but the attack on the Dardanelles produced an unheralded novelty in the shape of a vessel devoted solely to the carrying of aircraft. This was the *Ark Royal*. Originally designed as a cargo steamer, she had the front half cut entirely away, leaving a long and wide level platform. The aeroplanes employed were stowed in the hold, and being either of the scout type, with only twenty feet spread, or the Short, with folding planes, they could be hoisted without previous dismantling, and once on deck could take to immediate flight. The appearance of the *Ark Royal*, in its semi-truncated form, is decidedly novel. Of course, there are many other seaplanes of a larger type which could not be disposed of in this way; one of the largest is the Curtiss "flying boat," and the British Admiralty has not only several examples of this well-known American machine, but it has also been adopted by other countries.

The attack on the Dardanelles, by the way, also presented a fresh feature for the consideration of pilots, from the fact that the forts were bombarded by battleships from varying distances. The object of the seaplanes, of course, was to signal to the gunners, but, as the battleships were firing projectiles with differing parabolas, it was naturally extremely difficult for the air pilots to determine the highest point of the arc in each case and so keep out of danger. In the end they had to adopt the plan of getting behind or to the south of the forts themselves. It must be added that, while the vast range of the *Queen Elizabeth's* guns is regarded as being the new factor which made possible the bombardment of the Dardanelles forts, even the modern gun would have been useless without the aeroplane to direct its fire upon invisible marks.

In a word, without the aeroplane in its numerous forms, the war would have been waged on utterly different lines at almost every point. Either the trench warfare would have been indefinitely prolonged, or there would have been an ever-recurrent number of surprise attacks, with alternate successes and defeats, and a ceaseless shifting of the balance of advantage; and when so many millions of troops were engaged, over fronts of unprecedented lengths, Heaven alone knows how the commanders-in-chief would have controlled their forces or directed their tactics. In any future war no country will take the field without regarding its "fourth arm" as its most precious and indispensable factor. The monoplane will probably have disappeared, and huge biplanes will be employed, of great speed, enormous lifting-power, surprising strength, and efficiency in every part, and, in short, an all-round capacity for attack and defense which will all but eliminate the element of chance, and transfer no small portion of the fighting to the region of the air.

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AERIAL WARFARE AND INTERNATIONAL LAW

By A. de Lapradelle

Professor of International Law in the University of Paris; French Visiting Professor in Columbia University; General Reporter to "Comité Juridique International de l'Aviation."

AS soon as an invention is made war appropriates it. The first air-ship, the *Montgolfière*, was floated in 1783. Eleven years later, at the battle of Fleurus, the captive balloon was used by the French for observing the enemy's position, and in 1812 the Russians at Moscow sent up a sort of balloon loaded with explosives. Thus the two military functions of the aeronaut, reconnoitring and bombarding, were promptly developed. War began to grow wings—short at first: for in 1899, at the first peace conference at The Hague, even the most unyielding of the nations in the matter of their military rights agreed to clip the wings of war. They declared that dropping projectiles from balloons was forbidden. But when the powers held their second peace session at The Hague, in 1907, the science of aeronautics had made such progress that the Platonic sacrifice of 1899, if renewed, would have become a real sacrifice. While Belgium was proposing to continue the agreement of 1899, at least until a third conference should meet, the dirigible *Patrie* was making its first flights, and another type of flying-machine, the aeroplane, was just about to appear. The conquest of the air was no longer a chimerical dream. Consequently, the cause of peace having made less progress since Kant than the science of aeronautics since Montgolfier, war prepared to scale the heavens.

Twenty-nine out of forty-four powers still agree to the articles of the first Hague conference prohibiting the dropping of bombs from balloons. The other powers, among them Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Japan, Italy, Russia, refuse to be bound. "Do not the two elements of earth and water furnish a theatre large enough for war without seizing the third?" cries Lord Reay. Before attempting to limit war on land and sea should we not exclude it entirely from the air—the realm which heretofore has been free from its curse? Undoubtedly, such a course would be highly desirable. But, since this scourge of humanity, called war, dogs man's footsteps, it is perfectly natural that it should follow him into the sky. Are the aerial bombs more cruel than the sleeping mines, or more destructive than the furtive torpedoes? Are they not rather the weapon *par excellence* of the weaker power, since at small expense they can be thrown from an aeroplane costing $5,000 to destroy a dreadnought costing $15,000,000? And has not the weaker power often the juster cause? To allow the air-craft to reconnoitre (as every one of the powers at The Hague did), and at the same time to prohibit it from dropping bombs, would be illogical. For to reconnoitre is to observe, and to observe is to injure the enemy, and to injure the enemy is to expose one's self to the enemy's fire. Can one expose one's self to fire, logically, without firing one's self? We deplore the fact that men are so slow in moral growth, in spite of their rapid progress in material things, that they are ready for the conquest of the air long before they have conquered peace. But man is man. And the curse of war, so long as it follows him on land and sea, will follow him also into the vast regions of the air.

The powers which refused in 1907 to renew the prohibition of aerial bombardment intended thereby to reserve to themselves the right to destroy the ships of war of the enemy on the sea and the troops, in camp or in action, the arsenals, the storehouses, etc., of the enemy on land, without giving due warning. They did not claim and could not claim the right to pass beyond the limits prescribed for the nations by the laws of terrestrial and maritime warfare.

The merchant ship which cannot be lawfully torpedoed by a submarine until

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the crew has been removed to a place of safety, cannot lawfully be destroyed by surface-craft or air-craft, hydroplane or aeroplane, without the same precautions having been taken. In defended cities, inland or on the coast, churches, hospitals, museums, schools must be spared as far as possible; and undefended seaports can be the object of a bombardment by ships of war only as a measure of constraint to provide food or, with the authority of the local powers, to destroy magazines and depots of arms and munitions (by the terms of the two conventions of the Hague conference of 1907, on terrestrial warfare and naval bombardment). Now, these cities cannot in any case be bombarded by aerial forces in conjunction with naval or terrestrial forces, unless under the same conditions under which the naval or terrestrial artillery with which it seeks to co-operate acts.

In other words, the aerial squadron carrying bombs, which appears above Paris, London, or any other city, inland or on the coast, defended or undefended, must, if co-operating with an attacking army or fleet, proceed according to the laws governing the action of that army or fleet. That is undoubtedly what the powers meant when they inserted in the Hague regulations concerning terrestrial warfare, in 1907 (though not in the convention on naval bombardment), the apparently gratuitous warning that the rules of terrestrial bombardment applied to bombardment "from any source whatever."

When hostile air-craft appear above a city, even a defended or fortified city, which no army is besieging or attacking, or above a seaport when no fleet is near: when, in a word, the aerial attack is made, not in conjunction with terrestrial or naval forces, but isolated and independent of both, is bombardment allowed?

In such a case one would be tempted to extend the rules of terrestrial or naval bombardment to aerial bombardment: that is to say, to permit the attack on the defended city under the double condition of previous warning and the immunity of such establishments as hospitals, churches, schools, and museums; or, following the naval rules, to allow the bombardment of undefended cities for the destruction of certain stores or magazines or for the sake of the requisition of food supplies.

But how can we conceive an aerial bombardment for the purpose of provisioning aeroplanes or dirigibles? Such air-ships could hardly take away a heavy load, and they would consume almost as much fuel and food as they could take away, and would then incur a very great risk. And how could they, flying over undefended cities, negotiate, as by law they must, with the local authorities for the destruction of military establishments? Granted that it were legally justified, the extension of rules of maritime war to aerial war would be extremely difficult in the present or immediately imaginable status of aeronautic science. But the extension of the right of bombardment to undefended cities, granted in naval war, is not possible in law, because the bombardment, by air-ships, of cities, even defended, is not allowed when the air-ships do not co-operate with land or sea forces.

The bombardment of a fortified place has only one purpose: to force the place to surrender. Consequently the person who is not in a position to receive a surrender has no right to attack. Now, one must admit that the dirigible or the aeroplane which flies over a city which is not being attacked by any land or marine forces has no way of bringing the city to open its gates. To whom shall the city open, then? To a besieging army? There is none. To the air-craft which threatens it in an audacious raid? The craft cannot come down without being captured. It may be true that the city contains magazines and troops. If the city is not fortified the local authorities can be summoned to destroy them without a demand for surrender. If the city is fortified the only summons that can be addressed to it is the surrender—a summons which the aeroplane is manifestly unable to enforce. No force that is not strong enough to exercise an efficient mastery has the right to issue a summons.

But it is not only the spirit of the Hague regulations, it is their very letter even, that is opposed to the present tendencies of aerial warfare, directed in isolated instances, at long distances, and rather against the citizen population (placed by the Hague decrees beyond the reach of war) than against the so-called military establishments of the fortified or the non-fortified places. These raids, which ought

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always by law to have been preceded by warnings, but which have not so been, belong to a new kind of warfare, hardly dreamed of in the past, but now raging—the warfare of terror. In this kind of warfare, aerial raids, which Wells awhile ago imagined passing over New York in their destructive flight, are one of the favorite arms. This warfare of terror, in which the peaceful civilian population is threatened, is disqualified from the very start. It can justify itself only by the striking success of its measures. Judged even solely by its own standards it is condemned. The gamin of Paris, welcoming the "five o'clock Taube" in the first days of September, with his mocking irony, gave final judgment. A war which kills children, only extorting from its innocent little victims the brave cry of Denise Cartier, "I am glad to suffer for my country!"—a war of terror which does not terrorize the inhabitants of the cities but only encourages their resistance, their energy, their bravery, gayly mocking in France, cold in Belgium, phlegmatic in England—a war of terror whose sole effect is to offer little girls the occasion for sublime sentences—such a war, with its infernal judgment that "success justifies every measure," stands self-condemned!

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXVII

ON the 13th of June Sir Gerald Mallory, returning home to dinner from the House of Commons, found on his hall table the following paper enclosed in a letter from his agent:

"We, the undersigned laborers on Sir Gerald Mallory's estate, beg respectfully to inform him that we consider it unjust that any laborer should be evicted from his cottage for any reason connected with private life, or social or political convictions. And we respectfully demand that, before a laborer receives notice to quit for any such reason, the case shall be submitted to all his fellow laborers on the estate; and that in future he shall only receive such notice if a majority of his fellow laborers record their votes in favor of the notice being given. In the event of this demand being refused, we regretfully decline to take any part in the approaching hay harvest on Sir Gerald Mallory's estate."

Then followed ninety-three signatures, or signs of the cross with names printed after them.

The letter which enclosed this document mentioned that the hay was already ripe for cutting; that everything had been done to induce the men to withdraw the demand, without success, and that the farmers were very much upset. The thing had been sprung on them, the agent having no notion that anything of the sort was on foot. It had been very secretly, very cleverly, managed; and, in the agent's opinion, was due to Mr. Freeland's family. He awaited Sir Gerald's instructions. Working double tides, the farmers and their families might perhaps save a quarter of the hay.

Mallory read this letter twice, and the enclosure three times, and crammed them deep down into his pocket.

It was pre-eminently one of those moments which bring out the qualities of Norman blood. And the first thing he did was to look at the barometer. It was going slowly down. After a month of first-class weather it would not do that without some sinister intention. An old glass, he believed in it implicitly. He tapped, and it sank further. He stood there frowning. Should he consult his wife? General friendliness said: Yes! A Norman instinct of chivalry, a perhaps

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deeper Norman instinct, that, when it came to the point, women were too violent, said, No! He went up-stairs three at a time, and came down two. And all through dinner he sat thinking it over, and talking as if nothing had happened; so that he hardly spoke. Three-quarters of the hay at stake, if it rained soon! A big loss to the farmers, a further reduction in rents already far too low. Should he grin and bear it, and by doing nothing show these fellows that he could afford to despise their cowardly device? For it *was* cowardly to let his grass get ripe and play it this low trick! But if he left things unfought this time, they would try it on again with the corn—not that there was much of that on the estate of a man who only believed in corn as a policy.

Should he make the farmers sack the lot and get in other labor? But where? Agricultural laborers were born, not made. That was always the trouble. Should he simply suspend wages till they withdrew their preposterous demand? That might do—but he would still lose the hay. The hay! After all, anybody, pretty well, could make hay; it was the least skilled of all farm work, so long as the farmers were there to drive the machines and direct. Why not act vigorously? And his jaws set so suddenly on a piece of salmon that he bit his tongue. The action served to harden a growing purpose. So do small events influence great! Suspend those fellows' wages, get down strike-breakers, save the hay! And if there were a row—well, let there be a row! The constabulary would have to act. It was characteristic of his really Norman spirit that the notion of agreeing to the demand, or even considering whether it were just, never once came into his mind. He was one of those, comprising nowadays nearly all his class, together with their press, who habitually referred to his country as a democratic power, a champion of democracy—but did not at present suspect the meaning of the word; nor, to say truth, was it likely they ever would. Nothing, however, made him more miserable than indecision. And now that he was on the point of deciding, and the decision promised vigorous consequences, he felt almost elated. Closing his jaws once more too firmly, this time on lamb, he bit his tongue again. It was impossible to confess what he had done, for two of his children were there, expected to eat with that well-bred detachment which precludes such happenings; and he rose from dinner with his mind made up. Instead of going back to the House of Commons, he went straight to a strike-breaking agency. No grass should grow under the feet of his decision! Thence he sought the one post-office still open, despatched a long telegram to his agent, another to the chief constable of Worcestershire; and, feeling he had done all he could for the moment, returned to the 'House,' where they were debating the rural housing question. He sat there, paying only moderate attention to a subject on which he was acknowledged an authority. To-morrow, in all probability, the papers would have got hold of the affair! How he loathed people poking their noses into his concerns! And suddenly he was assailed, very deep down, by a feeling with which in his firmness he had not reckoned—a sort of remorse that he was going to let a lot of loafing blackguards down onto his land, to toss about his grass, and swill their beastly beer above it. And all the real love he had for his fields and coverts, all the fastidiousness of an English gentleman, and, to do him justice, the qualms of a conscience telling him that he owed better things than this to those born on his estate, assaulted him in force. He sat back in his seat, driving his long legs hard against the pew in front. His thick, wavy, still brown hair was beautifully parted above the square brow that frowned over deep-set eyes and a perfectly straight nose. Now and again he bit into a side of his straw-colored moustache; or raised a hand and twisted the other side. Without doubt one of the handsomest and perhaps the most Norman-looking man in the whole 'House.' There was a feeling among those round him that he was thinking deeply. And so he was. But he had decided, and he was not a man who went back on his decisions.

Morning brought even worse sensations. Those ruffians that he had ordered down—the farmers would never consent to put them up! They would have to camp. Camp on his land! It was then that for two seconds the thought flashed through him: Ought I to have considered whether I could agree to that demand? Gone in another flash. If there was one thing a

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man could not tolerate, it was dictation! Out of the question! But perhaps he had been a little hasty about strike-breakers. Was there not still time to save the situation from that, if he caught the first train? The personal touch was everything. If he put it to the men on the spot, with these strike-breakers up his sleeve, surely they must listen! After all, they were his own people. And suddenly he was overcome with amazement that they should have taken such a step. What had got into them? Spiritless enough, as a rule, in all conscience; the sort of fellows who hadn't steam even to join the miniature rifle-range that he had given them! And visions of them, as he was accustomed to pass them in the lanes, slouching along with their straw bags, their hoes, and their shamefaced greetings, passed before him. Yes! It was all that fellow Freeland's family! The men had been put up to it—put up to it! The very wording of their demand showed that! Very bitterly he thought of the unneighborly conduct of that woman and her cubs. It was impossible to keep it from his wife! And so he told her. Rather to his surprise, she had no scruples about the strike-breakers. Of course, the hay must be saved! And the laborers be taught a lesson! All the unpleasantness he and she had gone through over Tryst and that Gaunt girl must not go for nothing! It must never be said or thought that the Freeland woman and her children had scored over them! If the lesson were once driven home, they would have no further trouble.

He admired her firmness, though with a certain impatience. Women never quite looked ahead; never quite realized all the consequences of anything. And he thought: 'By George! I'd no idea she was so hard! But, then, she always felt more strongly about Tryst and that Gaunt girl than I did.'

In the hall the glass was still going down. He caught the 9.15, wiring to his agent to meet him at the station, and to the impresario of the strike-breakers to hold up their departure until he telegraphed. The three-mile drive up from the station, fully half of which was through his own land, put him in possession of all the agent had to tell: Nasty spirit abroad—men dumb as fishes—the farmers, puzzled and angry, had begun cutting as best they could. Not a man had budged. He had seen young Mr. and Miss Freeland going about. The thing had been worked very cleverly. He had suspected nothing—utterly unlike the laborers as he knew them. They had no real grievance, either! Yes, they were going on with all their other work—milking, horses, and that; it was only the hay they wouldn't touch. Their demand was certainly a very funny one—very funny—had never heard of anything like it. Amounted almost to security of tenure. The Tryst affair no doubt had done it! Malloring cut him short:

"Till they've withdrawn this demand, Simmons, I can't discuss that or anything."

The agent coughed behind his hand.

Naturally! Only perhaps there might be a way of wording it that would satisfy them. Never do to really let them have such decisions in their hands, of course!

They were just passing Tod's. The cottage wore its usual air of embowered peace. And for the life of him Malloring could not restrain a gesture of annoyance.

On reaching home he sent gardeners and grooms in all directions with word that he would be glad to meet the men at four o'clock at the home farm. Much thought, and interviews with several of the farmers—who all but one, a shaky fellow at best—were for giving the laborers a sharp lesson, occupied the interval. Though he had refused to admit the notion that the men could be chicaned, as his agent had implied, he certainly did wonder a little whether a certain measure of security might not in some way be guaranteed, which would still leave him and the farmers a free hand. But the more he meditated on the whole episode, the more he perceived how intimately it interfered with his fundamental policy—of knowing what was good for his people better than they knew themselves.

As four o'clock approached, he walked down to the home farm. The sky was lightly overcast, and a rather chill, draughty, rustling wind had risen. Resolved to handle the men with the personal touch, he had discouraged his agent and the farmers from coming to the conference, and passed the gate with the braced-up feeling of one who goes to an

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encounter. In that very spick-and-span farmyard ducks were swimming leisurely on the greenish pond, white pigeons strutting and preening on the eaves of the barn, and his keen eye noted that some tiles were out of order up there. Four o'clock! Ah, here was a fellow coming! And instinctively he crisped his hands that were buried in his pockets, and ran over to himself his opening words. Then, with a sensation of disgust, he saw that the advancing laborer was that incorrigible 'land lawyer' Gaunt. The short, square man with the ruffled head and the little bright-gray eyes saluted, uttered an "Afternoon, Sir Gerald!" in his teasing voice, and stood still. His face wore the jeering twinkle that had disconcerted so many political meetings. Two lean fellows, rather alike, with lined faces and bitten, drooped moustaches, were the next to come through the yard gate. They halted behind Gaunt, touching their forelocks, shuffling a little, and looking sidelong at each other. And Malloring waited. Five past four! Ten past! Then he said:

"D'you mind telling the others that I'm here?"

Gaunt answered:

"If so be as you was waitin' for the meetin', I fancy as 'ow you've got it, Sir Gerald!"

A wave of anger surged up in Malloring, dyeing his face brick-red. So! He had come all that way with the best intentions—to be treated like this; to meet this 'land lawyer,' who, he could see, was only here to sharpen his tongue, and those two scarecrow-looking chaps, who had come to testify, no doubt, to his discomfiture. And he said sharply:

"So that's the best you can do to meet me, is it?"

Gaunt answered imperturbably:

"I think it is, Sir Gerald."

"Then you've mistaken your man."

"I don't think so, Sir Gerald."

Without another look Malloring passed the three by, and walked back to the house. In the hall was the agent, whose face clearly showed that he had foreseen this defeat. Malloring did not wait for him to speak.

"Make arrangements. The strike-breakers will be down by noon to-morrow. I shall go through with it now, Simmons, if I have to clear the whole lot out. You'd better go in and see that they're ready to send police if there's any nonsense. I'll be down again in a day or two." And, without waiting for reply, he passed into his study. There, while the car was being got ready, he stood in the window, very sore; thinking of what he had meant to do; thinking of his good intentions; thinking of what was coming to the country, when a man could not even get his laborers to come and hear what he had to say. And a sense of injustice, of anger, of bewilderment, harrowed his very soul.

XXVIII

For the first two days of this new 'kick-up,' that 'fellow Freeland's' family undoubtedly tasted the sweets of succesful mutiny. The fellow himself alone shook his head. He, like Nedda, had known nothing, and there was to him something unnatural and rather awful in this conduct toward dumb crops.

From the moment he heard of it he hardly spoke, and a perpetual little frown creased a brow usually so serene. In the early morning of the day after Malloring went back to town, he crossed the road to a field where the farmer, aided by his family and one of Malloring's gardeners, was already carrying the hay; and, taking up a pitchfork, without a word to anybody, he joined in the work. The action was deeper revelation of his feeling than any expostulation, and the young people watched it rather aghast.

"It's nothing," Derek said at last; "Father never has understood, and never will, that you can't get things without fighting. He cares more for trees and bees and birds than he does for human beings."

"That doesn't explain why he goes over to the enemy, when it's only a lot of grass."

Kirsteen answered:

"He hasn't gone over to the enemy, Sheila. You don't understand your father; to neglect the land is sacrilege to him. It feeds us—he would say—we live on it; we've no business to forget that but for the land we should all be dead."

"That's beautiful," said Nedda quickly; "and true."

Sheila answered angrily:

"It may be true in France with their

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bread and wine. People don't live off the land here; they hardly eat anything they grow themselves. One can't feel like that when we're all brought up on mongrel food. Besides, it's simply sentimental, when there are real wrongs to fight about."

"Your father is not sentimental, Sheila. It's too deep with him for that, and too unconscious. He simply feels so unhappy about the waste of that hay that he can't keep his hands off it."

Derek broke in: "Mother's right. And it doesn't matter, except that we've got to see that the men don't follow his example. They've a funny feeling about him."

Kirsteen shook her head.

"You needn't be afraid. He's always been too strange to them!"

"Well, I'm going to stiffen their backs. Coming, Sheila?" And they went.

Left, as she seemed always to be in these days of open mutiny, Nedda said sadly:

"What is coming, Aunt Kirsteen?"

Her aunt was standing in the porch, looking straight before her; a trail of clematis had drooped over her fine black hair down on to the blue of her linen dress. She answered, without turning:

"Have you ever seen, on jubilee nights, bonfire to bonfire, from hill to hill, to the end of the land? This is the first lighted."

Nedda felt something clutch her heart. What was that figure in blue? Priestess? Prophetess? And for a moment the girl felt herself swept into the vision those dark glowing eyes were seeing; some violent, exalted, inexorable, flaming vision. Then something within her revolted, as though one had tried to hypnotize her into seeing what was not true; as though she had been forced for the moment to look, not at what was really there, but at what those eyes saw projected from the soul behind them. And she said quietly:

"I don't believe, Aunt Kirsteen. I don't really believe. I think it must go out."

Kirsteen turned.

"You are like your father," she said—"a doubter."

Nedda shook her head.

"I can't persuade myself to see what isn't there. I never can, Aunt Kirsteen."

Without reply, save a quiver of her brows, Kirsteen went back into the house. And Nedda stayed on the pebbled path before the cottage, unhappy, searching her own soul. Did she fail to see because she was afraid to see, because she was too dull to see; or because, as she had said, there was really nothing there—no flames to leap from hill to hill, no lift, no tearing in the sky that hung over the land. And she thought: 'London—all those big towns, their smoke, the things they make, the things we want them to make, that we shall always want them to make. Aren't they there? For every laborer who's a slave Dad says there are five town workers who are just as much slaves! And all those Bigwigs with their great houses, and their talk, and their interest in keeping things where they are! Aren't they there? I don't—I can't believe anything much can happen, or be changed. Oh! I shall never see visions, and dream dreams!' And from her heart she sighed.

In the meantime Derek and Sheila were going their round on bicycles, to stiffen the backs of the laborers. They had hunted lately, always in a couple, desiring no complications, having decided that it was less likely to provoke definite assault and opposition from the farmers. To their mother was assigned all correspondence; to themselves the verbal exhortations, the personal touch. It was past noon, and they were already returning, when they came on the char-à-bancs containing the head of the strike-breaking column. The two vehicles were drawn up opposite the gate leading to Marrow Farm, and the agent was detaching the four men destined to that locality, with their camping-gear. By the open gate the farmer stood eying his new material askance. Dejected enough creatures they looked—poor devils picked up at ten pound the dozen, who, by the mingled apathy and sheepish amusement on their faces, might never have seen a pitchfork, or smelt a field of clover, in their lives.

The two young Freelands rode slowly past; the boy's face scornfully drawn back into itself; the girl's flaming scarlet.

"Don't take notice," Derek said; "we'll soon stop that."

And they had gone another mile before he added:

"We've got to make our round again; that's all."

The words of Mr. Pogram, 'You have influence, young man,' were just. There was about Derek the sort of quality that

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belongs to the good regimental officer; men followed and asked themselves why the devil they had, afterward. And if it be said that no worse leader than a fiery young fool can be desired for any movement, it may also be said that without youth and fire and folly there is usually no movement at all.

Late in the afternoon they returned home, dead beat. That evening the farmers and their wives milked the cows, tended the horses, did everything that must be done, not without curses. And next morning the men, with Gaunt and a big, dark fellow, called Tulley, for spokesmen, again proffered their demand. The agent took counsel with Malloring by wire. His answer, "Concede nothing," was communicated to the men in the afternoon, and received by Gaunt with the remark: "I thart we should be hearin' that. Please to thank Sir Gerald. The men concedes their gratitood. . . ."

That night it began to rain. Nedda, waking, could hear the heavy drops pattering on the sweetbrier and clematis thatching her open window. The scent of rain-cooled leaves came in drifts, and it seemed a shame to sleep. She got up; put on her dressing-gown, and went to thrust her nose into that bath of dripping sweetness. Dark as the clouds had made the night, there was still the faint light of a moon somewhere behind. The leaves of the fruit-trees joined in the long, gentle hissing, and now and again rustled and sighed sharply; a cock somewhere, as by accident, let off a single crow. There were no stars. All was dark and soft as velvet. And Nedda thought: 'The world is dressed in living creatures! Trees, flowers, grass, insects, ourselves—woven together—the world is dressed in life! I understand Uncle Tod's feeling! If only it would rain till they have to send these strike-breakers back because there's no hay worth fighting about!' Suddenly her heart beat fast. The wicket gate had clicked. There was something darker than the darkness coming along the path! Scared, but with all protective instinct roused, she leaned out, straining to see. A faint grating sound from underneath came up to her. A window being opened! And she flew to her door. She neither barred it, however, nor cried out, for in that second it had flashed across her: 'Suppose it's he! Gone out to do something desperate, as Tryst did!' If it were, he would come up-stairs and pass her door, going to his room. She opened it an inch, holding her breath. At first, nothing! Was it fancy? Or was some one noiselessly rifling the room down-stairs? But surely no one would steal of Uncle Tod, who, everybody knew, had nothing valuable. Then came a sound as of bootless feet pressing the stairs stealthily! And the thought darted through her, 'If it isn't he, what shall I do?' And then—'What shall I do—if it *is!*'

Desperately she opened the door, clasping her hands on the place whence her heart had slipped down to her bare feet. But she knew it was he before she heard him whisper: "Nedda!" and, clutching him by the sleeve, drew him in and closed the door. He was wet through, dripping; so wet that the mere brushing against him made her skin feel moist through its thin coverings.

"Where have you been? What have you been doing? Oh, Derek!"

There was just light enough to see his face, his teeth, the whites of his eyes.

"Cutting their tent-ropes in the rain. Hooroosh!"

It was such a relief that she just let out a little gasping "Oh!" and leaned her forehead against his coat. Then she felt his wet arms round her, his wet body pressed to hers, and in a second he was dancing with her a sort of silent, ecstatic war-dance. Suddenly he stopped, went down on his knees, pressing his face to her waist, and whispering: "What a brute, what a brute! Making her wet! Poor little Nedda!"

Nedda bent over him; her hair covered his wet head, her hands trembled on his shoulders. Her heart felt as if it would melt right out of her; she longed so to warm and dry him with herself. And, in turn, his wet arms clutched her close, his wet hands could not keep still on her. Then he drew back, and whispering: "Oh, Nedda! Nedda!" fled out like a dark ghost. Oblivious that she was damp from head to foot, Nedda stood swaying, her eyes closed and her lips just open; then, putting out her arms, she drew them suddenly in and clasped herself. . . .

When she came down to breakfast the next morning, he had gone out already,

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and Uncle Tod, too; her aunt was writing at the bureau. Sheila greeted her gruffly, and almost at once went out. Nedda swallowed coffee, ate her egg, and bread and honey, with a heavy heart. A newspaper lay open on the table; she read it idly till these words caught her eye:

"The revolt which has paralyzed the hay harvest on Sir Gerald Malloring's Worcestershire estate, and led to the introduction of strike-breakers, shows no sign of abatement. A very wanton spirit of mischief seems to be abroad in this neighborhood. No reason can be ascertained for the arson committed a short time back, nor for this further outbreak of discontent. The economic condition of the laborers on this estate is admittedly rather above than below the average."

And at once she thought: '"Mischief!" What a shame!' Were people, then, to know nothing of the real cause of the revolt—nothing of the Tryst eviction, the threatened eviction of the Gaunts? Were they not to know that it was on principle, and to protest against that sort of petty tyranny to the laborers all over the country, that this rebellion had been started? For liberty! only simple liberty not to be treated as though they had no minds or souls of their own—wasn't the public to know that? If they were allowed to think that it was all wanton mischief—that Derek was just a mischief-maker—it would be dreadful! Some one must write and make this known? Her father? Dad might think it too personal—his own relations! Mr. Cuthcott! Ah! into whose household Wilmet Gaunt had gone. Mr. Cuthcott who had told her that he was always at her service! Why not? And the thought that she might really do something at last to help made her tingle all over. If she borrowed Sheila's bicycle she could catch the nine-o'clock train to London, see him herself, make him do something, perhaps even bring him back with her! She examined her purse. Yes, she had money. She would say nothing, here, because, of course, he might refuse! At the back of her mind was the idea that, if a real newspaper took the part of the laborers, Derek's position would no longer be so dangerous; he would be, as it were, legally recognized, and that, in itself, would make him more careful and responsible. Whence she got this belief in the legalizing power of the press it is difficult to say, unless that, reading newspapers but seldom, she still took them at their own valuation, and thought that when they said: "We shall do this," or "We must do that," they really were speaking for the country, and that forty-five millions of people were deliberately going to do something, whereas, in truth, as was known to those older than Nedda, they were speaking, and not too conclusively at that, for single anonymous gentlemen in a hurry who were not going to do anything. She knew that the press had power, great power—for she was always hearing that—and it had not occurred to her as yet to examine the composition of that power so as to discover that, while the press certainly had monopoly of articulate expression, and that same 'spirit of body' which made police constables swear by one another, it yet contained within its ring fence the sane and advisable futility of a perfectly balanced contradiction; so that its only functions, practically speaking, were the dissemination of news, seven-tenths of which would have been happier in obscurity; and—'irritation of the Dutch!' Not, of course, that the press realized this; nor was it probable that any one would tell it, for it had power—great power.

She caught her train—glowing outwardly from the speed of her ride, and inwardly from the heat of adventure and the thought that at last she was being of some use.

The only other occupants in her third-class compartment were a friendly looking man, who might have been a sailor or other wanderer on leave, and his thin, dried-up, black-clothed cottage woman of an old mother. They sat opposite each other. The son looked at his mother with beaming eyes, and she remarked: "An' I says to him, says I, I says, 'What?' I says; so 'e says to me, he says, 'Yes,' he says; 'that's what I say,' he says." And Nedda thought: 'What an old dear! And the son looks nice too; I do like simple people.'

They got out at the first stop and she journeyed on alone. Taking a taxi-cab from Paddington, she drove toward Gray's Inn. But now that she was getting close she felt very nervous. How expect a busy man like Mr. Cuthcott to

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spare time to come down all that way? It would be something, though, if she could get him even to understand what was really happening, and why; so that he could contradict that man in the other paper. It must be wonderful to be writing, daily, what thousands and thousands of people read! Yes! It must be a very sacred-feeling life! To be able to say things in that particularly authoritative way which must take such a lot of people in—that is, make such a lot of people think in the same way! It must give a man a terrible sense of responsibility, make him feel that he simply must be noble, even if he naturally wasn't. Yes! it must be a wonderful profession, and only fit for the highest! In addition to Mr. Cuthcott, she knew as yet but three young journalists, and those all weekly.

At her timid ring the door was opened by a broad-cheeked girl, enticingly compact in apron and black frock, whose bright color, thick lips, and rogue eyes came of anything but London. It flashed across Nedda that this must be the girl for whose sake she had faced Mr. Cuthcott at the luncheon-table! And she said: "Are you Wilmet Gaunt?"

The girl smiled till her eyes almost disappeared, and answered: "Yes, miss."

"I'm Nedda Freeland, Miss Sheila's cousin. I've just come from Joyfields. How are you getting on?"

"Fine, thank you, miss. Plenty of life here."

Nedda thought: 'That's what Derek said of her. Bursting with life! And so she is.' And she gazed doubtfully at the girl, whose prim black dress and apron seemed scarcely able to contain her.

"Is Mr. Cuthcott in?"

"No, miss; he'll be down at the paper. Two hundred and five Floodgate Street."

'Oh!' thought Nedda with dismay; 'I shall never venture there!' And glancing once more at the girl, whose rogue slits of eyes, deep sunk between cheekbones and brow, seemed to be quizzing her and saying: 'You and Mr. Derek—oh! I know!' she went sadly away. And first she thought she would go home to Hampstead, then that she would go back to the station, then: 'After all, why shouldn't I go and try? They can't eat me. I will!'

She reached her destination at the luncheon-hour, so that the offices of the great evening journal were somewhat deserted. Producing her card, she was passed from hand to hand till she rested in a small bleak apartment where a young woman was typing fast. She longed to ask her how she liked it, but did not dare. The whole atmosphere seemed to her charged with a strenuous solemnity, as though everything said, 'We have power—great power.' And she waited, sitting by the window which faced the street. On the buildings opposite she could read the name of another great evening journal. Why, it was the one which had contained the paragraph she had read at breakfast! She had bought a copy of it at the station. Its temperament, she knew, was precisely opposite to that of Mr. Cuthcott's paper. Over in that building, no doubt, there would be the same strenuously loaded atmosphere, so that if they opened the windows on both sides little puffs of power would meet in mid-air, above the heads of the passers-by, as might the broadsides of old three-deckers, above the green, green sea.

And for the first time an inkling of the great comic equipoise in Floodgate Street and human affairs stole on Nedda's consciousness. They puffed and puffed, and only made smoke in the middle! That must be why Dad always called them: 'Those fellows!' She had scarcely, however, finished beginning to think these thoughts when a handbell sounded sharply in some adjoining room, and the young woman nearly fell into her typewriter. She readjusted her balance, rose, and, going to the door, passed out in haste, Through the open doorway Nedda could see a large and pleasant room, whose walls seemed covered with prints of men standing in attitudes such that she was almost sure they were statesmen; and, at a table in the centre, the back of Mr. Cuthcott in a twiddly chair, surrounded by sheets of paper reposing on the floor, shining like autumn leaves on a pool of water. She heard his voice, smothery, hurried, but still pleasant, say: "Take these, Miss Mayne, take these! Begin on them, begin! Confound it! What's the time?" And the young woman's voice: "Half past one, Mr. Cuthcott!" And a noise from Mr. Cuthcott's throat that sounded like an adjuration to the Deity not to pass over something. Then the young woman

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dipped and began gathering those leaves of paper, and over her comely back Nedda had a clear view of Mr. Cuthcott hunching one brown shoulder as though warding something off, and of one of his thin hands ploughing up and throwing back his brown hair on one side, and heard the sound of his furiously scratching pen. And her heart pattered; it was so clear that he was 'giving them one' and had no time for her. And involuntarily she looked at the window beyond him to see if there were any puffs of smoke issuing therefrom. But they were closed. She saw the young woman rise and come back toward her, putting the sheets of paper in order; and, as the door was closing, from the twiddly chair a noise that sounded like: "Brr-grr! Cuss their silly souls!" When the young woman was once more at the typewriter she rose and said: "Have you given him my card yet?"

The young woman looked at her surprised, as if she had broken some rule of etiquette, and said: "No."

"Then don't, please. I can see that he's too busy. I won't wait."

The young woman abstractedly placed a sheet of paper in her typewriter.

"Very well," she said. "Good morning!"

And before Nedda reached the door she heard the click-click of the machine, reducing Mr. Cuthcott to legibility.

"I was stupid to come," she thought. "He must be terribly overworked. Poor man! He does say lovely things!" And, crestfallen, she went along the passages, and once more out into Floodgate Street. She walked along it frowning, till a man who was selling newspapers said as she passed: "Mind ye don't smile, lydy!"

Seeing that he was selling Mr. Cuthcott's paper, she felt for a coin to buy one, and, while searching, scrutinized the newsvender's figure, almost entirely hidden by the words:

GREAT HOUSING SCHEME

HOPE FOR THE MILLION!

on a buff-colored board; while above it, his face, that had not quite blood enough to be scorbutic, was wrapped in the expression of those philosophers to whom a hope would be fatal. He was, in fact, just what he looked—a street stoic. And a dim perception of the great social truth: "The smell of half a loaf is not better than no bread!" flickered in Nedda's brain as she passed on. Was that what Derek was doing with the laborers—giving them half the smell of a liberty that was not there? And a sudden craving for her father came over her. He—he only, was any good, because he, only, loved her enough to feel how distracted and unhappy she was feeling, how afraid of what was coming. So, making for a tube station, she took train to Hampstead. . . .

It was past two, and Felix, on the point of his constitutional. He had left Becket the day after Nedda's rather startling removal to Joyfields, and since then had done his level best to put the whole Tryst affair, with all its somewhat sinister relevance to her life and his own, out of his mind as something beyond control. He had but imperfectly succeeded.

Flora, herself not too present-minded, had in these days occasion to speak to him about the absent-minded way in which he fulfilled even the most domestic duties, and Alan was always saying to him, "Buck up, Dad!" With Nedda's absorption into the little Joyfields whirlpool, the sun shone but dimly for Felix. And a somewhat febrile attention to 'The Last of the Laborers' had not brought it up to his expectations. He fluttered under his buff waistcoat when he saw her coming in at the gate. She must want something of him! For to this pitch of resignation, as to his little daughter's love for him, had he come! And if she wanted something of him, things would be going wrong again down there! Nor did the warmth of her embrace, and her: "Oh! Dad, it *is* nice to see you!" remove that instinctive conviction, though delicacy, born of love, forbade him to ask her what she wanted. Talking of the sky and other matters, thinking how pretty she was looking, he waited for the new, inevitable proof that youth was first, and a mere father only second fiddle now. A note from Stanley had already informed him of the strike. The news had been something of a relief. Strikes, at all events, were respectable and legitimate means of protest, and to hear that one was in progress had not forced him out of his laborious attempt to believe the whole affair only a molehill. He had not, however, heard of the

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strike-breakers, nor had he seen any newspaper mention of the matter; and when she had shown him the paragraph, recounted her visit to Mr. Cuthcott, and how she had wanted to take him back with her to see for himself—he waited a moment, then said almost timidly: "Should I be of any use, my dear?" She flushed and squeezed his hand in silence; and he knew he would.

When he had packed a handbag and left a note for Flora, he rejoined her in the hall. In the dim light there he had to look twice to be sure that she had tears in her eyes, by which he realized there was nothing in his feelings of which she was not conscious. Yes! she knew his grief at being dispossessed, his effort to hide it—knew it as well as he, and was as sorry. That was something!

It was past seven when they reached their destination, and, taking the station 'fly,' drove slowly up to Joyfields, under a showery sky.

XXIX

Life is like a road, along which all happenings come, to people now advancing to meet them, now standing in the roadside doorway, now sitting within.

When Felix and Nedda reached Tod's cottage, the three little Trysts, whose activity could never be quite called play were all the living creatures about the house.

"Where is Mrs. Freeland, Biddy?"

"We don't know; a man came, and she went."

"And Miss Sheila?"

"She went out in the mornin'. And Mr. Freeland's gone."

Susie added: "The dog's gone, too."

"Then help me to get some tea."

"Yes."

With the assistance of the mother-child, and the hindrance of Susie and Billy, Nedda made and laid tea, with an anxious heart. The absence of her aunt, who so seldom went outside the cottage, fields, and orchard, disturbed her; and, while Felix refreshed himself, she fluttered several times on varying pretexts to the wicket gate.

At her third visit, from the direction of the church, she saw figures coming on the road—dark figures carrying something, followed by others walking alongside. What sun there had been had quite given in to heavy clouds; the light was dull, the elm-trees dark; and not till they were within two hundred yards could Nedda make out that these were figures of policemen. Then, alongside that which they were carrying, she saw her aunt's blue dress. *What* were they carrying like that? She dashed down the steps, and stopped. No! If it were *he* they would bring him in! She rushed back again, distracted. She could see now a form stretched on a hurdle. It *was* he!

"Dad! Quick!"

Felix came, startled at that cry, to find his little daughter on the path wringing her hands and flying back to the wicket gate. They were close now. She saw them turn the hurdle and begin mounting the steps, those behind raising their arms so that it should be level. Derek lay on his back, with head and forehead swathed in wet blue linen, torn from his mother's skirt; and the rest of his face very white. He lay quite still, his clothes covered with mud. Terrified, she plucked at Kirsteen's sleeve.

"What is it?"

"Concussion!" The still force of that blue-clothed figure, so calm beside her, gave her strength to say quietly:

"Put him in my room, Aunt Kirsteen; there's most air there!" And she flew up-stairs, flinging wide her door, making the bed ready, snatching her night things from the pillow; pouring out cold water, sprinkling the air with eau de cologne. Then she stood still. Perhaps they would not bring him there? Yes, they were coming up. They brought him in, and laid him on the bed. She heard one say: "Doctor'll be here directly, ma'am. Let him lie quiet." Then she and his mother were alone beside him.

"Undo his boots," said Kirsteen.

Nedda's fingers trembled, and she hated them for trembling so, while she drew off those muddy boots. Then her aunt said softly: "Hold him up, dear, while I get his things off."

And, with a strange rapture that she was allowed to hold him thus, she supported him against her breast till he was freed and lying back inert. Then, and only then, she whispered:

"How long before he——?"

Kirsteen shook her head; and, slipping her arm round the girl, murmured: "Courage, Nedda!"

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The girl felt fear and love rush up desperately to overwhelm her. She choked them back, and said quite quietly: "I will. I promise. Only let me help nurse him!"

Kirsteen nodded. And they sat down to wait.

That quarter of an hour was the longest of her life. To see him thus, living, yet not living, with the spirit driven from him by a cruel blow, perhaps never to come back! Curious, how things still got themselves noticed when all her faculties were centred in gazing at his face. She knew that it was raining again; heard the swish and drip, and smelled the cool wet perfume through the scent of the eau de cologne that she had spilled. She noted her aunt's arm, as it hovered, wetting the bandage; the veins and rounded whiteness from under the loose blue sleeve slipped up to the elbow. One of his feet lay close to her at the bed's edge; she stole her hand beneath the sheet. That foot felt very cold, and she grasped it tight. If only she could pass life into him through her hot hand. She heard the ticking of her little travelling-clock, and was conscious of flies wheeling close up beneath the white ceiling, of how one by one they darted at each other, making swift zigzags in the air. And something in her she had not yet known came welling up, softening her eyes, her face, even the very pose of her young body—the hidden passion of a motherliness, that yearned so to 'kiss the place,' to make him well, to nurse and tend, restore and comfort, him. And with all her might she watched the movements of those rounded arms under the blue sleeves—how firm and exact they were, how soft and quiet and swift, bathing the dark head! Then from beneath the bandage she caught sight suddenly of his eyes. And her heart turned sick. Oh, they were not quite closed! As if he hadn't life enough to close them! She bit into her lip to stop a cry. It was so terrible to see them without light. Why did not that doctor come? Over and over and over again within her the prayer turned: Let him live! Oh, let him live!

The blackbirds out in the orchard were tuning up for evening. It seemed almost dreadful they should be able to sing like that. All the world was going on just the same! If he died, the world would have no more light for her than there was now in his poor eyes—and yet it would go on the same! How was that possible? It was not possible, because she would die too! She saw her aunt turn her head like a startled animal; some one was coming up the stairs! It was the doctor, wiping his wet face—a young man in gaiters. How young—dreadfully young! No; there was a little gray at the sides of his hair! What would he say? And Nedda sat with hands tightly clenched in her lap, motionless as a young crouching sphinx. An interminable testing, and questioning, and answer! Never smoked—never drank—never been ill! The blow—ah, here! Just here! Concussion—yes! Then long staring into the eyes, the eyelids lifted between thumb and finger. And at last (how could he talk so loud! Yet it was a comfort too—he would not talk like that if Derek were going to die!)—Hair cut shorter—ice—watch him like a lynx! This and that, if he came to. Nothing else to be done. And then those blessed words:

"But don't worry too much. I think it'll be all right." She could not help a little sigh escaping her clenched teeth.

The doctor was looking at her. His eyes were nice.

"Sister?"

"Cousin."

"Ah! Well, I'll get back now, and send you out some ice, at once."

More talk outside the door. Nedda, alone with her lover, crouched forward on her knees, and put her lips to his. They were not so cold as his foot, and the first real hope and comfort came to her. Watch him like a lynx—wouldn't she? But how had it all happened? And where was Sheila? and Uncle Tod?

Her aunt had come back and was stroking her shoulder. There had been fighting in the barn at Marrow Farm. They had arrested Sheila. Derek had jumped down to rescue her and struck his head against a grindstone. Her uncle had gone with Sheila. They would watch, turn and turn about. Nedda must go now and eat something, and get ready to take the watch from eight to midnight.

Following her resolve to make no fuss, the girl went out. The police had gone. The mother-child was putting her little folk to bed; and in the kitchen Felix was arranging the wherewithal to eat. He

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made her sit down and kept handing things; watching like a cat to see that she put them in her mouth, in the way from which only Flora had suffered hitherto; he seemed so anxious and unhappy, and so awfully sweet, that Nedda forced herself to swallow what she thought would never go down a dry and choky throat. He kept coming up and touching her shoulder or forehead. Once he said:

"It's all right, you know, my pet; concussion often takes two days."

Two days with his eyes like that! The consolation was not so vivid as Felix might have wished; but she quite understood that he was doing his best to give it. She suddenly remembered that he had no room to sleep in. He must use Derek's. No! That, it appeared, was to be for her when she came off duty. Felix was going to have an all-night sitting in the kitchen. He had been looking forward to an all-night sitting for many years, and now he had got his chance. It was a magnificent opportunity—"without your mother, my dear, to insist on my sleeping." And staring at his smile, Nedda thought: 'He's like Granny—he comes out under difficulties. If only I did!'

The ice arrived by motor-cycle just before her watch began. It was some comfort to have that definite thing to see to. How timorous and humble are thoughts in a sick-room, above all when the sick are stretched behind the muffle of unconsciousness, withdrawn from the watcher by half-death! And yet, for him or her who loves, there is at least the sense of being alone with the loved one, of doing all that can be done; and in some strange way of twining hearts with the exiled spirit. To Nedda, sitting at his feet, and hardly ever turning eyes away from his still face, it sometimes seemed that the flown spirit was there beside her. And she saw into his soul in those hours of watching, as one looking into a stream sees the leopard-like dapple of its sand and dark-strewn floor, just reached by sunlight. She saw all his pride, courage, and impatience, his reserve, and strange unwilling tenderness, as she had never seen them. And a queer dreadful feeling moved her that in some previous existence she had looked at that face dead on a field of battle, frowning up at the stars. That was absurd—there were no previous existences! Or was it prevision of what would come some day?

When, at half past nine, the light began to fail, she lighted two candles in tall, thin, iron candlesticks beside her. They burned without flicker, those spires of yellow flame, slowly conquering the dying twilight, till in their soft radiance the room was full of warm dusky shadows, the night outside ever a deeper black. Two or three times his mother came, looked at him, asked her if she should stay, and, receiving a little silent shake of the head, went away again. At eleven o'clock, when once more she changed the ice-cap, his eyes had still no lustre, and for a moment her courage failed her utterly. It seemed to her that he could never win back, that death possessed the room already, possessed those candle-flames, the ticking of the clock, the dark, dripping night, possessed her heart. Could he be gone before she had been his! Gone! Where? She sank down on her knees, covering her eyes. What good to watch, if he were never coming back! A long time—it seemed hours—passed thus, with the feeling growing deeper in her that no good would come while she was watching. And behind the barrier of her hands she tried desperately to rally courage. If things were—they were! One must look them in the face! She took her hands away. His eyes! Was it light in them? Was it? They were seeing—surely they saw. And his lips made the tiniest movement. In that turmoil of exaltation she never knew how she managed to continue kneeling there, with her hands on his. But all her soul shone down to him out of her eyes, and drew and drew at his spirit struggling back from the depths of him. For many minutes that struggle lasted; then he smiled. It was the feeblest smile that ever was on lips, but it made the tears pour down Nedda's cheeks and trickle off onto his hands. Then, with a stoicism that she could not believe in, so hopelessly unreal it seemed, so utterly the negation of the tumult within her, she settled back again at his feet to watch and not excite him. And still his lips smiled that faint smile, and his opened eyes grew dark and darker with meaning.

So at midnight Kirsteen found them.

(To be continued.)

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THE WATER-HOLE

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

SOME men are like the twang of a bow-string. Hardy was like that—short, lithe, sunburned, vivid. Into the lives of Jarrick, Hill, and myself, old classmates of his, he came and went in the fashion of one of those queer winds that on a sultry day in summer blow unexpectedly up a city street out of nowhere. His comings excited us; his goings left us refreshed and a little vaguely discontented. So many people are gray. Hardy gave one a shock of color, as do the deserts and the mountains he inhabited. It was not particularly what he said—he didn't talk much—it was his appearance, his direct, a trifle fierce, gestures, the sense of mysterious lands that pervaded him. One never knew when he was coming to New York and one never knew how long he was going to stay; he just appeared, was very busy with mining companies for a while, sat about clubs in the late afternoon, and then, one day, he was gone.

Sometimes he came twice in a year; oftener, not for two or three years at a stretch. When he did come we gave him a dinner—that is, Jarrick, Hill, and myself. And it was rather an occasion. We would procure a table in the gayest restaurant we could find, near, but not too near, the music—Hill it was who first suggested this as a dramatic bit of incongruity between Hardy and the frequenters of Broadway—and the most exotic food obtainable, for a good part of his time Hardy, we knew, lived upon camp fare. Then we would try to make him tell about his experiences. Usually he wouldn't. Impersonally, he was entertaining about South Africa, about the Caucasus, about Alaska, Mexico, anywhere you care to think; but concretely he might have been an illustrated lecture for all he mentioned himself. He was passionately fond of abstract argument. "Y' see," he would explain, "I don't get half as much of this sort of thing as I want. Of course, one does run across remarkable people—now, I met a cow-puncher once who knew Keats by heart—but as a rule I deal only with material things, mines and prospects and assays and that sort of thing." Poor chap! I wonder if he thought that we, with our brokering and our writing and our lawyering, dealt much with ideas! I remember one night when we sat up until three discussing the philosophy of prohibition over three bottles of port. I wonder how many other men have done the same thing!

But five years ago—no, it was six—Hardy really told us a real story about himself. Necessarily the occasion is memorable in our recollections. We had dined at Lamb's, and the place was practically empty, for it was long after the theatre hour—only a drowsy waiter here and there, and away over in one corner a young couple who, I suppose, imagined themselves in love. Fancy being in love at Lamb's! We had been discussing, of all things in the world, bravery and conscience and cowardice and original sin, and that sort of business, and there was no question about it that Hardy was enjoying himself hugely. He was leaning upon the table, a coffee-cup between his relaxed brown hands, listening with an eagerness highly complimentary to the banal remarks we had to make upon the subject. "This is talk!" he ejaculated once with a laugh.

Hill, against the combined attack of Jarrick and myself, was maintaining the argument. "There is no such thing as instinctive bravery," he affirmed, for the fifth time at least, "amongst intelligent men. Every one of us is naturally a coward. Of course we are. The more imagination we've got the more we can realize how pleasant life is, after all, and how rotten the adjuncts of sudden death. It's

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reason that does the trick—reason and tradition. Do you know of any one who is brave when he is alone—except, that is, when it is a case of self-preservation? No! Of course not. Did you ever hear of any one choosing to go along a dangerous road or to ford a dangerous river unless he had to—that is, any one of our class, any man of education or imagination? It's the greater fear of being thought afraid that makes us brave. Take a lawyer in a shipwreck—take myself! Don't you suppose he's frightened? Naturally he is, horribly frightened. It's his reason, his mind, that after a while gets the better of his poor pipe-stem legs and makes them keep pace with the sea-legs about them."

"It's condition," said Jarrick doggedly—"condition entirely. All has to do with your liver and digestion. I know; I fox-hunt, and when I was younger—yes, leave my waist alone!—I rode jumping races. When you're fit there isn't a horse alive that bothers you, or a fence, for that matter, or a bit of water."

"Ever try standing on a ship's deck, in the dark, knowing you're going to drown in about twenty minutes?" asked Hill.

Hardy leaned forward to strike a match for his cigarette. "I don't agree with you," he said.

"Well, but—" began Hill.

"Neither of you."

"Oh, of course, you're outside the argument. You lead an adventurous life. You keep in condition for danger. It isn't fair."

"No." Hardy lit his cigarette and inhaled a puff thoughtfully. "You don't understand. All you have to say does have some bearing upon things, but, when you get down to brass tacks, it's instinct—at the last gasp, it's instinct. You can't get away from it. Look at the difference between a thoroughbred and a cold-blooded horse! There you are! That's true. It's the fashion now to discount instinct, I know; well—but you can't get away from it. I've thought about the thing—a lot. Men are brave against their better reason, against their conscience. It's a mixed-up thing. It's confusing and—and sort of damnable," he concluded lamely.

"Sort of damnable!" ejaculated Hill wonderingly.

"Yes, damnable."

I experienced inspiration. "You've got a concrete instance back of that," I ventured.

Hardy removed his gaze from the ceiling. "Er—" he stammered. "Why, yes—yes. That's true."

"You'd better tell it," suggested Hill; "otherwise your argument is not very conclusive."

Hardy fumbled with the spoon of his empty coffee-cup. It was a curious gesture on the part of a man whose frankness were as clean-cut as his silences. "Well—" he began. "I don't know. Perhaps. I did know a man, though, who saved another man's life when he didn't want to, when there was every excuse for him not to, when he had it all reasoned out that it was wrong, the very wrongest possible thing to do; and he saved him because he couldn't help it, saved him at the risk of his own life, too."

"He did!" murmured Hill incredulously.

"Go on!" I urged. I was aware that we were on the edge of a revelation.

Hardy looked down at the spoon in his hand, then up and into my eyes.

"It's such a queer place to tell it"—he smiled deprecatingly—"here, in this restaurant. It ought to be about a camp-fire, or something like that. Here it seems out of place, like the smell of bacon or sweating mules. Do you know Los Pinos? Well, you wouldn't. It was just a few shacks and a Mexican gambling-house when I saw it. Maybe it isn't there any more, at all. You know—those places! People build them and then go away, and in a year there isn't a thing, just desert again and shifting sand and maybe the little original old ranch by the one spring." He swept the table-cloth with this hand, as if sweeping something into oblivion, and his eyes sought again the spoon. "It's queer, that business. Men and women go out to lonely places and build houses, and for a while everything goes on in miniature, just as it does here—daily bread and hating and laughing—and then something happens, the gold gives out or the fields won't pay, and in no time nature is back again.

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It's a big fight. You lose track of it in crowded places." He raised his head and settled his arms comfortably on the table.

"I wasn't there for any particular purpose. I was on a holiday. I'd been on a big job up in Colorado and was rather done up, and, as there were some prospects in New Mexico I wanted to see, I hit south, drifting through Santa Fé and Silver City, until I found myself way down on the southern edge of Arizona. It was still hot down there—hot as blazes—it was about the first of September—and the rattlesnakes and the scorpions were still as active as crickets. I knew a chap that had a cattle outfit near the Mexican border, so I dropped in on him one day and stayed two weeks. You see, he was lonely. Had a passion for theatres and hadn't seen a play for five years. My second-hand gossip was rather a godsend. But finally I got tired of talking about Mary Mannering, and decided to start north again. He bade me good-by on a little hill near his place. 'See here!' he said suddenly, looking toward the west. 'If you go a trifle out of your way you'll strike Los Pinos, and I wish you would. It's a little bit of a dump of the United Copper Company's, no good, I'm thinking, but the fellow in charge is a friend of mine. He's got his wife there. They're nice people—or used to be. I haven't seen them for ten years. They say he drinks a little—well, we all do. Maybe you could write me how she—I mean, how he is getting on?' And he turned red. I saw how the land lay, and as a favor to him I said I would.

"It was eighty miles away, and I drifted in there one night on top of a tired cow-horse just at sundown. You know how purple—violet, really—those desert evenings are. There was violet stretching away as far as I could see, from the faint violet at my stirrups to the deep, almost black violet of the horizon. Way off to the north I could make out the shadow of some big hills that had been ahead of me all day. The town, what there was of it, lay in a little gully. Along its single street there were a few lights shining like small yellow flowers. I asked my way of a Mexican, and he showed me up to where the Whitneys—that name will do as well as any—lived, in a decent enough sort of bungalow, it would seem, above the gully. He left me there, and I went forward and rapped at the door. Light shone from between the cracks of a near-by shutter, and I could hear voices inside—a man's voice mostly, hoarse and high-pitched. Then a Chinaman opened the door for me and I had a look inside, into a big living-room beyond. It was civilized all right enough, pleasantly so to a man stepping out of two days of desert and Mexican adobes. At a glance I saw the rugs on the polished floor, and the Navajo blankets about, and a big table in the centre with a shaded lamp and magazines in rows; but the man in riding-clothes standing before the empty fireplace wasn't civilized at all, at least not at that moment. I couldn't see the woman, only the top of her head above the back of a big chair, but as I came in I heard her say, 'Hush!—Jim!—please!' and I noticed that what I could see of her hair was of that fine true gold you so seldom find. The man stopped in the middle of a sentence and swayed on his feet, then he looked over at me and came toward me with a sort of bulldog, inquiring look. He was a big, red-faced, blond chap, about forty, I should say, who might once have been handsome. He wasn't now, and it didn't add to his beauty that he was quite obviously fairly drunk. 'Well?' he said, and blocked my way.

"'I'm a friend of Henry Martin's,' I answered. 'I've got a letter for you.' I was beginning to get pretty angry.

"'Henry Martin?' He laughed unsteadily. 'You'd better give it to my wife over there. She's his friend. I hardly know him.' I don't know when I'd seen a man I disliked as much at first sight.

"There was a rustle from the other side of the room, and Mrs. Whitney came toward us. I avoided her unattractive husband and took her hand, and I understood at once whatever civilizing influences there were about the bungalow we were in. Did you ever do that—ever step out of nowhere, in a wild sort of country, and meet suddenly a man or a woman who might have come straight from a pleasant, well-bred room filled with books and flowers and quiet, nice people? It's a sensation that never loses

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its freshness. Mrs. Whitney was like that. I wouldn't have called her beautiful; she was better; you knew she was good and clean-cut and a thoroughbred the minute you saw her. She was lovely, too; don't misunderstand me, but you had more important things to think about when you were talking to her. Just at the moment I was wondering how any one who so evidently had been crying could all at once greet a stranger with so cordial a smile. But she was all that—all nerve; I don't think I ever met a woman quite like her—so fine, you understand."

Hardy paused. "Have any of you chaps got a cigarette?" he asked; and I noticed that his hand, usually the steadiest hand imaginable, trembled ever so slightly. "Well," he began again, "there you are! I had tumbled into about as rotten a little, pitiful a little tragedy as you can imagine, there in a God-forsaken desert of Arizona, with not a soul about but a Chinaman, a couple of Scotch stationary engineers, an Irish foreman, two or three young mining men, and a score of Mexicans. Of course, my first impulse was to get out the next morning, to cut it—it was none of my business—although I determined to drop a line to Henry Martin; but I didn't go. I had a talk with Mrs. Whitney that night, after her attractive husband had taken himself off to bed, and somehow I couldn't leave just then. You know how it is, you drop into a place where nothing in the world seems likely to happen, and all of a sudden you realize that something *is* going to happen, and for the life of you you can't go away. That situation up on top of the hill couldn't last forever, could it? So I stayed on. I hunted out the big Irish foreman and shared his cabin. The Whitneys asked me to visit them, but I didn't exactly feel like doing so. The Irishman was a fine specimen of his race, ten years out from Dublin, and everywhere else since that time; generous, irascible, given to great fits of gayety and equally unexpected fits of gloom. He would sit in the evenings, a short pipe in his mouth, and stare up at the Whitney bungalow on the hill above.

"'That Jim Whitney's a divvle,' he confided to me once. 'Wan o' these days I'll hit him over th' head with a pick and be hung for murther. Now, what in hell d'ye suppose a nice girl like that sticks by him for? If it weren't for her I'd 'a' reported him long ago. The scut!' And I remember that he spat gloomily.

"But I got to know the answer to that question sooner than I had expected. You see, I went up to the Whitneys' often, in the afternoon, or for dinner, or in the evening, and I talked to Mrs. Whitney a great deal; although sometimes I just sat and smoked and listened to her play the piano. She played beautifully. It was a treat to a man who hadn't heard music for two years. There was a little thing of Grieg's—a spring song, or something of the sort—and you've no idea how quaint and sad and appealing it was, and incongruous, with all its freshness and murmuring about waterfalls and pine-trees, there, in those hot, breathless Arizona nights. Mrs. Whitney didn't talk much; she wasn't what you'd call a particularly communicative woman, but bit by bit I pieced together something continuous. It seems that she had run away with Whitney ten years before— Oh, yes! Henry Martin! That had been a schoolgirl affair. Nothing serious, you understand. But the Whitney matter had been different. She was greatly in love with him. And the family had disapproved. Some rich, stuffy Boston people, I gathered. But she had made up her mind and taken matters in her own hands. That was her way—a clean-cut sort of person—like a gold-and-white arrow; and now she was going to stick by her choice no matter what happened; owed it to Whitney. There was the quirk in her brain; we all have a quirk somewhere, and that was hers. She felt that she had ruined his career; he had been a brilliant young engineer, but her family had kicked up the devil of a row, and, as they were powerful enough, and nasty enough, had more or less hounded him out of the East. Of course, personally, I never thought he showed any of the essentials of brilliancy, but that's neither here nor there; she did, and she was satisfied that she owed him all she had. I suppose, too, there was some trace of a Puritan conscience back of it, some inherent feeling about divorce; and there was pride as well, a desire not to let that disgusting family of hers know into what ways her idol had fallen. Any-

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"He bade me good-by on a little hill near his place."—Page 35.

way, she was adamant—oh, yes, I made no bones about it, I up and asked her one night why she didn't get rid of the hound. So there she was, that white-and-gold woman, with her love of music, and her love of books, and her love of fine things, and her gentleness, and that sort of fiery, suppressed Northern blood, shut up on top of an Arizona dump with a beast that got drunk every night and twice a day on Sunday. It was worse even than that. One night—we were sitting out on the veranda—her scarf slipped, and I saw a scar on her arm, near her shoulder." Hardy stopped abruptly and began to roll a little pellet of bread between his thumb and his forefinger; then his tense expression faded and he sat back in his chair.

"Let me have another cigarette," he said to Jarrick. "No. Wait a minute! I'll order some."

He called a waiter and gave his instructions. "You see," he continued, "when you run across as few nice women as I do that sort of thing is more than ordinarily disturbing. And then I suppose it was the setting, and her loneliness, and everything. Anyway, I stayed on. I got to be a little bit ashamed of myself. I was afraid that Mrs. Whitney would think me prompted by mere curiosity or a desire to meddle, so after a while I gave out that I was prospecting that part of Arizona, and in the mornings I would take a horse and ride out into the desert. I loved it, too; it was so big and spacious and silent and hot. One day I met Whitney on the edge of town. He was sober, as he always was when he had to be; he was a masterful brute, in his way. He stopped me and asked if I had found anything, and when I laughed he didn't laugh back. 'There's gold here,' he said. 'Lots of gold. Did you ever hear the story of the Ten Strike Mine? Well, it's over there.' He swept with his arm the line of distant hills to the north. 'The crazy Dutchman that found it staggered into Almuda, ten miles down the valley, just before he died; and his pockets were bulging with samples—pure gold, almost. Yes, by thunder! And that's the last they ever heard of it. Lots of men have tried—lots of men. Some day I'll go myself, surer than shooting.' And he let his hands drop to his sides and stared silently toward the north, a queer, dreamy anger in his eyes. I've seen lots of mining men, lots of prospectors, in my time, and it didn't take me long to size up that look of his. 'Aha, my friend!' I said to myself. 'So you've got another vice, have you! It isn't only rum that's got a hold on you!' And I turned my horse into the town.

"But our conversation seemed to have stirred to the surface something in Whitney's brain that had been at work there a long time, for after that he would never

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let me alone about his Ten Strike Mine and the mountains that hid it. 'Over there!' he would say, and point to the north. From the porch of his bungalow the sleeping hills were plainly visible above the shimmering desert. He would chew on the end of a cigar and consider. 'It isn't very far, you know. Two days—maybe three. All we need's water. No water there—at least, none found. All those fellows who've prospected are fools. I'm an expert; so are you. I tell you, Hardy, let's do it! A couple of little old pack-mules! Eh? How about it? Next week? I can get off. God, I'd like money!' And he would subside into a sullen silence. At first I laughed at him; but I can tell you that sort of thing gets on your nerves sooner or later and either makes you bolt it or else go. At the end of two weeks I actually found myself considering the fool thing seriously. Of course, I didn't want to discover a lost gold-mine, that is, unless I just happened to stumble over it; I wanted to keep away from such things; they're bad; they get into a man's blood like drugs; but I've always had a hankering for a new country, and those hills, shining in the heat, were compelling—very compelling. Besides, I reflected, a trip like that might help to straighten Whitney up a little. I hadn't much hope, to be sure, but drowning men clutch at straws. It's curious what sophistry you use to convince yourself, isn't it? And then—something happened that for two weeks occupied all my mind."

Hardy paused, considered for a moment the glowing end of his cigarette, and finally looked up gravely; there was a slight hesitation, almost an embarrassment, in his manner. "I don't exactly know how to put it," he began. "I don't want you chaps to imagine anything wrong; it was all very nebulous and indefinite, you understand—Mrs. Whitney was a wonderful woman. I wouldn't mention the matter at all if it wasn't necessary for the point of my story; in fact, it is the point of my story. But there was a man there—one of the young engineers—and quite suddenly I discovered that he was in love with Mrs. Whitney, and I think—I never could be quite sure, but I think she was in love with him. It must have been one of those sudden things, a storm out of a clear sky, deluging two people before they were aware. I imagine it was brought to the surface by the chap's illness. He had been out riding on the desert and had got off to look at something, and a rattlesnake had struck him—a big, dust-dirty thing—on the wrist, and, very faint, he had galloped back to the Whitneys'. And what do you suppose she had done—Mrs. Whitney, that is? Flung herself down on him and sucked the wound! Yes, without a moment's hesitation, her gold hair all about his hand and her white dress in the dirt. Of course, it was a foolish thing to do, and not in the least the right way to treat a wound, but she had risked her life to do it; a slight cut on her lip—you understand; a tiny, ragged place. Afterward, she had cut the wound crosswise, so, and had put on a ligature, and then had got the man into the house some way and nursed him until he was quite himself again. I dare say he had been in love with her a long while without knowing it, but that clinched matters. Those things come overpoweringly and take a man, down in places like that—semitropical and lonely and lawless, with long, empty days and moonlit nights. Perhaps he told Mrs. Whitney; he never got very far, I am sure. She was a wonderful woman—but she loved him, I think. You can tell those things, you know; a gesture, an unavoidable look, a silence.

"Anyway, I saw what had happened and I was sorry, and for a fortnight I hung around, loath to go, but hating myself all the while for not doing so. And every day Whitney would come at me with his insane scheme. 'Over there! It isn't very far. Two days—maybe three. How about it? Eh?' and then that tense sweep of the arm to the north. I don't know what it was, weariness, disgust, irritation of the whole sorry plan of things, but finally, and to my own astonishment, I found myself consenting, and within two days Whitney had his crazy pack outfit ready, and on the morning of the third day we set out. Mrs. Whitney had said nothing when we unfolded our intentions to her, nor did she say anything when we departed, but stood on the porch of the bungalow, her hand up to her throat, and watched us out of sight. I wondered what she was thinking about. The Voo-

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doos—that was the name of the mountains we were heading for—had killed a good many men in their time."

I've reached the point where I've imagined horrors, heard voices, you understand, and seen great, bearded men mouthing

"There was a rustle from the other side of the room, and Mrs. Whitney came toward us."—Page 35.

Hardy took a long and thoughtful sip from the glass in front of him before he began again. "I've knocked about a good deal in my life," he said; "I've been lost—once in the jungle; I've starved; at me—a man's pretty far gone when that happens to him—but that trip across the desert was the worst I've ever taken. By day it was all right, just swaying in your saddle, half asleep a good part of the

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time, the smell of warm dust in your nose, the three pack-mules plodding along behind; but the nights!—I tell you, I've sat about camp-fires up the Congo and watched big, oily black men eat their food, and I once saw a native village sacked, but I'd rather be tied for life to a West Coast nigger than to a man like Whitney. It isn't good for two people to be alone in a place like that and for one to hate the other as I hated him. God knows why I didn't kill him; I'd have to get up and leave the fire and go out into the night, and, mind you, I'd be shuddering like a man with the ague under that warm, soft air. And he never for a minute suspected it. His mind was scarred with drink as if a worm had bored its slow way in and out of it. I can see him now, cross-legged, beyond the flames, big, unshaven, heavy-jowled, dirty, what he thought dripping from his mouth like the bacon drippings he was too lazy to wipe away. I won't tell you what he talked about; you know, the old thing; but not the way even the most wrong-minded of ordinary men talks; there was a sodden, triumphant deviltry in him that was appalling. He cursed the country for its lack of opportunity of a certain kind; he was like a hound held in leash, gloating over what he would do when he got back to the kennels of civilization again. And all the while, at the back of my mind, was a picture of that white-and-gold woman of his, way back toward the south, waiting his return because she owed him her life for the brilliant career she had ruined. It made you sometimes almost want to laugh—insanely. I used to lie awake at night and pray whatever there was to kill him, and do it quickly. I would have turned back, but I felt that every day I could keep him away from Los Pinos was a day gained for Mrs. Whitney. He was a dangerous maniac, too. The first day he behaved himself fairly well, but the second, after supper, when we had cleaned up, he began to fumble through the packs, and finally produced a bottle of brandy.

"'Fine camping stuff!' he announced. 'Lots of results for very little weight. Have some?'

"'Are you going to drink that?' I asked.

"'Oh, go to the devil!' he snapped. 'I've been out as much as you have.' I didn't argue with him further; I hoped if he drank enough the sun would get him. But the third night he upset the water-kegs, two of them. He had been carrying on some sort of weird celebration by himself, and finally staggered out into the desert, singing at the top of his lungs, and the first thing I knew he was down among the kegs, rolling over and over, and kicking right and left. The one that was open was gone; another he kicked the plug out of, but I managed to save about a quarter of its contents. The next morning I spoke to him about it. He blinked his red eyes and chuckled.

"'Poor sort of stuff, anyway,' he said.

"'Yes,' I agreed; 'but without it you would blow out like a candle in a dust storm.' After that we didn't speak to each other except when it was necessary.

"We were in the foot-hills of the Voodoos by now, and the next day we got into the mountains themselves—great, bare ragged peaks, black and red and dirty yellow, like the cooled-off slake of a furnace. Every now and then a dry gully came down from nowheres; and the only human thing one could see was occasionally, on the sides of one of these, a shivering, miserable, half-dead piñon—nothing but that, and the steel-blue sky overhead, and the desert behind us, shimmering like a lake of salt. It was hot—good Lord! The horn of your saddle burned your hand. That night we camped in a canyon, and the next day went still higher up, following the course of a rutted stream that probably ran water once in a year. Whitney wanted to turn east, and it was all a toss-up to me; the place looked unlikely enough, anyway, although you never can tell. I had settled into the monotony of the trip by now and didn't much care how long we stayed out. One day was like another—hot little swirls of dust, sweat of mules, and great black cliffs; and the nights came and went like the passing of a sponge over a fevered face. On the sixth day the tragedy happened. It was toward dusk, and one of the mules, the one that carried the water, fell over a cliff.

"He wasn't hurt; just lay on his back and smiled crossly; but the kegs and the bags were smashed to bits. I like mules,

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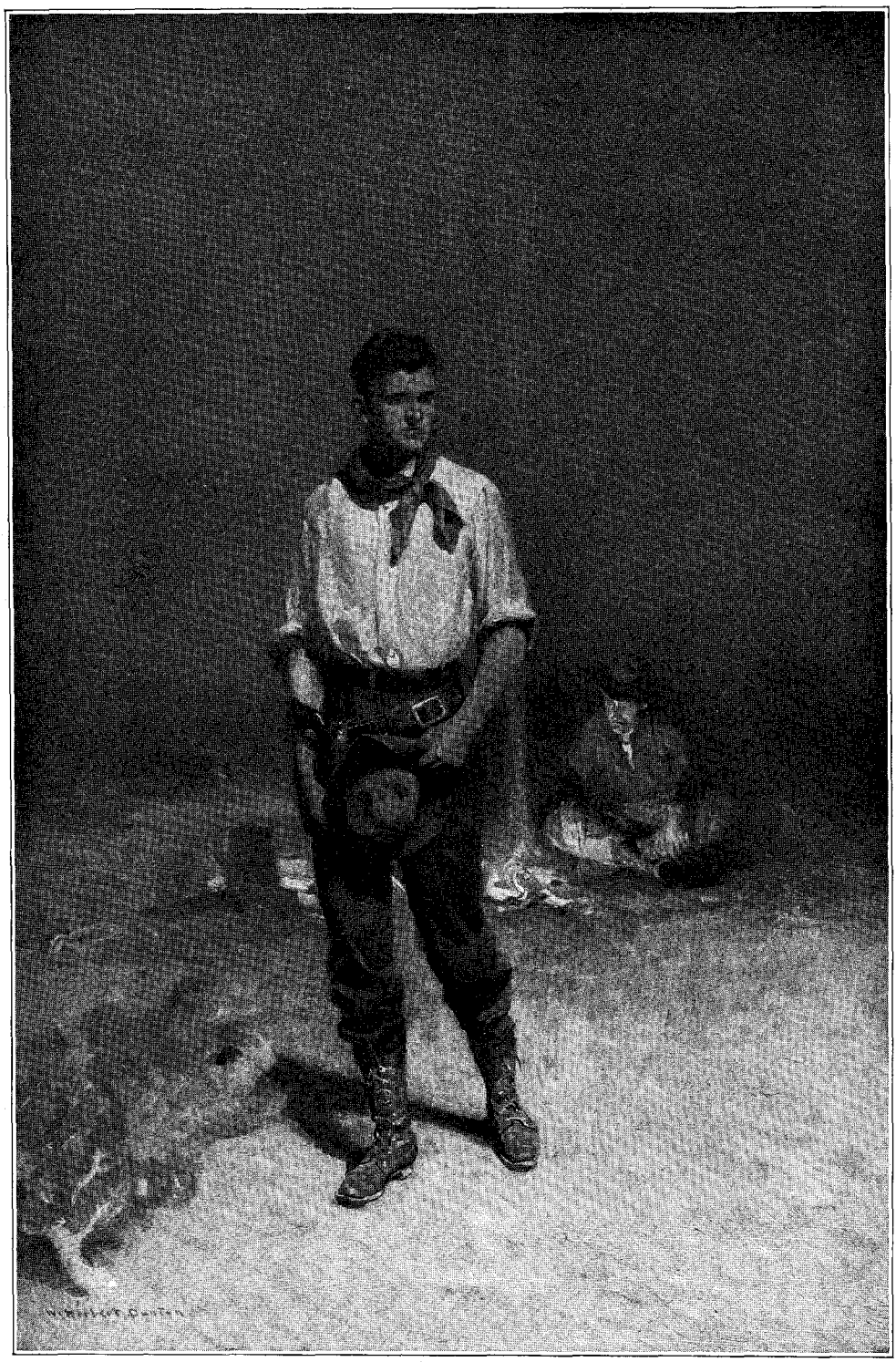

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"I'd have to get up and leave the fire and go out into the night."—Page 40.

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but I wanted to kill that one. It was quiet down there in the canyon—quiet and hot. I looked at Whitney and he looked at me, and I had the sudden, unpleasant realization that he was a coward, added to his other qualifications. Yes, a coward! I saw it in his blurred eyes and the quivering of his bloated lips—stark dumb funk. That was bad. I'm afraid I lost my nerve, too; I make no excuses; fear is infectious. At all events, we tore down out of that place as if death was after us, the mules clattering and flapping in the rear. After a time I rode more slowly, but in the morning we were nearly down at the desert again; and there it lay before us, shimmering like a lake of salt—three days back to water.

"The next two days were rather a blur, as if a man were walking on a red-hot mirror that tipped up and down and tried to take his legs from under him. There was a water-hole a little to the east of the way we had come, and toward that I tried to head. One of the mules gave out, and staggered and groaned, and tried to get up again. I remember hearing him squeal, once; it was horrible. He lay there, a little black speck on the desert. Whitney and I didn't speak to each other at all, but I thought of those two kegs of water he had upset. Have you ever been thirsty—mortally thirsty, until you feel your tongue black in your mouth? It's queer what it does to you. Do you remember that little place—Zorn's—at college? We used to sit there sometimes on spring afternoons. It was cool and cavern-like, and through the open door one could see the breeze in the maple-trees. Well, I thought about that all the time; it grew to be an obsession, a mirage. I could smell the moss-like smell of bock beer; I even remembered conversations we had had. You fellows were as real to me as you are real to-night. It's strange, and then, when you come to, uncanny; you feel the sweat on you turn cold.

"We had ridden on in that way I don't know how long, snatching a couple of feverish hours of sleep in the night, Whitney groaning and mumbling horribly, when suddenly my horse gave a little snicker—low, the way they do when you give them grain—and I felt his tired body straighten up ever so little. 'Maybe,' I thought, and I looked up. But I didn't much care; I just wanted to crawl into some cool place and forget all about it and die. It was late in the afternoon. My shadow was lengthening. Too late, really, for much mirage; but I no longer put great stock in green vegetation and matters of that kind; I had seen too much of it in the last two days fade away into nothing—nothing but blistering, damned sand. And so I wouldn't believe the cool reeds and the sparkling water until I had dipped down through a little swale and was actually fighting my horse back from the brink. I knew enough to do that, mind you, and to fight back the two mules so that they drank just a little at a time—a little at a time; and all the while I had to wait, with my tongue like sand in my mouth. Over the edge of my horse's neck I could see the water just below; it looked as cool as rain. I was always a little proud of that—that holding back; it made up, in a way, for the funk of two nights earlier. When the mules and my horse were through I dismounted and, lying flat, bathed my hands, and then, a tiny sip at a time, began to drink. That was hard. When I stood up the heat seemed to have gone, and the breeze was moist and sweet with the smell of evening. I think I sang a little and waved my hands above my head, and, at all events, I remember I lay on my back and rolled a cigarette; and quite suddenly and without the slightest reason there were tears in my eyes. Then I began to wonder what had become of Whitney; I hadn't thought of him before. I got to my feet, and just as I did so I saw him come over the little rise of sand, swaying in his saddle, and trying, the fool, to make his horse run. He looked like a great scarecrow blown out from some Indian maize-field into the desert. His clothes were torn and his mask of a face was seamed and black from dust and sweat; he saw the water and let out one queer, hoarse screech and kicked at his horse with wabbling legs.

"'Look out!' I cried, and stepped in his way. I had seen this sort of thing before and knew what to expect; but he rode me down as if I hadn't been there. His horse tried to avoid me, and the next moment the sack of grain on its back was on the sands, creeping like a great, monstrous,

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"It was hot—good Lord! The horn of your saddle burned your hand."—Page 40.

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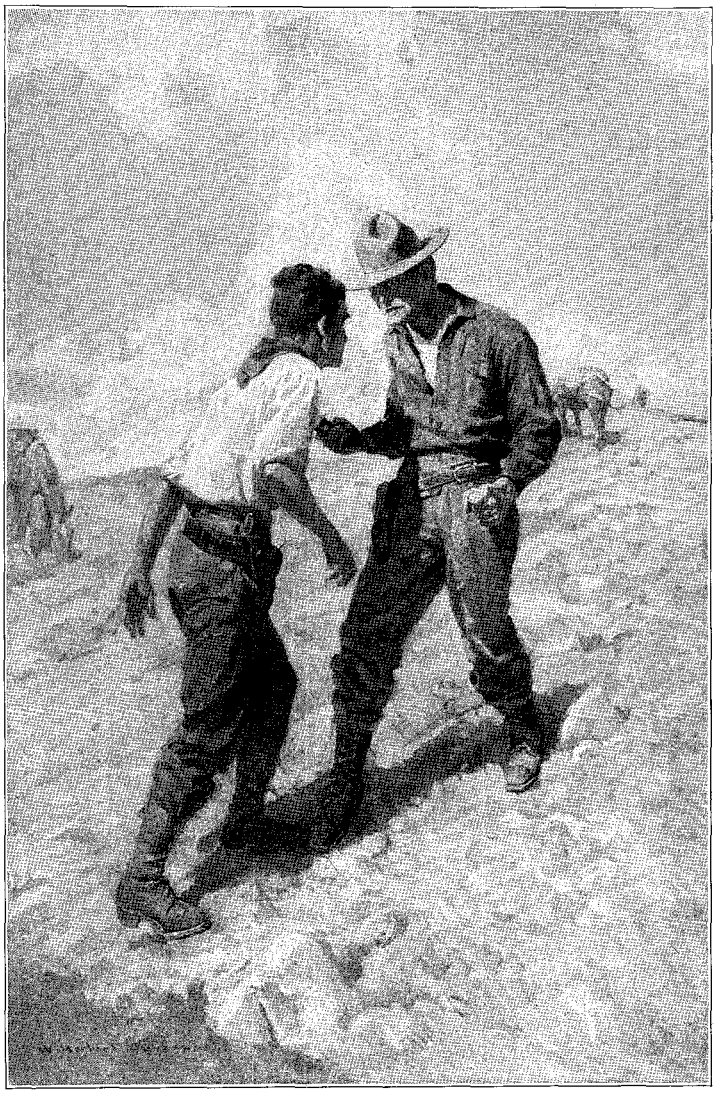
four-legged thing toward the water. 'Stay where you are,' I said, 'and I'll bring you some.' But he only crawled the faster.



"I kept saying, very steady and quiet: 'Don't shoot, Whitney! D'you hear!'"—Page 45.

I grabbed his shoulder. 'You fool!' I said. 'You'll kill yourself!'

"'Damn you!' he blubbered. 'Damn you!' And before I knew it, and with all the strength, I imagine, left in him, he was on his feet and I was looking down the barrel of his gun. It looked very round and big and black, too. Beyond it his eyes were regarding me; they were quite mad, there was no doubt about that, but, just the way a dying man achieves some of his old desire to will, there was definite purpose in them. 'You get out of my way,' he said, and began very slowly to circle me. You could hardly hear his words, his lips were so blistered and swollen.

"And now this is the point of what I am telling you." Hardy fumbled again for a match and relit his cigarette. "There we were, we two, in that desert light,

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about ten feet from the water, he with his gun pointing directly at my heart—and his hand wasn't trembling as much as you would imagine, either—and he was circling me step by step, and I was standing still. I suppose the whole affair took two minutes, maybe three, but in that time—and my brain was still blurred to other impressions—I saw the thing as clearly as I see it now, as clearly as I saw that great, swollen beast of a face. Here was the chance I had longed for, the hope I had lain awake at night and prayed for; between the man and death I alone stood; and I had every reason, every instinct of decency and common sense, to make me step aside. The man was a devil; he was killing the finest woman I had ever met; his presence poisoned the air he walked in; he was an active agent of evil, there was no doubt of that. I hated him as I had never hated anything else in my life, and at the moment I was sure that God wanted him to die. I knew then that to save him would be criminal; I think so still. And I saw other considerations as well; saw them as clearly as I see you sitting here. I saw the man who loved Mrs. Whitney, and I saw Mrs. Whitney herself, and in my keeping, I knew, was all her chance for happiness, the one hope that the future would make up to her for some of the horror of the past. It would have been an easy thing to do; the most ordinary caution was on my side. Whitney was far larger than I, and, even in his weakened condition—I was weak myself—stronger, and he had a gun that in a flash of light could blow me into eternity. And what would happen then? Why, when he got back to Los Pinos they would hang him; they would be only too glad of the chance; and his wife?—she would die; I knew it—just go out like a flame from the unbearableness of it all. And there wasn't one chance in a thousand that he wouldn't kill me if I made a single step toward him. I had only to let him go and in a few minutes he would be dead—as dead as his poor brute of a horse would be within the hour. I felt already the cool relief that would be mine when the black shadow of him was gone. I would ride into town and think no more of it than if I had watched a tarantula die. You see, I had it all reasoned out as clearly as could be; there was morality and common sense, the welfare of other people, the man's own good, really, and yet—well, I didn't do it."

"Didn't?" It was Jarrick who put the question a little breathlessly.

"No. I stepped toward him—so! One step, then another, very slowly, hardly a foot at a time, and all the while I watched the infernal circle of that gun, expecting it every minute to spit fire. I didn't want to go; I went against my will. I was scared, too, mortally scared; my legs were like lead—I had to think every time I lifted a foot—and in a queer, crazy way I seemed to feel two people, a man and a woman, holding me back, plucking at my sleeves. But I went. All the time I kept saying, very steady and quiet: 'Don't shoot, Whitney! D'you hear! Don't shoot or I'll kill you!' Wasn't it silly? Kill him! Why, he had me dead ten times before I got to him. But I suppose some trace of sanity was knocking at his drink-sodden brain, for he didn't shoot—just watched me, his red eyes blinking. So! One step at a time—nearer and nearer—I could feel the sweat on my forehead—and then I jumped. I had him by the legs, and we went down in a heap. He shot then; they always do! But I had him tied up with the rags of his own shirt in a trice. Then I brought him water in my hat and let him drink it, drop by drop. After a while he came to altogether. But he never thanked me; he wasn't that kind of a brute. I got him into town the morning of the second day and turned him over to his wife. So you see"—Hardy hesitated and looked at the circle of our faces with an odd, appealing look—"it *is* queer, isn't it? All mixed up. One doesn't know." He sank back in his chair and began to scratch, absent-mindedly, at a holder with a match.

The after-theatre crowd was beginning to come in; the sound of laughter and talk grew steadily higher; far off an orchestra wailed inarticulately.

"What became of them?" I asked.

Hardy looked up as if startled. "The Whitneys? Oh—she died—Martin wrote me. Down there, within a year. One would know it would happen. Like a flame, I suppose—suddenly."

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"And the man—the fellow who was in love with her?"

Hardy stirred wearily. "I haven't heard," he said. "I suppose he is still alive."

He leaned over to complete the striking of his match, and for an instant his arm touched a glass; it trembled and hung in the balance, and he shot out a sinewy hand to stop it, and as he did so the sleeve of his dinner jacket caught. On the brown flesh of his forearm I saw a queer, ragged white cross—the scar a snake bite leaves when it is cicatriced. I meant to avoid his eyes, but somehow I caught them instead. They were veiled and hurt.

THE BACKGROUND OF MODERN GERMANY

By Frederic C. Howe

Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York

WITH all of the books that have been written on the subject, Germany still mystifies us. She defies Anglo-Saxon analysis. She differs from other countries in the most unexpected ways, and challenges most of our theories of politics. We find difficulty in understanding the psychology of the people, their attitude toward the war, the Kaiser, and the ruling classes. There are many other paradoxes that elude the Anglo-Saxon, and especially the American, mind. Governed by an almost feudal aristocracy, with a detachment and contempt for all other classes, Germany has worked out the most elaborate programme of social legislation and state socialism of any country in the world. Admittedly a people with but little aptitude for politics in the common acceptation of the term, the states and cities have perfected their administration, and carried government ownership beyond the programmes of any except the extreme socialists of other countries. Oppressed by the antisocialist laws of Bismarck, there has grown up the most highly organized revolutionary type of socialism in Europe, with a total vote of over 4,000,000 electors. Up to 1870 almost exclusively an agricultural nation, Germany has developed her resources, diversified her industries, expanded her trade and commerce, and pushed herself to the front rank as an industrial power, in the face of the almost complete occupation of the markets of the world by other countries.

These are but suggestive of the many political and social riddles which Germany presents. These are some of the anomalies which challenge the teachings of history and our currently accepted theories of politics.

What is the explanation of the German people? What lies back of the prowess of the nation not only in war but in the arts of peace as well? By what means has a peasant country been able to project its life into industry, commerce, and finance, and extend its conquests into every corner of the earth? How has an autocratic state, the most autocratic in western Europe, been induced to think in the terms of the peasant and artisan, and to provide social insurance and education, state socialism and protection, for the weaker members of the state, far beyond any programme yet developed by any of the democratic nations of the world? What is the social psychology of the German people that apparently denies the materialistic interpretation of politics enunciated by socialists and largely confirmed by the contemporary experiences of other countries?

A people cannot be analyzed in a few paragraphs, and cannot be understood by an outsider even with the most sympathetic of intentions. It is difficult to understand one's own country—the changes in sentiment and conviction, the swift abandonment of one position, tenaciously held, for another. The political and social currents of America elude us. And the social psychology of Germany is particularly baffling. It confuses even the

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tens of thousands of students, artists, and travellers who during the last generation have gone to Germany for an education, for the cultural things and the leisure life which Germany offers.

Possibly the most important influence in the making of modern Germany and in moulding the mind of the nation is the persistence down to very recent times of the feudal idea of the state, with the eighteenth-century relation of classes. The German people, especially the Prussians, still think in terms of an earlier age; they accept the divine right of kings and the only less divine right of the feudal aristocracy to rule. And they accept this with but little intellectual protest. Up to a generation ago there were but two classes in Germany: the feudal estate-owners and the peasants working upon the soil, whose relations had not materially changed in centuries. For feudal land-tenure still persists in Prussia, and feudal land-tenure is the economic mould of Germany. It is this that is responsible for the caste, for the division into classes; it is this that explains the social cleavage and the acceptance of authority. It is this, too, that explains the paternalism of Prussia, just as it is the wide distribution of the land under peasant proprietorship that explains the *Gemütlichkeit* of South Germany.

Feudal land-tenure has projected the traditions of an earlier age down to the present day. It is responsible for the autocratic power of the King of Prussia, who remains a great landlord, the first among other great landlords. His possessions have been in the Hohenzollern family for centuries. The Mark of Brandenburg, extended by force of arms into the kingdom of Prussia and later under Bismarck into the empire, is an expansion of the feudal state. The constitution of 1871 is a legal crystallization of eighteenth-century conditions, as is the earlier constitution of Prussia. While suggesting parliamentary forms, in reality they but legalize, through the limitations upon the suffrage, the unjust distribution of seats, and the ascendancy of the feudal class, the control of the old aristocracy in the life of the nation.

And this old feudal class is the ruling class. It fills all the higher offices of the state. From it come the chancellors and ministers of the empire. It officers the army and navy. It makes public opinion and controls legislation. The feudal class *is* society. But this class is *not* Germany. It has little interest in or sympathy for the Germany which many Americans know and love. And we cannot understand Germany without understanding this duality. The confusion we feel, the mental conflict of so many people, is traceable to the fact that there are two Germanys: the Germany of politics, militarism, and aggression, and the Germany of culture, sweetness, efficiency, and life. Official, feudal Germany is separate and apart from the real Germany. The voice of the class which rules is not the voice of the people. It does not represent the worker, the peasant, the merchant, or even the great majority of the property-owning classes.

It is the persistence of an earlier organization of society that explains the sense of dependence on the part of the people, and the respect and veneration for authority which affects all classes. No other nation has so completely subordinated the individual to the state; nowhere does such unchallenged authority attach to so large an official class, and nowhere does the official command such unquestioned obedience.

There are two explanations for this persistence of the mediæval idea of the state —an anachronism in the twentieth century. In the first place, the French revolution did not penetrate into Prussia as it did into Italy, Belgium, South Germany, and even Scandinavia. Prussia was sparsely settled. There were few cities, and the system of feudal land-ownership was too nearly universal for the revolutionary forces to find a footing. Nor did the later revolutionary movements of the nineteenth century penetrate into that part of Germany that lies to the east of Berlin, into East Prussia, Posen, and Pomerania. And when the constitution of Prussia was formed the liberal forces were too weak to make their influence felt. The constitution then adopted was merely a recasting in legal form of the old feudal order. There was no provision for direct universal suffrage or even an approach to it; for a responsible ministry, or for real

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constitutional forms. Later, when Prussia became the dominating state in Germany, she impressed her feudal will and control by the feudal classes upon the imperial constitution. Manhood suffrage, it is true, was provided in elections to the Reichstag, but this is only a semblance of popular power. The King became the Kaiser and, along with the Bundesrat, or Senate, the final repository of authority. There is no suggestion of popular control over the government, and popular opinion does not influence the ruling classes. Even in the Prussian cities the great majority of the people have but little voice. Politically, Germany is but little changed from what it was a century ago, and the explanation is to be found in the fact that the traditions of the people and the constitution of the state repose the government in the hands of the feudal land-owners, who remain almost as powerful as they were in an earlier age.

A second explanation of the persistence of the feudal state and the eighteenth-century relation of classes is found in the fact that the industrial revolution did not reach Germany until very recently. The factory system with a large industrial urban population dates back to the Franco-Prussian War. It was almost a century old in Great Britain before it appeared in Germany. In the former country it had built great cities and created a powerful financial class, which insisted on political and social recognition, and through its influence on legislation and public opinion it put an end to much of the personal and political subjection of earlier times. The new commercial aristocracy broadened the suffrage as early as 1832. It abolished the rotten borough system, which still prevails in Prussia. It repealed all limitations on admission to the Commons, and in 1910 it took away the veto from the House of Lords. Freedom of conscience, of speech, and of the press were guaranteed, and these are of the very essence of popular government. The ministry was made responsible, not to the King, but to Parliament and the party in power. Far more important, the commercial classes became rich and powerful a generation before they appeared in Prussia. The members entered Parliament. They married into the old aristocracy. And one by one they took away the privileges of the old feudal class.

Through the growth of industry England became predominantly an industrial and trading nation, until to-day four-fifths of her people live in cities. And through manhood suffrage industry became articulate in legislation. It broke down the old feudal concepts of the state and changed the psychology of Great Britain. A new aristocracy was elevated alongside of the old landed aristocracy, and in securing political equality for itself it secured equality for the nation as well.

In Germany, on the other hand, the old régime was crystallized into constitutional form long before the commercial classes had risen to prominence in the empire. The commercial aristocracy is of recent appearance; it has never been admitted to the old aristocracy, and under the constitutions of Prussia and the empire it has but little voice in the affairs of the nation.

The second influence in the moulding of modern Germany is the complete ascendancy of two powerful individuals who have dominated the life of the nation for over fifty years. These individuals are Prince Bismarck and William II. And these two men were consistent in their ambitions and alike in their traditions. They had the same vision of the paternal state. And both reflected the ideals of an earlier age. Bismarck came from the ruling classes, the aristocracy. He loved Prussia and his king. And he loved only less the Junker class from which he came. He was trained to statecraft, and just as Stein and Hardenberg were intrusted with power following the humiliation of Prussia by Napoleon, so Bismarck was given almost sovereign authority by William I in the years prior to the Franco-Prussian War, as well as in the period of construction which followed it, when the results of military conquest and the French milliards were made the basis of a political, industrial, and social programme that has been carried on since Bismarck's retirement by Emperor William II.

These two men have guided the destinies of Germany. They framed constructive legislation and directed the state in the same general direction. Both were possessed of boundless imagination as to the ultimate destiny of the German

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people. They were not seriously distracted by political controversy. They ruled by party coalitions when that was possible; and when it was not, they ruled without parliamentary sanction. Their control over Prussia was absolute, and through Prussia their control of the empire was almost equally so. They chose their own associates, and they chose them from their own class. And they fashioned Germany to their liking, not only for military purposes but for industrial and commercial aggression as well. The legislation which they promoted, even the social legislation for the protection of the working classes, was in harmony with the early traditions of Prussia. The laws they insisted on involved no violent break with the past. Rather they were a continuation of the paternalism, of the feudalism, of the ascendancy of the state over the individual, to which Germany had been long accustomed.

A third influence in the making of Germany is education—an education which begins with the cradle, that is compulsory, and is open even to the poorest, who are able to make their way through the secondary schools, the academies, technical colleges, and the university, if they have the ambition and the ability to do so. Nowhere, not even in America, is university training so universal as in Germany; and nowhere are there fewer obstacles to educational equality. Moreover, education is a matter of the most serious official concern by statesmen and experts. It is adjusted to every activity, to every industry, and every scientific need. And it is a public rather than a private function. The appropriations for this purpose are generous. The standards of elementary education are prescribed by law, to which all communities must conform. Elementary education is compulsory. Above the minimum requirements prescribed by the state, local authorities may go so far as they choose, and the greatest diversity exists in the development of higher education not only between the universities, which are found in almost every state of the empire, but among the municipalities as well. Cities maintain a great variety of high schools and academies, in which provision is made for all kinds of mechanical, vocational, and artistic study. There are gymnasia for classical training, for science, for the fine arts. In addition, the larger cities maintain colleges of commerce and technology, through which thousands of students are trained for industry, commerce, and state activities. There are twenty-one universities, with 66,000 students, giving higher post-graduate degrees in philosophy, law, and medicine, and a dozen technical colleges, with 17,000 students pursuing similar advanced courses in engineering and science. Provision is made for training in statecraft and administration. Düsseldorf has a college of city administration and Berlin a college of town-planning, while Frankfort has recently opened a municipal university planned on an ambitious scale. There are numerous technical colleges and laboratories for mining, architecture, forestry, and agriculture, and hundreds of industrial and vocational high schools. And these educational institutions are all closely identified with the state. Their professors and scientists cooperate with the civil and military authorities, while the civil servant is everywhere trained to meet the needs of administration and statecraft. Education, in fact, is a prerequisite of admission to the higher positions in the civil service, while the universities and technical schools are consciously allied with the administration of the empire.

Education in Germany, from the primary school to the higher endowments for scientific research, is an adjunct of the state, not an isolated, detached thing. And it is consciously organized to promote efficiency. A large part of Germany's industrial achievement is traceable back to the system of education, just as her international trade is traceable to the commercial colleges, in which thousands of men are trained for the conquest of the trade of the world. Official and industrial Germany is a product of the trained administrator. And this has had a profound influence on the development of the past generation. It has made Germany a land of experts.

All of these influences have reacted upon one another. Obedience is a product of feudal tradition, as is the universal ambition for state service which affects all classes. Education gave the Kaiser

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and the civil service a body of highly trained men, devoted to the Fatherland, and condemned by the pressure of competition to a calling chosen early in life. Education supplied industry with scientific assistants and millions of trained hands and brains, prepared from childhood for a definite calling. A respect for authority, coupled with a constitution that legalizes autocratic power, made it possible for the Kaiser to carry through a colossal internal programme, even against the temporary wishes of the nation. There was no responsible ministry to check his will and no popular party to be satisfied, while the press and discussion were under the strictest surveillance. Intelligent leadership, an overcrowded scientific class, a wonderful system of trade education, and a people trained by generations of respect for authority combined in the making of a nation, on the unpromising individualistic foundation of a score of jealous kingdoms, principalities, and free cities, that in a generation's time has become one of the most powerful nations of the modern world.

All of these influences combined to make the mind of modern Germany what it is, to create a psychology quite different from that of two generations ago, quite different from that of any other nation in Europe. Still other influences contributed in the same general direction. The traditions of a patriarchal feudal state made it easy for Bismarck to carry through his programme of state socialism. The universities and public opinion accepted without protest the taking over the railways, the development of canals and waterways, and the acquisition of mines and other industrial properties. State socialism fell in with the traditions of the state, with the will of the governing classes, as well as the opinions of the academic world. For had not the state owned great landed possessions and forest preserves for centuries and operated them at a profit? Legislation in the interest of the working classes, the old age, sickness, and accident insurance schemes, were all part of the traditions of an earlier age and found a sanction in similar activities promoted by the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. New Germany accepted state socialism just as it accepted interference by the state with the lives and property of the individual. It was in harmony with the traditions of the people.

And state socialism has reacted on the people. It has not only increased their dependence; it has created affection for the state as well. One explanation of the devotion of the German people to the Fatherland is the devotion of the Fatherland to the people. This is a most important factor in the psychology of modern Germany, a factor that has been generally overlooked. We in America find this difficult to comprehend. For with us the state performs but few services for the citizens. Our political philosophy permits every one to do pretty much as he pleases. Neither the nation, the States, nor the cities engage in many positive, helpful activities. Germany has the other point of view. The common good is a matter of constant concern, and the state is the greatest of all agencies of service. More than 3,000,000 persons are in civil service. This is one person out of every twenty. And state positions are highly prized. They carry dignity, social position, permanent tenure, and a pension on retirement. These employees and those dependent on them believe in the Fatherland and all that it stands for. It is their whole life to an extent that is difficult for us to understand. In addition, and this is very important, the state looks after the individual in countless ways. It serves him all the time. The service is of a paternal sort, it is true, but it is satisfactory to the German people. And this in turn creates a reciprocal love on the part of the people for the state. In addition they have a sense of common ownership in the railroads, the telegraph, the mines, forests, and the agricultural estates. There are insurance funds which provide against accident, sickness, and invalidity, as well as the old-age pensions. If a citizen lives in a city, as 49 per cent of the people do, he is a joint owner of the street railways and gas, water, and electric-lighting plants, as well as numerous other activities which touch his life in many ways. He is educated in the public schools; the teacher, the health officer, and even the relief committees come to him as aids to his ambition and his well-being. Even the taxes are adjusted so as to fall most heavily upon

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those best able to bear them. For the bulk of the revenues of the cities, and a large part of the revenues of the state, come through the income tax, a tax that is paid directly and that is consciously felt by the payer. The payment of direct taxes in turn creates an interest in the state and its many activities. And nowhere in the world do people pay taxes with more willingness than in Germany.

The devotion of the German people in the present struggle is far more than a feudal tradition. It is not alone inspired by coercion or veneration for authority. Rather it is largely a product of the action and reaction of the state upon the daily lives of the people. The state may not be dedicated to a good cause, and it may be mistaken in its conception of the value of German kultur to the world. But the people have been so indissolubly merged into the state, so identified with it by tradition, education, and the common ownership of so many things, that there has been created a social psychology that is unique in the history of the modern world; a social psychology, too, that is so different from anything with which we are familiar that it is difficult, if not impossible, for us to comprehend the conflicting meanings which Germany presents to the world.

HILLS

By Arthur Guiterman

I NEVER loved your plains!—
  Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
  And pleachèd alleys.

I want my hills!—the trail
  That scorns the hollow.—
Up, up the ragged shale
  Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest
  And mossy bowlder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
  And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
  By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
  I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream—
  Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
  The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,
  The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
  And strength for climbing!

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SIXTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

TAKEN ALONG THE PACIFIC COAST OF THE UNITED STATES FROM SAN DIEGO TO SEATTLE

A PARK IN LOS ANGELES — CORONADO BEACH — SANTA BARBARA — COAST NEAR MONTEREY — SAN FRANCISCO — PORTLAND — THE BIG TREES — COLUMBIA RIVER — MOUNT RAINIER — MOUNT HOOD

The pictures here published for the first time have been seen only in Mr. Elmendorf's lectures, and are reproduced from glass positives made by Mr. Elmendorf especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

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Sheep on the desert plains near Laguna, New Mexico.

Many of the Indians of this pueblo are graduates of government institutions and have become farmers and raisers of sheep. The arid condition of the plains compels the shepherd to wander many miles in search of "green pastures."

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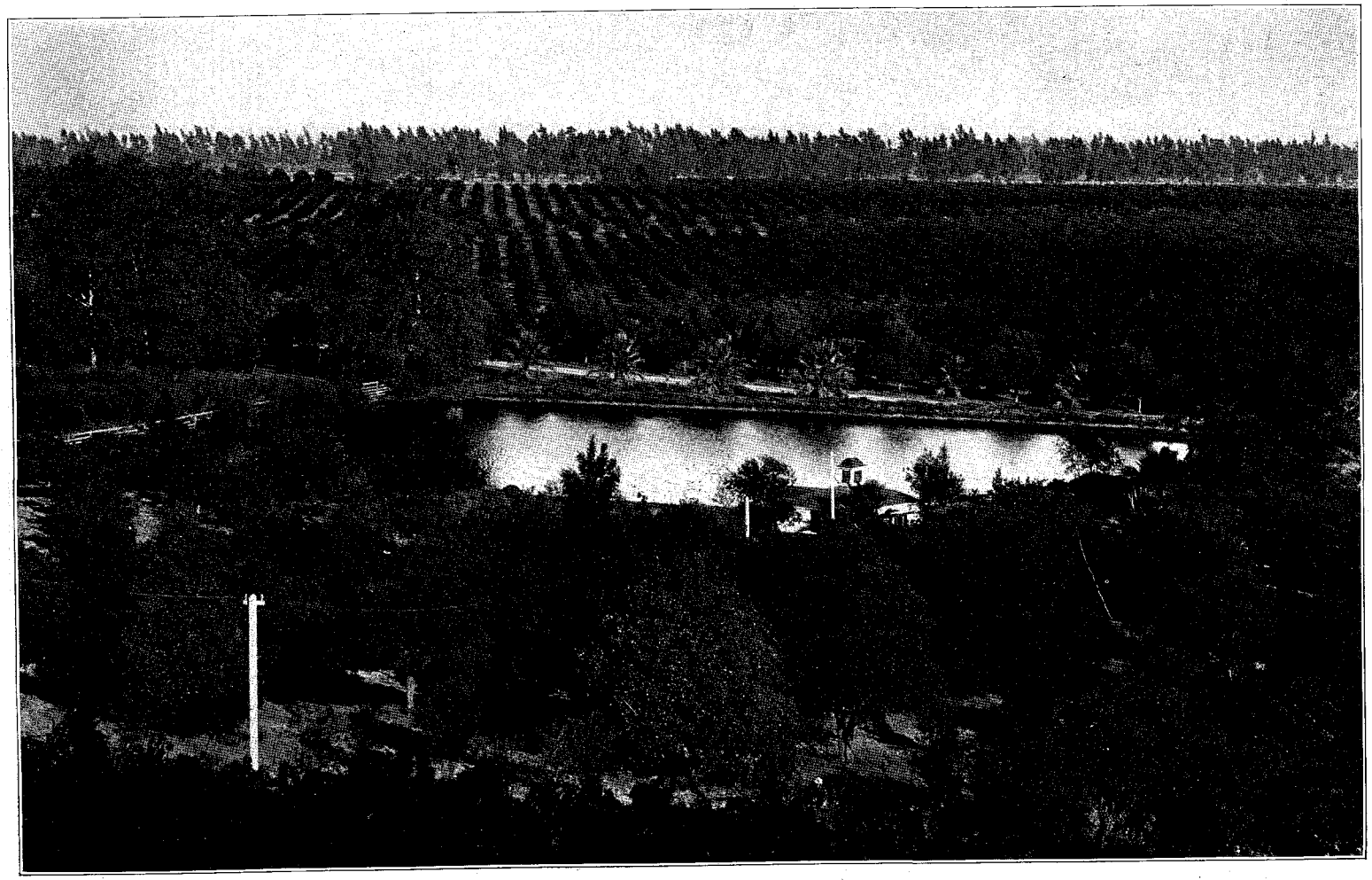

A desert valley near Redlands, California.

This illustrates the marvellous reclamation of the valleys and plains of Southern California by irrigation, transforming desert wastes into valuable orchards of citrus fruits.

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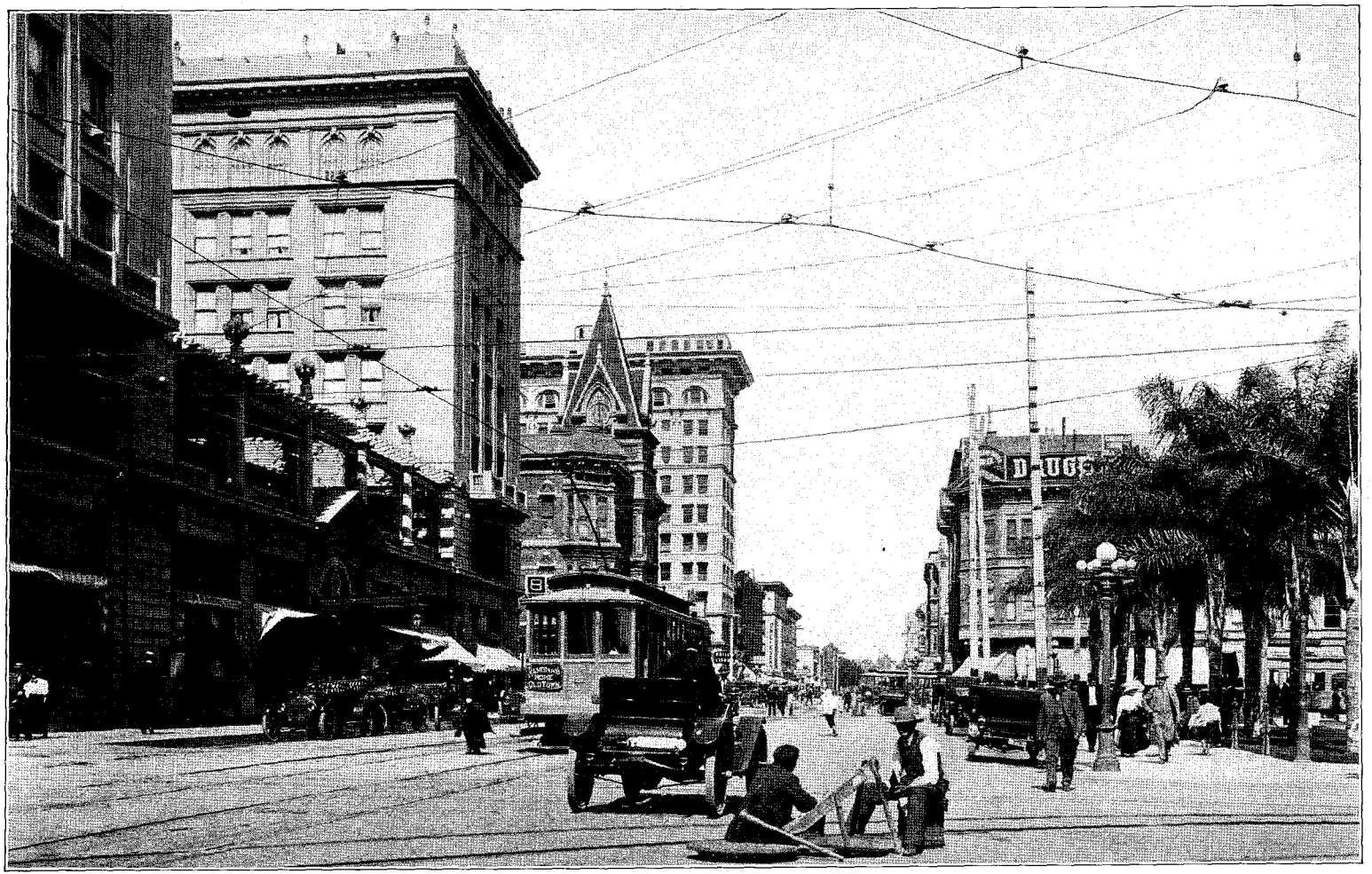

"D" Street, San Diego, California.

An unparalleled example of what a little energy and "push" will do for a forlorn little town, now become a flourishing, busy city, with fine, well-kept streets and a growing population of self-reliant citizens noted for their generous, hospitable courtesy toward visitors.

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The Tent City, Coronado Beach, near San Diego, California.

Consisting of about a thousand tents fitted with hot and cold water and electric light and furnished like hotel rooms. This "city," with its enclosed bathing tanks and many amusements, especially for children, is an ideal seaside resort.

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Wild hyacinths and lotus flowers, Los Angeles, California.

Los Angeles, the metropolis of Southern California, is noted for its fine streets and palatial residences, but especially for its numerous parks filled with semi-tropical plants, which make the city one of the most beautiful in America.

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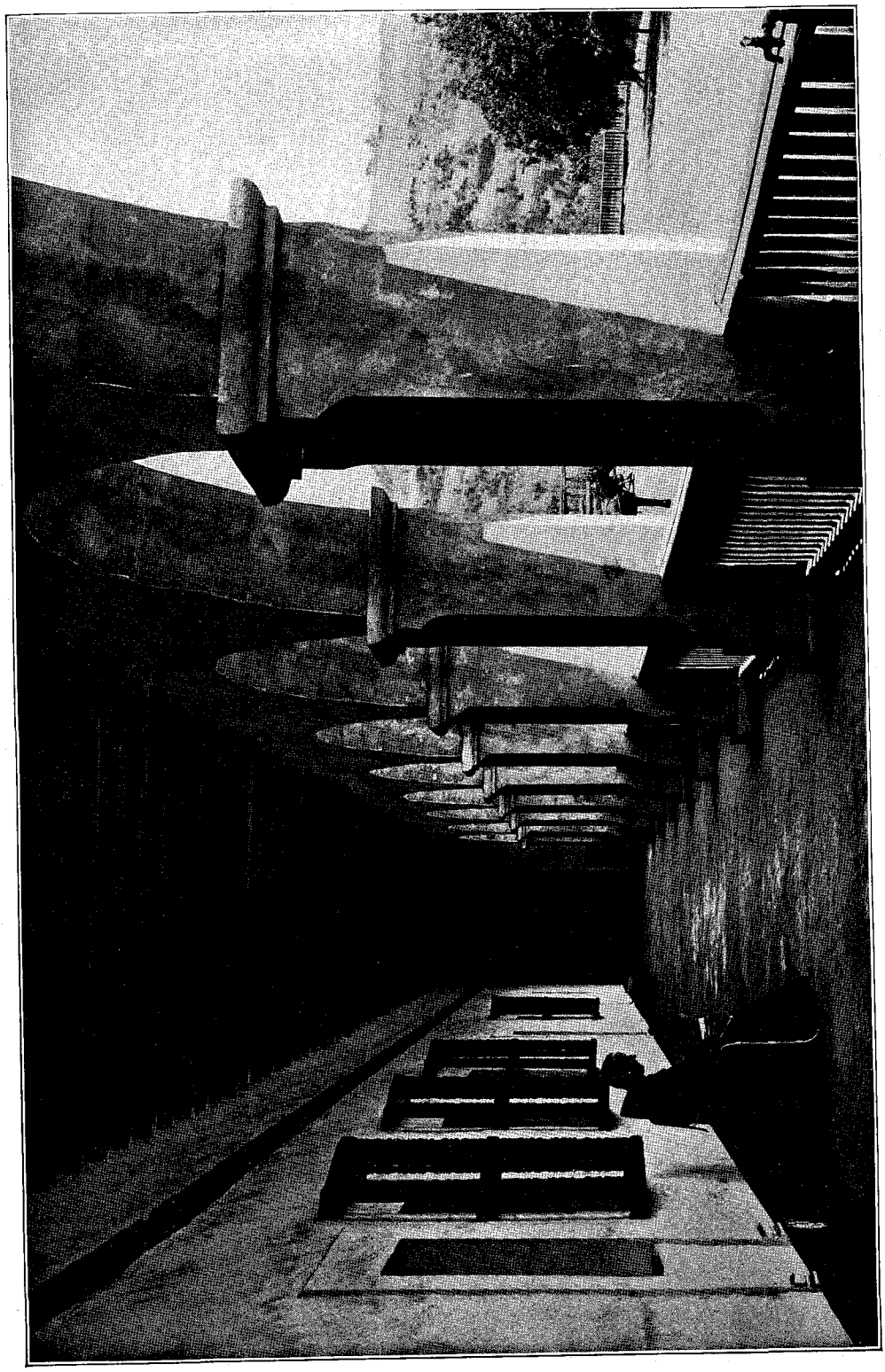

The porch of the Spanish Mission, Santa Barbara, California.

This fine old mission was founded in 1786 by Padre Junipero Serra, a Spanish missionary to Mexico, who, with sixteen brethren, founded many missions and instructed the natives in the arts of civilization and formed the first settlements in California.

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The Pacific coast near Monterey, California.

Near this wild, rocky coast Padre Junipero Serra made his headquarters, and to-day there are still traces of his remarkable mission work. Monterey was the capital of California until shortly after its capture by the Americans in 1846.

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The Three Brothers, Yosemite Valley, California.

These three rocks, the highest of which is called Eagle Peak, rising four thousand feet above the floor of the valley, are among the striking features of the granite walls which enclose this isolated valley.

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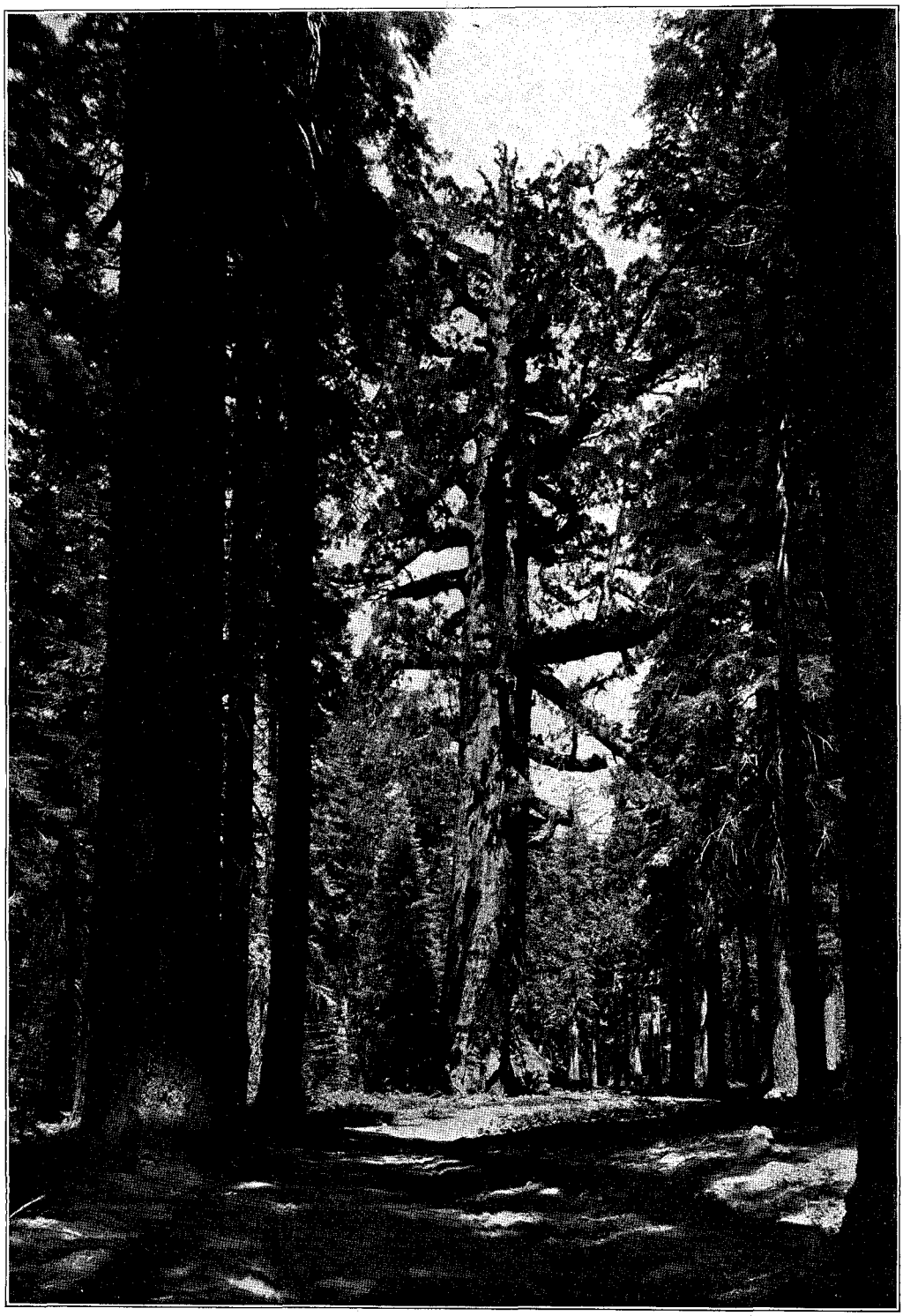

The Grizzly Giant, Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, California.

This Sequoia Gigantea is the largest tree in this grove, with a circumference of ninety-four feet; its main limb, two hundred feet from the ground, is over six feet in diameter. It is probably the oldest living thing in the world.

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Market Street, San Francisco, California.

This main thoroughfare of the metropolis of the Pacific coast has risen from the ashes of the great disaster of 1906, as a monument to the undaunted courage of the citizens of this great city.

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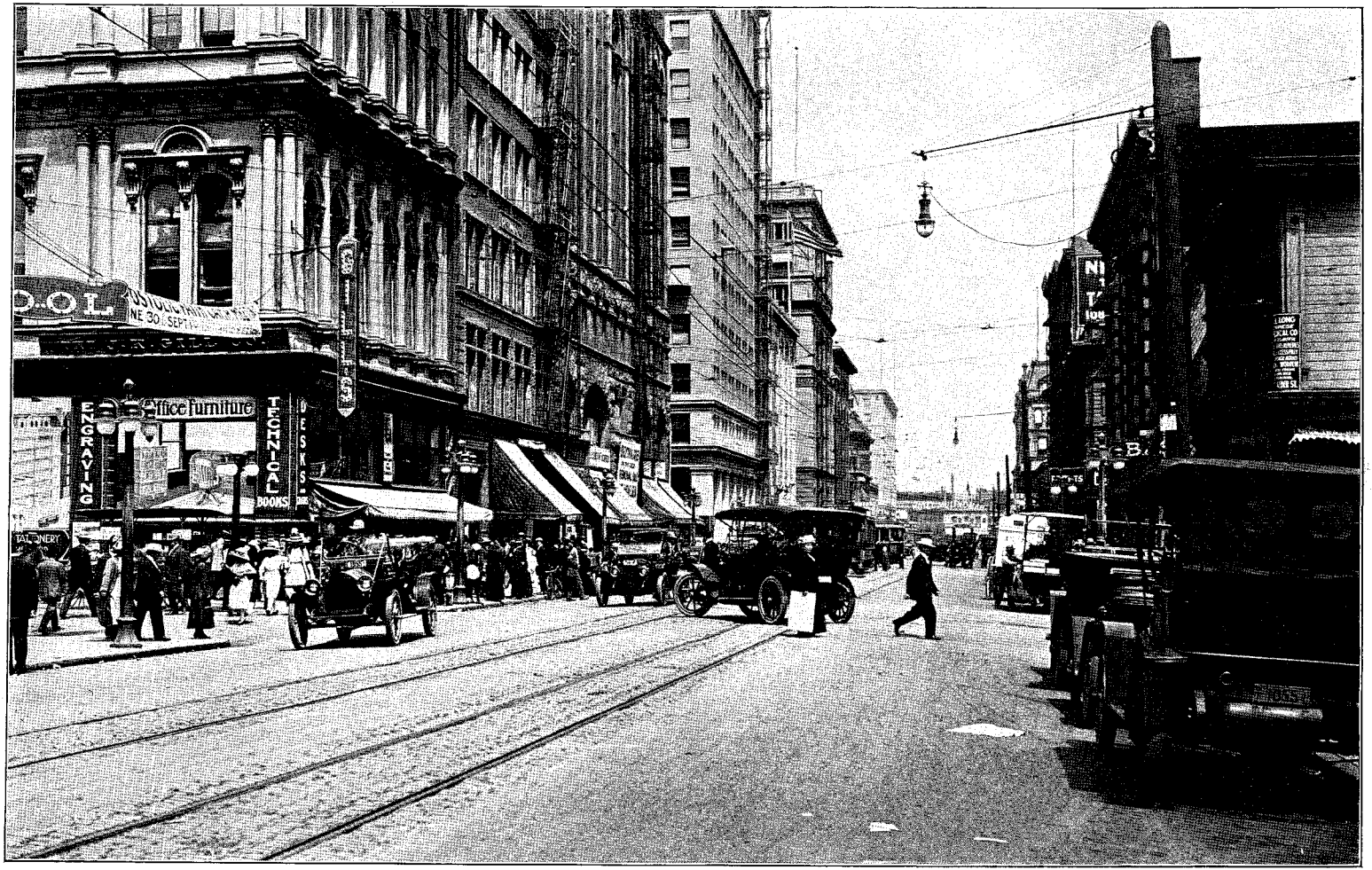

Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

Portland, the "Rose City," is justly proud of its business section. Its position on the Willamette, a branch of the Columbia River, makes it one of the most important business centres of the Northwest.

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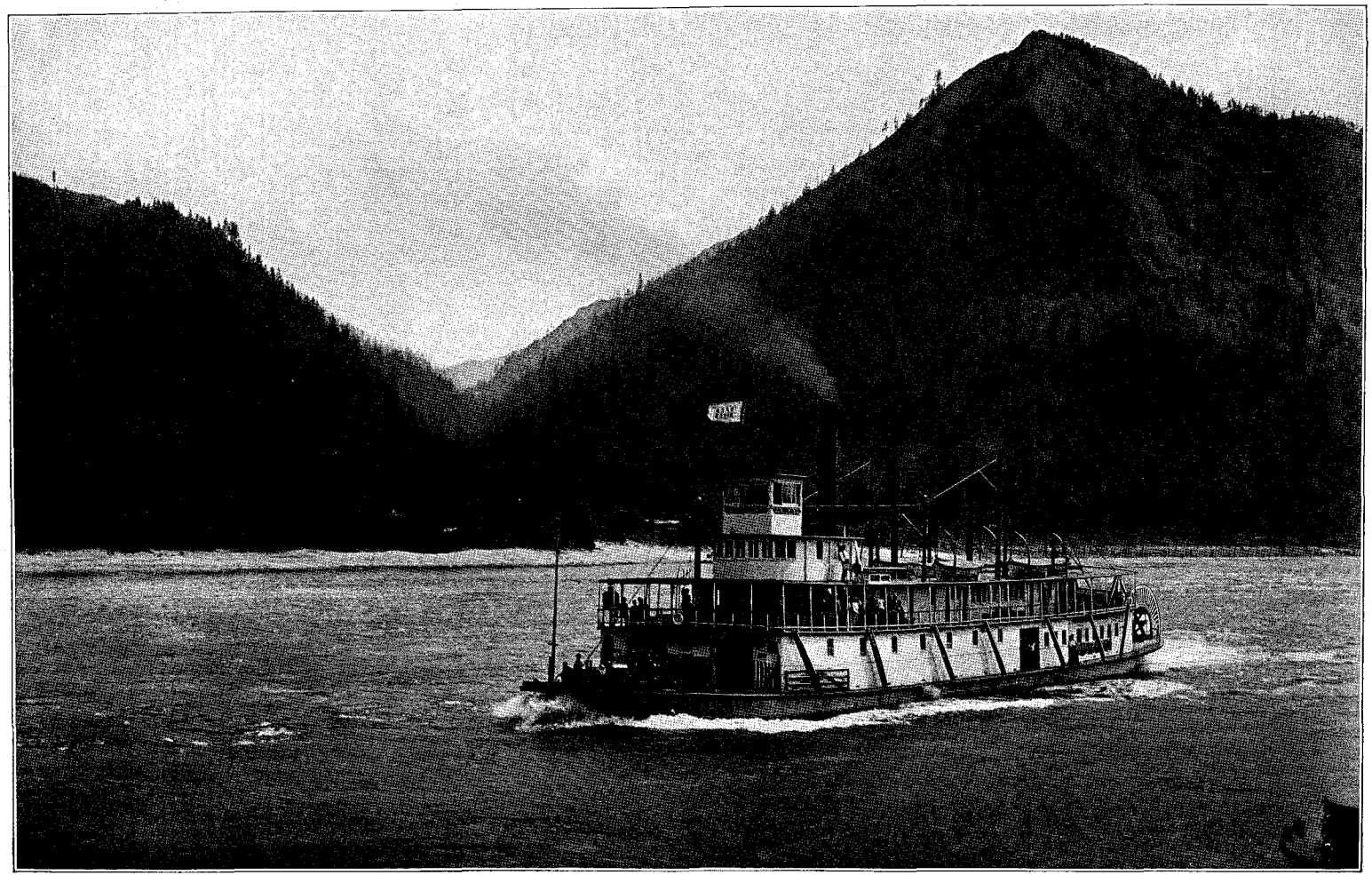

The Columbia River, Oregon.

The scenery of this river is unexcelled for wild, picturesque beauty, especially where it cuts its way through the mountains. It is an interesting trip from Portland by railroad or stern-wheel steamer.

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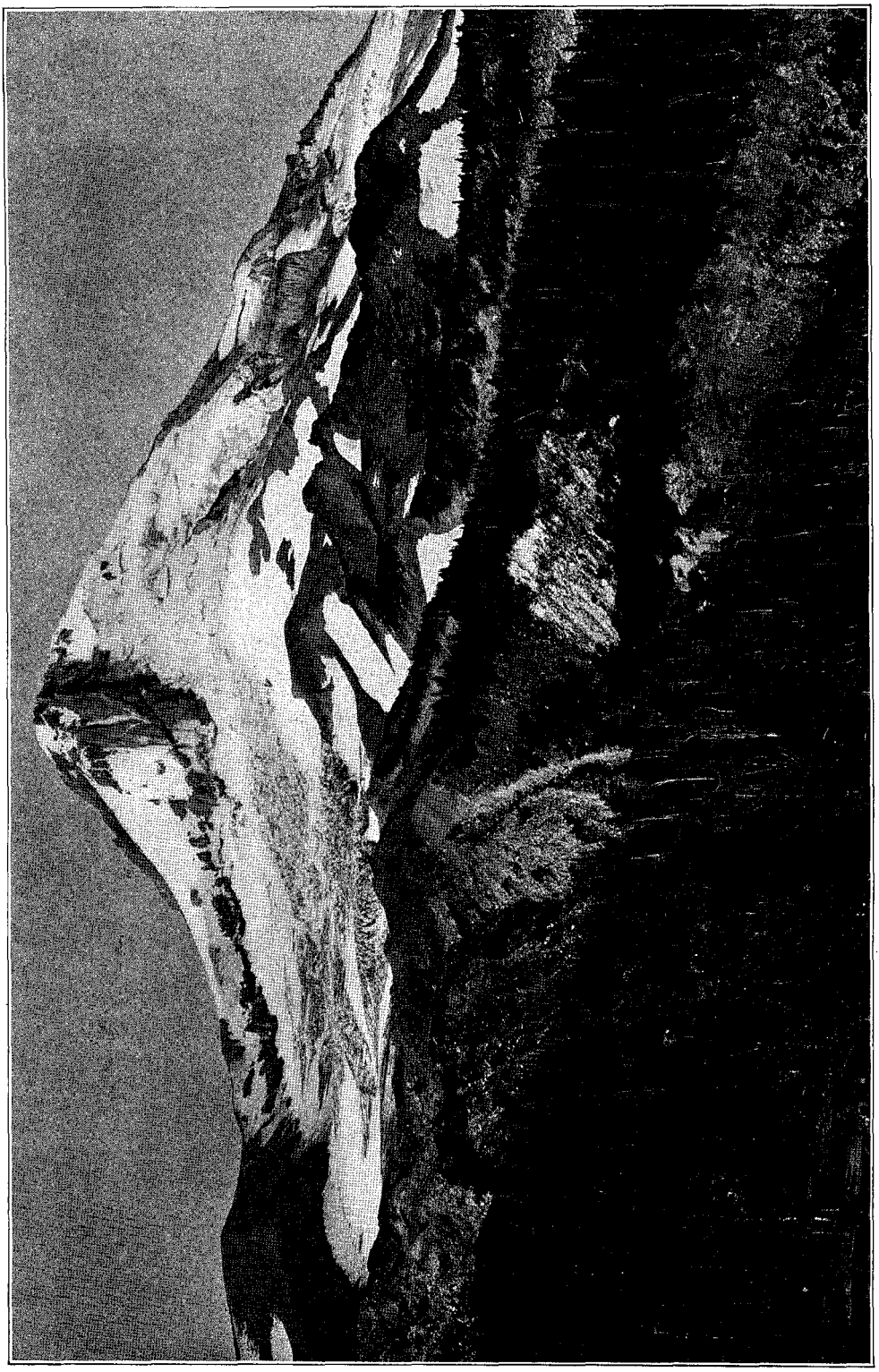

Mount Hood, Oregon.

This beautiful, frozen volcanic peak, 11,225 feet in altitude, can be easily ascended from Cloud Cap Inn, charmingly situated at the base of the mountain, a few miles from the Columbia River.

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Seattle, Washington.

Since the great fire in 1889 this city has increased in population and wealth so rapidly that it is now the commercial centre of Puget Sound and the Northwest. It is the chief entrepôt of the Alaskan gold-fields.

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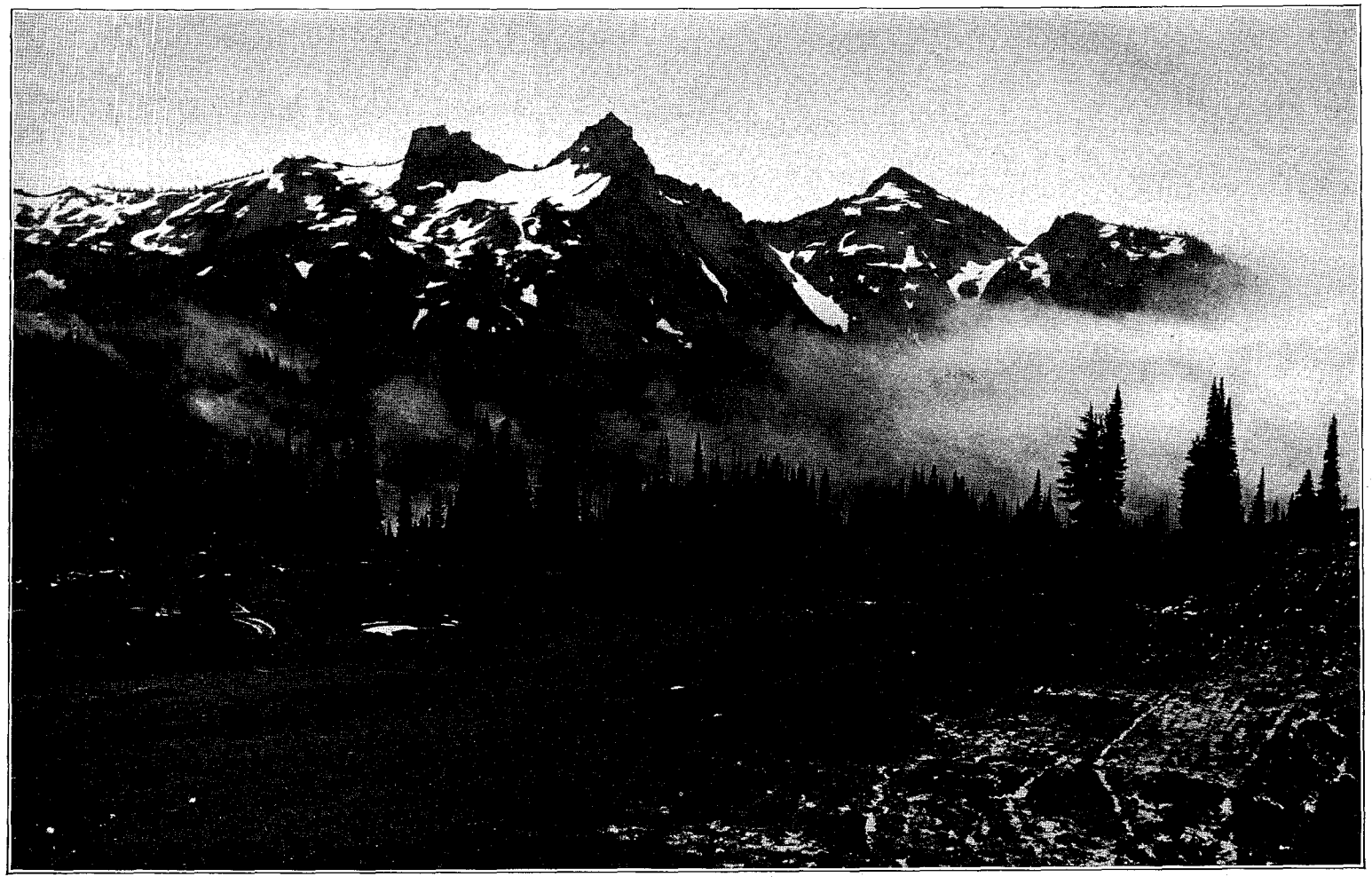

Storm in the Tatoosh Mountains, Washington.

These saw-tooth mountains are temptations to mountain climbers from Seattle and Tacoma. They are really part of barrier ranges surrounding the gigantic volcanic cone, Mount Rainier.

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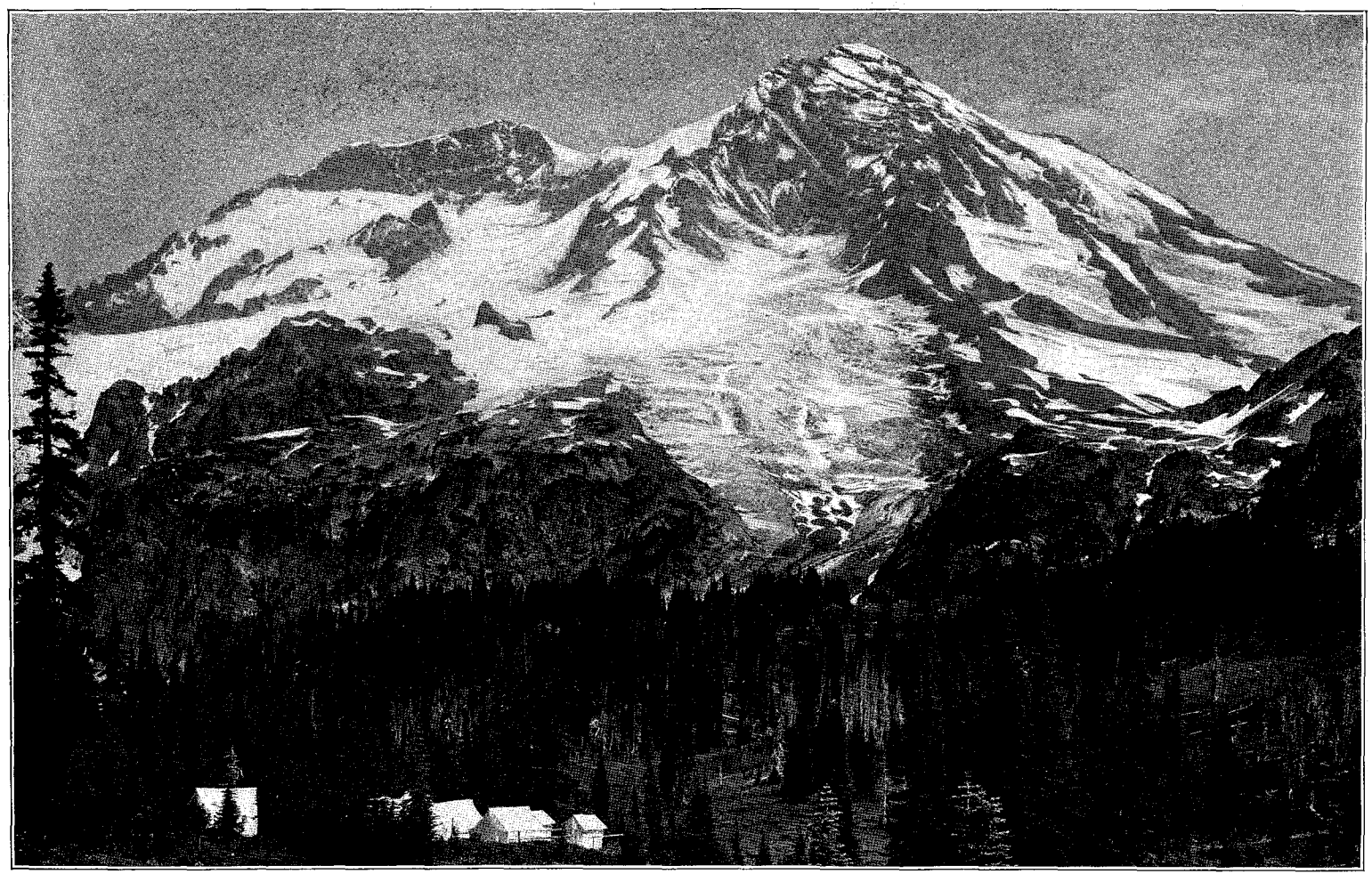

Mount Rainier, from Indian Henry's Camp.

This volcanic peak, sometimes called Mount Tacoma, rises 14,529 feet above sea-level and is most impressive, for its majesty can be viewed from sea-level. It is the most sublime mountain in the United States.

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MISS MARRIOTT AND THE FAUN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

"LOVE?" repeated Hoyting queryingly.

I don't know how the word had been mentioned between us. Love doesn't bulk big in Hoyting's vocabulary, or in mine when I'm talking to him. But occasionally one comes in sight of this great natural wonder and can scarcely refrain from alluding to it. This must have been one of the occasions.

"What about it?" I was curious to hear what Hoyting had to say. I could have sworn that he himself had never known the "sacred terror." His lurching bulk and his brown face have been shaped and tempered to other adventures and other solutions. What a time (I've often thought, without blasphemy) St. Peter will have with Hoyting's pack when he dumps it at the pearly gates for appraisal! No one I have ever known has wandered so far afield—disinterestedly. I don't think Hoyting has ever plucked an orchid or brought home—but he has no home—the skin of a beast. What has ever mattered to him save the encounter, in minor seas and insignificant ports, with things that, to the end, did not concern him? No Aziyadés and Chrysanthèmes, I feel sure, for Hoyting.

"Love?" he repeated again, relaxing his huge body slowly and flinging one leg over the other. "I've seen as much of love as the next man, in more places than most. I've never been mixed up with it myself—not with the real thing. But most things are mixed up with it. You'll believe that I don't read poetry. If you people could ever get the beat of life, you'd get it with prose. Imagine fitting human beings—black or white—into a stanzaic form! I realized that young. I've seen people make love all over the shop. I'm not denying it's effective. But the one thing I've never seen it do is really change a person. That's why I don't believe in all the things they tell me the poets say about it. Time and again I've seen the trick tried; and time and again I've seen the woman or the man slump back into the shape God made 'em in. Puffing out like the frog in the fable—and bursting, sometimes—but never turning into the ox, you know. Humph!" Hoyting snorted mildly, emitting blue smoke from his nostrils like a djinn.

I didn't care to take up the challenge. I have always suspected Hoyting of suspecting me of perpetrating fiction—if you called it "literature," it would make no difference to Hoyting. He must have read a few books in his time, for now and then he quotes. But if you placed Hoyting on the classic uninhabited island, with the traditional spoils of shipwreck clustered about him; if you went the wild length of floating in a properly labelled Mudie box on the seventh wave: well, my guess is that when the rescuing party came they would find Hoyting—or perhaps his skeleton—sitting on the sand, hunched into the most comfortable position the scene afforded, and the box lying unopened in the middle distance. I don't know any other human creature of whom I could, with conviction, predicate that. Hoyting prefers humanity to anything; but he would prefer the barest vegetation to books.

As I said, I never supposed Hoyting authority on the "sacred terror"—for one thing, I don't believe any woman has ever gone the length of falling in love with him—but I should always be exceedingly interested to know what he thought of anything so variously human. So I egged him on, as the years have taught me how: with vermouth close to his hand, the cigarettes just by, and my own face turned non-committally to the fresh sea-wind. The lights of the little café were going out one by one as the prudent proprietor discovered that they were no longer needed, and François himself withdrew on tiptoe to some region at the back, like an inspired accomplice. Hoyting sleeps when he feels like it, and no vigil discourages him.

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I had to wait for a time, and I almost wondered if Hoyting were not giving himself up to one of his inconsiderate silences—silences which, far into the evening, he will end by rising and lurching into the dusk, leaving you a coin with which to pay his shot, as if you were his valet. Out of those silences something may always come; but any show of curiosity snaps the time-lock into place. If you question too airily, you are sure to have to wait until the next day's sun has renewed all things. And, with the next day's sun, Hoyting may be anywhere.

He poured out the vermouth and screwed his lips impatiently. "Yes, I've seen the thing tried—honestly and fervently tried. Did you ever know a girl named Marriott—Eva Marriott—or a man named Dallas?"

"I've known two or three men named Dallas."

"Was any one of them English?"

"One of them was."

"What was he like?"

"A red-haired bruiser with a game leg that he got from being thrown in the hunting-field. Or so he said."

"Big, then?"

"Six feet three, and bulky in proportion."

"That is not the man. And you never knew the girl?"

"Never. And I am safe, in any case," I reminded him.

"Oh—yes. Only I shouldn't like to ticket them. But since you don't know either of them"—Hoyting's gesture shed the pair down the windy ways of time.

"She was young, very young; and he had the hopeless un-selfconsciousness of the pagan. 'Pagan' is a stupid word to use; but you know what I mean."

Hoyting knitted his brows and jerked his chin towards me inquiringly. I didn't know, precisely, but I wasn't going to delay him over a definition. "Yes." I spoke very quietly.

"Well, then, let it go at that. He knew his way about among his sensations, too, and was as serious about them as if they had been his morals. Perhaps they were. I don't mean he was a rotter—though, again, perhaps he was—but that he couldn't see why taking a cold bath when you needed it wasn't as virtuous as selling all you had and giving to the poor. He hadn't any brains, I think; neither had she—not twopence worth between them. If they had been ants, the community would have executed them. And, of course, they had to knock up against each other. She was chaperoned by an intellectual aunt who expected to write a book about her experiences in those dangerous and exotic lands where Cook has to buy your railway ticket for you. Nothing could persuade the aunt that she wasn't a sort of Marco Polo. She had no brains, either: she was all intellect. They had got to Biskra, and the aunt was filling note-books. You can imagine how much brain she had if she was taken in by Biskra. I won't stop to explain why I was there myself. You can be sure it was by no fault of my own."

"My dear Hoyting," I ventured, "it's unworthy of you to apologize."

"I wasn't apologizing. I only meant that these people and their kind had nothing to do with me. I ran into them by accident—as you might run into sticking-plaster by accident. The result was much the same. I was caught by the leg in that painted and powdered and generally meretricious town. For certain reasons, I had to be there a fortnight. And the woman stalked me—*me!* Some one had told her that I had been in Persia. She wanted to know all about Persia. Can you imagine me sitting in the garden of the Palace Hotel answering questions about Persia? I tried to make it clear to her that she couldn't go to Persia. I didn't think her fit to go anywhere; but I thought she would do less harm in Biskra than she would anywhere else. Biskra, if she had only known it, was just her size. I never put her wise; why should I? My chief object was to keep her in Biskra the rest of her life, so that I should never have to see her again."

"What was she like?"

"Haven't I just told you?"

"Not wholly. She might have been a nice woman or a harpy."

"She was a very curious person," Hoyting mused. "I had some respect for her, you know. Apparently she had wanted, all her life, to travel in strange places, and had never been able to stir from her ancestral homestead. Recently she had in-

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herited a lot of money and a niece to chaperon; and she had chucked all the photographs and books that she had been feeding her poor lean soul on, and started out, dragging the niece with her. She was as respectable as even a woman of her antecedents could possibly be; but she had no prejudices. That was the one thing that distinguished her from any other fussy old maid. It made her rather pathetic. She had gradually, in the long, busy, baffled years, managed to discard every tradition she had. She was sceptical of everything that her native community held for gospel. She didn't believe in revealed religion, or the Ten Commandments, or the sacredness of the marriage tie, or the superiority of the female sex, or any of the things she must have been supposed at home to stand for. She had sat perfectly still in her own village for fifty years, and her only recreation had been to burst silently, one by one, her intellectual bonds. She wasn't in the least revolutionary; she didn't want to preach or subvert. She only wanted to see things with an unprejudiced eye. She might have been magnificent if she had had youth or strength or beauty; but she had none of those. Her body went back on her mind at every turn. She was afraid of every beast that walks, from camels to spiders; she was dependent on a whole set of special medicaments that had to be renewed every now and then from America—she couldn't have conceived of using a foreign substitute, even British. She kept the vocabulary of her prejudices, too, though she dispensed with the prejudices. I am sure, for example, she hadn't the slightest objection to the Ouled Naïls, but she always referred to them as 'fallen women.' She would have been amusing if she hadn't been such a bore. In retrospect, and safe from her, I do find her amusing. She was naïve to the last degree: any shifty Arab could take her in. She bought things in the bazaars that simply smelled of Birmingham. But not the shiftiest Arab of the lot, even if he had once in a way told her the truth, could have shocked her. And she wasn't morbid, you understand. She wasn't hunting horrors; she was only hunting something different from all the things she had been fed up with. Everything was fish that came to her net—everything. But she was about as well equipped as a baby, to write a book. Now do you know what she was like? She had sandy hair, and a blue veil that hung crooked over it, and always wore dirt-colored clothes, and always had a clean handkerchief in her left hand."

"I see perfectly," I replied. "What about the niece?"

"Oh, the niece? Well, little Eva Marriott had all the prejudices her aunt hadn't. Morally speaking, she went round in her aunt's discarded clothes. But she was exquisitely pretty—even I could see that. I'm no judge of female beauty—I have lost all my standards—but I could see that her coloring was exceedingly satisfactory. She had red hair, and a white skin, and sad green eyes, and a wonderful veil of sweetness over all. She held herself badly, like all American girls, but you could have written Chinese poetry to her head and neck. She was about twenty, I believe, and by the time the aunt clutched me in the hotel garden young Eva and young Dallas were head over heels in love with each other."

Hoyting refilled his glass, and turned his head slowly from side to side as if to feel the wind move across his skin.

"A civilized love-affair is the devil. It doesn't even interest me. It's like trying to wrestle with stays on: a fine exhibition of endurance, no doubt, but certainly not good wrestling—and most certainly not beautiful to the onlooker. Oh, the heroine of this tale is the aunt, if you like. I don't think even she had any imagination; but a complete absence of prejudice is almost as good. She liked Dallas no end—I could see that out of the tail of my eye. They didn't grow his kind in her little colonial village. He was as exotic, from her point of view, as a palm-tree—and, from mine, no more interesting."

"Who was interesting, if none of them was?" I asked. Hoyting does not deal in the platitudinous human, and I didn't believe for a moment that he was asking me to assist at any pious dissection of a spinster's *wanderlust*.

"None of them was; but the combination of the two young things was irresistible. Puritan and pagan have met often enough; but never were two such pure

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and unprotected specimens of their different types. She had been bred in the kind of atmosphere that I'd forgotten about. It never was mine, even when I was a kid, but I'd always heard of it. 'Eva reads a great deal—a great deal. I have given up books for life,' Miss Marriott said to me once. A perfectly decent thing to do if you don't talk about it!—and then gaze like a love-sick owl at the filthy little 'village nègre' across the way. You know what 'villages nègres' are in French colonial towns—so new that it's a wonder they can be so dirty. The woman was a terrible bore!"

"I didn't know you were ever terribly bored by the same person more than once." Indeed, no one has ever had less right than Hoyting to pose as a social martyr.

"Um—no. But I was in Biskra because I had to be—as I explained. I had definite business there. I was bound to be bored anyhow, and I'd rather be bored sitting still in a hotel garden than riding round on a mule to see what the avaricious Arab has prepared for people like Miss Marriott. Of course, sitting still let me in for a certain amount of Miss Marriott, but it was otherwise comfortable."

"I didn't know you ever had business anywhere."

"I seldom do. But I had then. It was not wholly my own business, so I won't go into it."

Hoyting frowned and was silent for a moment. I had naturally no intention of questioning him further; but it was the first hint I had ever had of his doing anything save what the instant suggested. Was it possible that even he was at the mercy of past and future, like the rest of us? I put the thought aside, for I have got no end of mental luxury, first and last, out of the Everlasting Now that is Hoyting.

"She let me understand that her young people were engaged. She gave it to me like a piece of gossip, as if it weren't her affair. I hadn't seen much of young Eva, and scarcely more of young Dallas, but I was curious to know if the aunt approved. It seemed to me that in her place—though I don't pretend to say I could put myself there very successfully—I shouldn't. I said something. 'Oh, it's Eva's affair,' she answered. 'In ——' (she named their State) 'a girl's of age at eighteen.'

"'My dear Miss Marriott,' I said, 'a State in which a girl is of age at eighteen doesn't exist north of Cancer or south of Capricorn. I don't know much about the laws of my precious country, but I do know something about climate.'

"'I think he's fascinating.' That is all I could get out of her. Not that I tried very hard to get anything out of her. It would have been like going a-fishing in a provincial aquarium.

"Now, mind you"—Hoyting frowned again, then shrugged his great shoulders as if to reassure himself that the burden was gone from them—"I don't say the chap wasn't fascinating. He had bowled over Eva Marriott, anyhow. Their love-affair had grown under that sun like the perfect date-palm in the perfect oasis. It looked as if they'd hunt up their respective consuls and be married before they left Biskra. But they didn't. At least, not before I left Biskra, and I fancy not since. I am sure not since. He wasn't fit to marry any one."

"You said he wasn't—not past doubt, at least—a rotter."

"'Rotter' has nothing to do with him. You might as well call him something in Coptic."

Hoyting frowned again. Then he turned suddenly. "Let's not talk about it. I don't know why I started out to tell you, anyhow. It's none of your business or mine. Therefore it doesn't interest us. Only, you mentioned love. . . . Let me tell you about the only time I ever tried pig-sticking. It was a few months ago, and I must have looked like one afflicted of God."

"I'll hear that later." I was firm. "Tell me more about these people. I shall never see them."

"No, I dare say not. But it isn't our business, all the same."

"Probably I shouldn't agree with you," I went on. "Until you prove it to me I sha'n't believe you know the sacred terror when you see it."

"'The sacred terror.' Um. . . . Probably, as you say, you won't agree with me. But what does it matter? I know what I know." He sealed his lips for a moment, and I was afraid I hadn't overcome his reluctance. But presently I knew that I had. Hoyting narrowed his eyes until

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they were almost shut. Head thrown back, he began to talk.

"I don't pretend, for a moment, to understand young Dallas. He had obviously been brought up like every one else, and he certainly had no theories. I think he just wanted—whatever he wanted at the moment. Whether it was something to eat, or something to look at, or something to go out and do, or something to possess. He was a little more complicated than a faun, but he was more like a faun than like anything else that has ever had human shape."

"Furry ears? Donatello? All that sort of thing?"

Hoyting opened his puzzled eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, of course, you never read novels. Go on."

"If there has ever been a novel about a faun, you can be sure it had nothing to do with Dallas. I only meant that he seemed to have really no inhibitions. He tried for what he wanted, and if such brawn and brain as he had didn't give it to him, he lay down placidly in the shade, as it were, and licked his wounds and waited until he wanted something else. Then he would try for that. He wouldn't have been likely to raise his voice unduly, or fail to dress for dinner, or blaspheme before ladies; but if he had thought any of those little things would give him real pleasure he'd have done it. He was just a mass of desires and the means to satisfy them. I said he had no brains. He hadn't, I think; but he had a very keen knowledge of what you might call physical arithmetic. He could calculate his sensations, like lightning, to the fifth place of decimals. If he wanted a glass of water badly, and he had to go a distance to get it, he knew like a shot whether the joy of the glass of water totted up to more or less than the annoyance of going that distance. And he went, or didn't, quite regardless of the social situation at the moment. Do you see what I mean?"

"Quite. But why did you say he wasn't a rotter?"

"I don't know." Hoyting answered very simply. "But there was something exhilarating in his sweetness, his simplicity, his health, his gayety. He didn't even seem precisely selfish. He simply carried on the business of his own organism as piously and efficiently as if it had been a model orphanage. I didn't like either of them—but I saw trouble ahead, in spite of Miss Marriott's optimism. And the trouble came.

"You see, he had fallen in love with Eva Marriott. His desires were concentrated upon her. And she was in love with him. I think she thought her soul was in love with him—though how a soul can be in love with a man passes my comprehension. If we have souls, I'm sure they don't mess about like that. Anyhow, the two had so little in common, temperamentally, that it must have been what you call the 'sacred terror.' You couldn't account for it except by the unforeknowable thunderbolt. Her face, I suppose, had focussed his desires; he would never be satisfied until he had kissed it into weariness. She—oh, I suppose he stood to her for all kinds of things she had never so much as laid her fingers on. Probably in her village none of the worthy male souls had had such exteriors. *A fortiori*, the soul inside his exterior must be ten times worthier than they. I may be wrong, but that's the way I figured it out. The aunt loved him for his looks and his way of getting things. It was extraordinarily interesting to her to find a man who owned up to his physical tastes. She had been used to seeing all desires either concealed or apologized for.

"If Dallas had had any brains, I think he could have taught Eva Marriott his own hedonism. She was a blank page, in spite of those austere Puritan head-lines; and I fancy anything that sounded theoretical could have got her for a disciple in no time. But Dallas couldn't explain anything; he could only manifest himself. And she was taken by that supple exhibition. They wanted each other—that was what it came to. Why reason about it any more? You can take my word for it that they did. And I suppose he must have seemed to her very much her own kind when all North Africa was jostling them in the streets. But the aunt! No, I never supposed that her sort existed. It was too futile. I dare say her sort doesn't really exist—she was probably a 'sport.' But she was there in the flesh, anyhow.

"And then she decided that she wanted

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to go to Touggourt. Some women in the hotel had been, and that started her off. She wouldn't go alone with Eva, though. She found the natives much too interesting to be trustworthy. Eva wouldn't go without Dallas—not she! Miss Marriott therefore said Dallas might go. I advised her to give it up; especially as she wouldn't go by *diligence*. She wanted a little caravan of her own—camels, and the rest. It shocked me to think of Miss Marriott on a camel; it somehow seemed disrespectful both to the camel and to her. Let Dallas and Eva go to Touggourt on their honeymoon if they wanted to, but why drag two young things, who had to be chaperoned, out into the desert? They would either be dreadfully bored or frightfully unhappy. Hotel life and the distractions of Biskra—the day all chopped up into little amusements—were much better for them. But the aunt wouldn't see it. She thought it would be romantic. What my senses told me wasn't her business. I only gave her the results in a little brief advice.

"'They are very much in love,' she remarked. 'I should like to see them in the desert.'

"The retort was easy enough, but I couldn't make it. I couldn't even tell her just why I thought they would be very unhappy in the desert. If she wanted to sacrifice them to her lack of prejudices, I couldn't stop her without being rude. I'm not sure I could have stopped her even then. She was a most extraordinary creature. I knew enough about the desert to know she'd be damned sorry, some time, that she had done it—that is, if she had a grain of the human aunt left in her—but my lips were sealed. After all, from any serious point of view, young Dallas and young Eva were perfectly unimportant. And the relief of getting them all out of Biskra would be very great.

"Well—they went. Dallas made their arrangements for them. They were so busy for two days beforehand that I hardly saw them. But I did see them start. It came over me then, like a presentiment, that it was all wrong. It isn't safe to have no more prejudices than Miss Marriott. She ought to have seen that God never meant her to go anywhere on a camel; that he never even meant her to go to the places that camels take you to. Anything so silly as that had to come to grief. It made me sick; and I was glad to see the last of Miss Marriott's blue veil. She was so exalted that she hardly spoke to me; she was surer than ever that she was Marco Polo. Miss Marriott was capable of anything; but I was a little puzzled by Dallas's acquiescence. If you could have seen Miss Marriott hunched up in an *attatouch!* I was sure that he would much rather have stayed respectably behind and made love to Eva in Biskra. I know he wanted to marry her on the spot; and I gathered that she wouldn't. There are women—girls, anyhow—who love being engaged. It's like—well, never mind what it's like. They don't analyze; they merely know it's delightful. I fancy most men don't find it delightful, and Dallas was certainly the last man in the world to find it so. The fact that he did go to Touggourt with no trouble showed me at least that he wasn't liking Biskra, and that he was probably in a state of nerves. The rate of progress of a Saharan camel wasn't going to improve his nerves; neither was Touggourt, or any other place where he didn't have to dress for dinner—where the physical habits of the European world couldn't be reproduced. I've seen men in that condition before, plenty of times. We all have. But I never saw one in that condition going to Touggourt, on a camel, with a Miss Marriott."

Hoyting spoke almost with bitterness. I could have fancied that in his heart of hearts he blamed young Dallas for everything—whatever it was—that had happened. In spite of his cynical flings at the aunt, it was clear that he had a particular respect for her. He couldn't have been more irritated by her follies if he had been really fond of her.

The evening was wearing on to night—François was dropping with sleep somewhere behind us. I summoned him, and had with him a brief whispered colloquy while Hoyting, his back turned to us, snuffed up the wind as thirstily as if it had been a love-philtre. I didn't know how long the tale might last, and I wanted to forestall any interruption by a poor creature who had to work and therefore had to sleep. Our table was outside in the gar-

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den, and from the garden a little path led, by way of a gate in the scrubby hedge, to the sea-strand. I paid for the vermouth that stood on the table, and bade François lock up the café behind us and leave us to our talk. A few sibilant whispers arranged it, and François had disappeared before Hoyting had got his fill of the wind. Whether he knew what had been accomplished behind his back, I could not tell. Hoyting never troubles himself with details. The world more or less swings into his stride, I've noticed. Finally he turned to me and looked me straight in the eyes.

"Never mind what I thought. . . . Let's get ahead with this. I've a notion I shall sleep to-night, and sleep's a good thing. Um."

You understand that I can't report Hoyting verbatim. He has no structure. But I've learned to remember the gist of what he says, and more or less in his own words. I wish I could remember his every phrase, for my own equivalents are poor stuff. But Hoyting wouldn't help you reproduce him if he could. He talks obstinately into the void. If he ever saw himself recorded, he'd never speak again. Yet the best I have to give is Hoyting's. You'll pardon my way of dealing with him, I hope.

"Never mind me." It was with some such phrase that he returned to the tale. "I put in ten days more in Biskra. I had to. Never Biskra again for me! Odd, isn't it, how you hate any place where you've ever had to be?—even though, if you like to look at it in that way, you've always got to be somewhere or other until you die. Anyhow, in about eight days, Miss Marriott and her niece returned to the hotel. They came suddenly into the dining-room one night, and I knew that if they had been to Touggourt at all they must have come back by *diligence*. Their kind of camel—for even Miss Marriott had had the wit to stop short of a *mehari*—couldn't have done the round trip under a fortnight. Dallas wasn't with them; and, somehow, from the moment I saw them come in, I knew he wasn't even in Biskra. My first thought was that I had been plain cheated. I had expected to be off well before they returned, and if I ever saw Marco Polo again, it wouldn't be my fault."

"Come, Hoyting, you liked her!"

"I didn't like her. I don't like people I run across in that way—women, especially. I should be a nervous ghost by this time if I had stopped to like people. Fancy all one's chance encounters, turning into pulls on one's affection—like the ropes the Lilliputians tied round Gulliver. If I had been Gulliver, I should have gone mad. I'd rather be tied with one stout steel cable than with a million threads. Liked her! Ugh!"

"Very well: you didn't like her. What did she do?"

"She did nothing—except crumple her handkerchief hard in her left hand. She spoke to me with a kind of gasp. The girl was white as a Carrara cliff. All her color had gone into her hair: that flamed out in the most wicked way, as if every curl had been a licking tongue of fire. After dinner, Miss Marriott indicated that she would like to talk to me. I responded, for evidently my purgatory wasn't yet over. I must have sinned pretty often to have had that Biskra sojourn so prolonged.

"We went out into the garden. Eva disappeared. She hadn't said a word. She hadn't even answered my polite questions. I might have been speaking to a wax-work. It is uncanny to go on talking to a person who pays no attention—who doesn't even smirk; and after five minutes I stopped. I was glad to have her go away. I learned from Miss Marriott that they had reached Touggourt on their camels, and that the next morning she and her niece had taken the *diligence* back. Dallas had stayed behind and said he was going to Guerrara—perhaps on to Ghardaia. She didn't know when he would return.

"'Then the desert wasn't so romantic as you thought it would be—if your little trip went to smash?'

"She didn't answer straight, only said: 'I'm not broken in to camels yet, I find. I was really ill when we got to Touggourt.'

"Poor thing! She did look a beastly color. I hoped she had had all her American medicines in her *attatouch*. I was sure she had needed them.

"'Did your niece mind it?'

"'Oh, Eva soon learned. She wasn't ill, anyhow.'

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"'Very sporting of her! So Dallas wanted to go on, and as you weren't up to it, you had to bring your niece back? It's a pity they weren't married before you started.'

"I was being merely flippant, and you can imagine that I was surprised when she laid her foolish-virgin claw on my arm and exclaimed tearfully: 'Oh, it is! it is!'

"'Do you mean it's off, and that's why Dallas has gone to Guerrara? Did the desert finish them?'

"Miss Marriott mopped her eyes with the crumpled handkerchief, and pulled herself together.

"'I suppose it did. I shouldn't have taken them. But Eva is a little fool.' Her tone was not untender.

"'She looks as if she were paying for it, then. Isn't she ill?'

"'Eva's never ill. She was gloriously well when we reached Touggourt.'

"'And Dallas?'

"Miss Marriott looked back across the garden at the lighted windows of the hotel. Then she spoke, as it seemed to me, irrelevantly.

"'I wish you would take me to one of those Ouled Naïl places.'

"'And Eva?' I mocked.

"'Certainly not Eva. She's gone to bed.'

"I paused a moment. I didn't want to insult the woman; but for pure maniacal cheek!

"'I'm sorry to be disobliging, Miss Marriott, but I certainly won't. Let me tell you something: it's either a silly make-believe and not worth paying for, or it's the real thing, and in that case you've no business there. I dare say one of your pet native guides will take you, but I won't.'

"'Have you prejudices, then?'

"'A few.'

"'Ah, I have none.'

"I had heard her affirm that many times, but never before in the tone of despair. I turned and looked at her.

"'What *is* up, Miss Marriott?'

"A mesh of her sandy hair was straying across her forehead. She pushed it back, and still it wouldn't stay. Finally she drew out a hairpin and stuck it through the lock like a skewer. When she had succeeded in making herself uglier than ever, she gazed up at me, with her pale, stupid eyes.

"'I suppose you think it's very queer of me. But I thought perhaps it would help me to understand.'

"'Understand what?'

"'Eva and Herbert Dallas. There are two points of view there, you see. They seem to me to have quarrelled over nothing. That sort of thing is very strange to me. I have never been in love. They are, you know—immensely. I thought I should like to watch them. And they've come to grief, and talking to Eva does no good.'

"'What did you expect the Ouled Naïls would do for you?'

"'I thought,' the flat little voice of this extraordinary creature went on, 'that if they were very disgusting, I might work myself up to be more tactful with Eva. I have been very tactless. But of course nothing does disgust me.' She sighed. 'To tell the truth, I'm very tired of her. I quite hated her in the *diligence*.'

"'What did happen out there?' I really wanted to know.

"The first and last gleam of humor I ever detected in Marco Polo came into her eyes then. 'I don't think I can tell you—though I haven't any prejudices. I'm just not used to talking about such things. My words would probably shock you.'

"'No one could shock me.'

"'Oh yes, *I* could!' And she got up and trailed into the hotel, her dust-colored skirt hanging somehow like an Englishwoman's.

"I sat there for some time, wondering. As far as I could make it out, young Eva and young Dallas had quarrelled about the Ouled Naïls. Yet they were much too directly and personally in love with each other to let sociology separate them. Still, Marco Polo was *capable de tout*. She might have got them going some evening under the desert moon. What a fool! I made nothing of it, except that there must have been a quarrel, or Dallas wouldn't have gone on by himself to Guerrara. I don't know how long I sat there in the sweet air. I know that, at one moment, a white figure suddenly stood before me. It was Eva Marriott, and she looked, all in white, with her white face and her tortured, flaming hair, like a ghost that has just begun to burn in hell. I

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pulled out a chair for her, and she sat down. It was certainly her turn to speak, so I waited for her.

"She said nothing for a long time. Then she looked at me.

"'Do you like my aunt?'

"'Very much. Why?'

"'I don't. I think she's dreadful.'

"'Well, my child, does it really matter?'

"'It matters, since she's all I've got in the world.'

"'What about Dallas?'

"'Oh, I mustn't have him—I mustn't.' Not 'can't' or 'won't,' you notice, but 'mustn't.'

"'Why not?'

"'Didn't Aunt Cordelia tell you? She came out here with you after dinner.'

"'She did not. She said only that you and your fiancé had quarrelled. I should have known that anyhow, from the fact that you came back without him.'

"'Well, I can't tell you.'

"'Apparently no one can. But why you both want to talk to me about something you can't tell me, puzzles me a good deal.'

"'Did Aunt Cordelia say nothing else?'

"'Nothing except that she didn't like camels. I could have told her that before, but she wouldn't listen to me.'

"'Yes; she was awfully ill before we got to Touggourt.' The girl spoke listlessly.

"I had an indiscreet impulse, which I followed. 'She wanted me to take her to see the Ouled Naïls dance. I wouldn't.'

"'Oh, the dreadful, dreadful creature!' Eva Marriott wailed.

"'I don't believe she's dreadful, you know, for a moment. Every one goes. I'd have taken her like a shot if the notion hadn't bored me so.'

"'It would be more to the point,' Eva Marriott said suddenly, 'if you'd take me.'

"'So I gathered from your aunt—though she didn't tell me why, any more than you do. But how can you call her dreadful, after what you've just said?'

"'She *is* dreadful. She is.'

"'She strikes me as being an unusually nice woman.' I don't know why I flung compliments at Marco Polo's back. Probably because it didn't seem wise to sow dissension between the two.

"'Do you think any one can change?'

"'Do you mean your aunt? I shouldn't want her to.'

"'No, I mean myself.'

"'Oh, I shouldn't want you to, either.'

"I don't know where those silly answers of mine came from. I felt like a heavy fool making them. A trained nurse read me a lot of Tauchnitz trash in a hospital once. Perhaps my faithless memory was doing it for me. In any case, that girl wasn't real. You *couldn't* talk to her. If she hadn't been so deadly white, I'd have turned my back on her.

"'But I want to. I want to change, for Herbert. He doesn't like me the way I am.'

"'More probably you don't like him the way he is.'

"'Oh, I don't, I don't! And yet I do. Don't you see?' She broke down and cried hard. Fortunately there was no one else in that corner of the garden. 'I don't see'—she got her words out between sobs—'who brought him up. He's been to Eton and Oxford like any one else. Are all men like that? No, they aren't, for I've known men before—nice ones.'

"'Then you did discuss sociology, you little fools!'

"'We never discussed anything, he and I. Aunt Cordelia did all the discussing—afterwards.'

"'Do you mean that'—I fished about for a word—'he insulted you?'

"'He was perfectly lovely to me. But of course I went away.' Lucid, wasn't it? But I knew that she wouldn't have defined over-insistent love-making as 'lovely,' whatever she might have felt about it. Dallas, in the sandy distance, suddenly grew interesting to me. I tried another lead.

"'If you don't want to marry him, you've only to say so.'

"The fire stole down into her face again for an instant, but it couldn't strive against that whiteness.

"'I want dreadfully to marry him! If he would only say the right things, I would. But he won't.'

"'Have you given him a chance?'

"'He didn't wait for it. So he can't have meant to say them.'

"I was desperate. I couldn't stand this much longer. I *was* beginning to feel

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like Gulliver. I got up and stood in front of her. It was a relief to find that I was able to get up. They had rooted me there so long, those two!

"'Is he still in love with you?'

"'He says he is.'

"'Dallas would never say it if he weren't.'

"'So I should think. Yet how can he be? Perhaps he is. But what difference does it make—except that, in that case, I can't ever see him again. For I am so in love with him that my principles would never hold out against him.'

"It was all said rather stupidly, yet with obvious sincerity. I shook my head.

"'When is he coming back?'

"'In a week, I think. Just long enough to give me time. But I've had as much time as I can stand. It will kill me. He'll never say the right thing. How can I marry him?'

"'Of course I don't know what you want him to say. But if you make love to him, he'll say it.'

"I know I was brutal, but she was such a negligible little idiot! My relief in knowing that the crisis, which would come after Dallas's return, would also come after my own departure, was too great. I couldn't choose words.

"'Oh no, not that! That wouldn't prove anything, you see.'

"I did see, of course, perfectly; but it seemed too arrogant for a child like that to expect to be both loved and 'understood.' I lost all patience with her.

"'You had better go to bed now, and buy a lot of things in the bazaars tomorrow. A whole new shipload has come in from Germany while you've been away. Run along, there's a good girl. And I wouldn't worry. Worry never cleared up any situation.' Then I repented a little, for her suffering would have been clear to a blind man. 'Don't you see, my dear Miss Marriott, that, when you won't tell me the whole thing, I can't advise? But it doesn't matter, for I honestly believe that even Solomon would be a mere nuisance to people who are in love with each other. They don't need advice. Or put it that it's of no use to them. Good night.'

"'I wish I were different,' she sighed out, 'even if it meant that I was wrong.' Then she slipped away, and I could get them off my mind.

Nor did I keep them on my mind the next day. I went out to El-Kantara, merely to get rid of the Marriotts. If you realize that I went with a Cook's automobile party, you can imagine how much I wanted to get rid of them. I should have changed my hotel but for the nuisance of it. Besides, Miss Marriott would have hunted me down anywhere, if she had felt like it. She had no prejudices. I dined elsewhere; but I went back to the Palace in the evening. Luckily the Marriotts weren't about. I was just turning to go out into the garden (having assured myself by careful reconnoissance that they weren't in the landscape) when I heard some stir behind me. There, very dusty, very worn and tired, but handsome as usual, stood Dallas. I nodded at him, and almost ran. I didn't even go to the garden. I went to my room. I had no reason to suppose that Dallas would pursue me, but you never could tell. I decided to be safe, though hot, in my own quarters. Didn't I curse the Marriotts as I sat there under the lamp! Why are we such a beastly articulate race? There are people in the world, you know, who keep their affairs to themselves. Creatures that are so damn confidential ought to be made to stay at home!"

Hoyting flung his latest cigarette away half smoked. The silence round us was phenomenal. I ought to have been able to hear the *patron* and his wife snoring, but I couldn't. Perhaps they slept without it. No; that was inconceivable. In such ridiculous little spirals my mind went wandering while Hoyting took breath beside me.

"Let's get this thing over. I'm sleepy. I'll compress as much as I can. . . . The end of that was that after an hour or two, when I thought I was safe, I sneaked down to the garden to get some air. Would you believe it? I had no sooner sat down and hidden myself well in the foliage when Dallas was upon me like a cat. I don't know where he had come from, or how he had seen me. He had to talk to me, too, apparently. Well: even that was almost better than staying within—and indeed Dallas was the only one of the three about whom I had the least curiosity left.

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"He did give me the clew—the key to the enigma. Apparently, by the way, he had sent up word to Miss Marriott that he had returned, and she had sent word down that Eva was asleep and she herself in bed, and that she would see him in the morning.

"He had given up going to Guerrara when he was a few miles out of Touggourt—couldn't stand the notion; had rushed back to Touggourt and come on to Biskra as fast as he could, by the same old blessed *diligence*. He *was* in a state! He asked me about the Marriotts, first off; and when I told him I could make nothing out except that there was a moral crisis of sorts, which the aunt and niece were both muddling according to their respective stupidities, he didn't wait for more. He blurted out the whole thing. . . .

"Then I saw what a damned fool Marco Polo had been. To take those young things out into the desert! I suppose there are young things you could take into the desert with impunity; but Dallas! Even a woman who had never laid eyes on any man before ought to have seen that Dallas was a special, a very special case. She did see; she liked him because he was so special; but—well, it doesn't do for ignorance to have no prejudices. Dallas was in no condition for a journey of that sort with a very beautiful girl who loved him and whom he was anxious, for every reason, to marry as soon as possible. He didn't insult Eva Marriott—except in one indirect but fatally illuminating way, as you'll see. If he had insisted on their being married by a *marabout* at M'raïer or Djemaâ or some other Saharan hole on the way, I'm not absolutely sure she wouldn't have done it—it being perfectly understood that they should run to their consuls as soon as they got back. She was off her head about him. And he, who had never seen why he shouldn't have anything his organism craved, had had, for the first time in his life, I judged, an inhibition. That is, he *didn't* ask her to be married to him by a *marabout*. He didn't say a word to her. He hadn't even seen her alone since they left Biskra. Miss Marriott wanted to watch romance; I wonder if she ever considered whether romance would like to watch her. Eva Marriott must have managed to madden Dallas without much talk . . . and you can imagine them at the door of a Saharan caravanserai, under a Saharan moon—with Marco Polo egging them on. Humph! The indecencies of the decent are among the strangest things in the world.

"Oh, well, never mind. . . . Isn't there any end to this thing? . . . Yes, there was an end, just there in Touggourt, where they turned up at nightfall after six days at camels' pace. Miss Marriott was completely done up, and Eva had to look after her. And Dallas—well, Dallas broke away and ran amuck in the Sahara. Touggourt isn't very big, but it's big enough for that. Almost any place is, in point of fact; and the Sahara would, of course, have understood Dallas perfectly."

"And you said he wasn't a rotter?"

"I didn't say he wasn't a rotter. I said it seemed a singularly inept word to apply to him. I tell you he was like a faun. Fauns aren't perpetually sitting for their portraits, are they? They're very pretty when they are; but they must eat and drink, and scratch themselves, and sprawl in the sun. After all, he could have carried young Eva off if he had decided to. I give you my word he could. Do you suppose any Bedouin or Berber of them all would have stopped him, so long as he could pay more than the aunt? And he didn't so much as touch the hem of her skirt. She was the cause of it all; but the results had nothing to do with her. That, at least, was the way Dallas saw it.

"He was as much in love with Eva Marriott," went on Hoyting, with annoyance, as if I had interrupted him, "as he could be with any one; that is to say, he worshipped her face. He wouldn't have understood the 'soul' part of it. Neither did she, if she had but known it. But she mixed up his inches with the Ten Commandments. I'm not defending him; defending him would imply a point of view, and I have none. I mean only that, take him as he was, he behaved as he couldn't help behaving. And she couldn't see it. Certainly he was no person for her to marry, since she couldn't see it. I don't say she oughtn't to have been shocked. I say that she never understood. She would have forgiven him like a shot for any insult to herself—though he hadn't the faintest wish to insult her, poor

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pagan!" (Hoyting said it as one says "poor devil!") "She would have condoned any sin if he had once admitted that he had sinned, and was sorry. He was sorry enough; but he couldn't consider that he had sinned. He was willing to die if he had hurt her—willing to die at the thought that he had hurt her—willing to admit that it was natural she should be hurt; but as for sin, he didn't know what it meant. He must have heard about it all his life, but his organism had thrown it off like a germ; he was perfectly immune to any such notion as hers of 'morality.' . . . So they came back to Biskra, and he tried to go to Guerrara, and couldn't."

"Do you mean to say that he owned up, and they had it out in Touggourt?"

"I don't think he so much owned up as was taxed with it by the aunt and didn't lie. I doubt if there was anything very explicit said, but the women somehow jumped to the right conclusion. A little place like that—it would have been easy enough. His apologies didn't satisfy Eva—of course fauns weren't made for apologizing—and she left."

"Naturally," I retorted.

"Yes, naturally," Hoyting rejoined quietly. "Well, you see that Dallas's confession to me threw a white light on all that Eva Marriott had said the night before. I couldn't say anything to him except that I thought he and Eva were utterly unsuited to each other. That sounded rather colorless, but what else could I say? I got up and went in; left him there with a puzzled look on his face. He understood jealousy, he understood pique, he understood passion; but he didn't understand why, if she could personally forgive him and take him back, she still had to nourish a grievance on behalf of the Almighty. Just couldn't understand. And as long as he couldn't understand that, she wouldn't take him back. A nice thing Miss Marriott did when she took to travelling!

"I found the next morning, to my delight, that I could leave Biskra in twenty-four hours more. I didn't even have to go to El-Kantara again, for Dallas himself, after one interview with Miss Marriott, had gone there. I knew I must bid farewell to Marco Polo, so I sent word to her that I should hope for a few minutes after dinner in the garden.

"She came—with Eva. And the first thing she asked me—before the girl—was what Dallas had said to me the night before. Imagine my position! I would have talked biology all night with Miss Marriott if necessary, but I wasn't going to discuss Dallas's temperament with his ex-fiancée. So I held my tongue.

"'But I want to know.' This, if you please, from the ex-fiancée.

"I was desperate. 'I won't tell you. What Dallas said is Dallas's affair. You have already made each other suffer a good deal. I should advise you both to go away from Biskra—in opposite directions. Otherwise you will make each other suffer more.'

"'He wants to marry me, and I want to marry him; but he won't, he just won't, make it right for me to.' Apparently Eva Marriott couldn't face my knowledge of the situation, for, with that despairing little utterance, she fled.

"Marco Polo could face anything, though. 'You are a fool, Eva,' she called after the girl, in her flat, slightly nasal voice. There was no reply from the speeding white figure—just a little twitch of the shoulder, as if she had heard.

"I turned to the aunt. 'So you sympathize with Dallas?'

"'I don't sympathize with him!' She blushed—actually blushed and turned her head away. But the weakness was very brief. 'How should I?' she went on. 'But I do think she's a fool not to marry him.'

"'Can't you understand her principles?'

"'Who should if I don't? I was brought up on them. But they haven't anything to do with life as I see it. Those two want each other desperately. Why shouldn't they take each other?'

"'Because your niece disapproves of him.' That was easy.

"Then Marco Polo turned her face away and stared hard at a palm. 'I've never been in love with any one in my life,' she said. 'I don't know what it may do to you. But I am quite sure that, if Eva wants him, she had better take him while he wants her.'

"'And you didn't disapprove of his behavior?'

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"She turned her pale eyes on me. 'I thought it very interesting. I have never seen human passion at such close range before.'

"Really, she made me sit up, that woman. 'You'd trust your niece to him, then?'

"'I would. He's fascinating. But she won't have him because he won't lie to her. He told me this morning that he had tried. He said: "I'd say anything, Miss Marriott; but she'd catch me out, because, you see, I can't get it through my head what she really wants me to say."'

"'Can't you get it through yours, Miss Marriott, and put him wise?'

"'Oh, *I* understand what she wants. But she'll never get it out of him. He'd make some mistake. I shall pack her off home, and she can marry a vestryman. There's one who wants her.'

"'I can't understand why you take his side.' Nor could I.

"Miss Marriott rose. 'Because he's so real. That vestryman isn't. And I have no prejudices.'

"She shook hands with me and went into the hotel. That was the last I saw of any of them.

"I left, the next morning, myself. I happen to know from other sources that young Dallas went to Egypt immediately and stayed there many months, and I heard last year, in Trebizond, of a solitary woman who had been there en route for Persia, and who sounded, in the descriptions I got, extraordinarily like Marco Polo. I didn't follow up her trail to see. Obviously, the affair never came off. The faun couldn't twist his lips to a Christian confession. If you had ever seen Dallas, you would know what I mean. He really couldn't. That section of his brain didn't work; it was atrophied. Eva Marriott could have walked all over him, but he couldn't lie his way about among her convictions. He wasn't a rotter. He was made like that. I don't believe the girl married her vestryman, though. You wouldn't, you know, after you had been in love with a faun.

"And all that is left of it for me, really"—Hoyting threw away the ultimate cigarette, and rose—"is that sometimes, in a tropically humorous situation, I see that blue veil, and hear that flat voice saying: 'You know, I have no prejudices.' If you ever run across the woman in the flesh, telegraph me. I'll get into the other hemisphere."

I made no reply, for evidently Hoyting had absolutely nothing more to say. We went through the little gate. I closed it carefully, and five minutes later I separated from Hoyting on the deserted strand.

PORTRAIT OF A JUDGE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

He sits impassive, high above the tears
Of women and the stifling dumb despair
Of men. Not all the ruin that they wear
Perturbs him, nor the wreck of all their years.
No tremor stirs him though the words he hears
Like rain-swept shadows fill this shaken air
With horror to the eye that, watching there,
Sees the defenceless head, the doom that nears.

He sits; and on his face slow wrinkles grow
As year by year all pleading he denies
Of error, pity, pain, misguided worth:
Speaking the law, dealing the bitter blow,
Guarding his heart with grave and troubled eyes—
That justice may not perish from the earth.

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THE EVOLUTION OF SCENE-PAINTING

By Brander Matthews

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AFTER MODELS AND FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS

ONLY recently have students of the stage seized the full significance of the fact that dramatic literature is always conditioned by the circumstances of the special theatre for which it was designed. They are at last beginning to perceive that they need to know how a play was originally represented by actors before an audience and in a theatre, to enable them to appreciate adequately the technical skill of the poet who composed it. The dramatist is subdued to what he works in; and he can accomplish only that which is possible in the particular playhouse for which his pieces were destined. For the immense open-air auditorium of ancient Athens, with its orchestra levelled at the foot of the curving hill-side whereon thousands of spectators took their places, the dramatic poet had to select a simple story and to build massively. For the unadorned platform of the Tudor theatre, with its arras pendent from the gallery above the stage, the playwright was compelled to heap up swift episodes violent with action. For the eighteenth-century playhouse, with its "apron" projecting far beyond the line of the curtain, the dramatist was tempted to revel in ornate eloquence and in elaborate wit. And nowadays the dramatic author utilizes skilfully all the manifold resources of the twentieth-century picture-frame stage, not only to give external reality to the several places where his story is supposed to be laid, but also to lend to these stage-sets the characteristic atmosphere demanded by his theme.

Merely literary critics, secluded in their studies, intent upon the poetry of a play and desirous of deducing its philosophy, rarely seek to visualize a performance on the stage; and they are therefore inclined to be disdainful of the purely theatrical conditions to which its author had perforce to adjust his work. As a result they sometimes misunderstand the dramatic poet's endeavors and misinterpret his intentions. On the other hand, purely theatrical critics may be inclined to pay too much attention to stage arrangements, stage business, and stage settings, and even on occasion to disregard the dramatist's message and his power of creating character to consider his technic alone. And yet it can scarcely be denied that the theatrical critics are nearer to the proper method of approach than the literary critics who neglect the light which a careful consideration of stage conditions and of stage traditions casts upon the masterpieces of the drama.

Since all these masterpieces of the drama were devised to be heard and to be seen rather than to be read, the great dramatic poets have always been solicitous about the visual appeal of their plays. They have ever been anxious to garnish their pieces with the utmost scenic embellishment, and the utmost spectacular accompaniment of the special kind that a play of that particular type could profit by. This is as true of Sophocles, of Shakespeare, and of Molière as it is of Kotzebue, of Sardou, and of Clyde Fitch. In view of the importance of this scenic embellishment, and of its influence upon the methods of the successive playwrights, there is cause for wonder no one has yet written a satisfactory history of the art of the scene-painter as this has been developed through the long ages. The materials for this narrative are abundant, even if they still lie in confusion. Certain parts of the field have been surveyed here and there; but no substantial treatise has yet been devoted to this alluring investigation. The scholar who shall hereafter undertake the task will need a double qualification: he must master the annals of painting in Renaissance Italy, and later in France and in England, and he must familiarize himself with the circumstances

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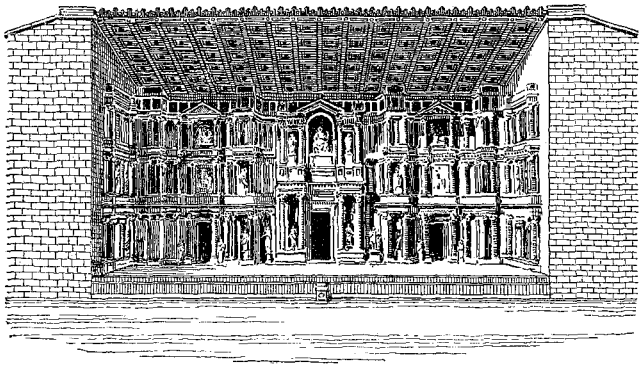
of the theatre at the several periods when the art of the scene-painter took its successive steps in advance.

It is partly because we have no manual covering the whole field that we find so many unwarranted assertions in the studies of the scholars who confine their criticism to a single period of the development of the drama. Partly also is this due to the fact that we are each of us so accustomed to the theatres of our own century, and of our own country, that we find it difficult not to assume similar conditions in the theatres of other centuries and other countries. Thus the Shakespearian commentators of the early eighteenth century seem not to have doubted that the English playhouse in the days of Elizabeth was not unlike the English playhouse in the days of Anne; and as a result they cut up the plays of Shakespeare into acts and into scenes, each supposed to take place in a different spot, in accord with the eighteenth-century stage practice, and absolutely without any justification from the customs of the Tudor theatre. This was the result of looking back, and of believing that the late sixteenth-century stage must have resembled the early eighteenth-century stage. We are now beginning to see that, in our effort to recapture the methods of the Elizabethan theatre, we must first understand the customs of the mediæval stage, and then to look forward from that point. Of all places in the world, the playhouse is perhaps the most conservative, and the most reluctant to relinquish anything which has proved its utility in the past and which is accepted by the public in the present; and many of the peculiarities of the Tudor theatre are survivals from the mediæval stage.

There are still to be found classical scholars who accept the existence of a raised stage in the theatre of Dionysus at Athens, and even of painted scenery such as we moderns know; and they find support in the assertion of Aristotle that among the improvements due to Sophocles was the introduction of "scenery." But what did the Greek word in the text of Aristotle which is rendered into English as "scenery" really mean? At least, what did it connote to an Athenian? Something very different, we may be sure, from what the term "scenery" connotes to us. Certainly the physical conditions of the stageless Attic theatre precluded the possibility of painted scenes such as we are now familiar with. That there were no methods of representing realistically, or even summarily, the spot where the action is taking place, is proved by the detailed descriptions of these spots, which the dramatic poet is careful to put into the mouths of his characters whenever he wishes the audience to visualize the appropriate background of the action. We may be assured that the dramatists would never have wasted time in describing what the spectators had before their eyes. Ibsen and Rostand and d'Annunzio are poets, each in his own fashion, but their plays are devoid of all descriptions of the special spot where the action passes; that task has been spared them by the labors



The Roman Theatre at Orange.
(From the model at the Paris Opéra.)

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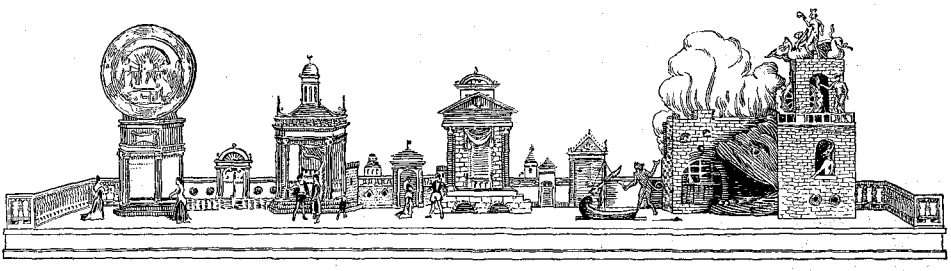

The multiple-set of the French mediæval stage.
(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

of the modern scene-painter, working upon their specific directions.

As there was no scenery in the Greek theatre, so there was little or none in the Roman. M. Camille Saint-Saëns once suggested that certain airy scaffoldings in the Pompeian wall-paintings were perhaps derived from scenic accessories. But this seems unlikely enough; and the surviving Latin playhouses have a wide and shallow stage, closed in by a sumptuous architectural background, suggesting the front of a palace with three portals, often conveniently utilized as the entrances to the separate dwellings of the several characters. Again we may infer the absence of scenery from the elaboration with which Plautus, for one, localizes the habitations of his leading characters. In Rome, as in Athens, some kind of a summary indication of locality, some easily understood symbol, may have been employed; but of scene-painting, as we moderns know the art, there is not a trace.

The set of the Italian comedy of masks.

It is not until we come to the mysteries of the Middle Ages that we find the beginnings of the modern art; and even here it is only a most rudimentary attempt that we can discover. The mystery probably developed earliest in France, as it certainly flourished there most abundantly; and the French represented the dramatized Bible story on a long, shallow platform, at the back of which they strung along a row of summary indications of certain necessary places, beginning with Heaven, on the spectator's left, and ending with Hell, on his right, and including the temple, the house of the high-priest, and the palace of Herod. These necessary places were called "mansions," and they served to localize the action whenever this was deemed advisable—the front of the platform remaining a neutral ground which might be anywhere. But these mansions do not prove the existence of scene-painters; they were very slight erections, a canopy over an altar serving to indicate the temple and a little portico sufficing to represent a palace; and they were probably built by house-carpenters, and painted by house-painters, just as any boat which might be called for would be constructed by the shipwrights.

And as we need not assume the forming of a guild of scene-painters because of these mansions which performed some of the functions of our modern scenery, so

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also we must not assume it because the mediæval artisans invented a variety of elaborate spectacular devices, flying angels for example, and roaring flames from Hell-mouth. Even in the stageless and sceneless Attic theatre there had been many mechanical effects of one kind or another, especially in the plays of Euripides—the soaring dragon chariot of Medea, for instance, and the similar contrivance whereby a god might descend from the skies. Mechanical tricks, even when they are most ingenious, do not imply the aid of the scene-painter; and even to-day they are the task of the property-man, or of the master mechanic, although the scene-painter's aid may be invoked also to make them more effective. That there were property-makers in the Middle Ages admits of no doubt, and also highly skilled artificers delighting in the daring ingenuity of their inventions. There were abundant properties, it may be noted, on the Elizabethan stage—well-heads, thrones, and arbors. Henslow's diary records payment for a variety of such accessories; but there is not in that invaluable volume a single entry indicating any payment for anything equivalent to the work of the scene-painter.

Le Ballet de la Reine.

A French court-ballet, in the early seventeenth century.

Adroit as were the French mechanics who prepared the abundant spectacular effects of the mediæval mysteries, they were surpassed in skill by the Italian engineers of the Renaissance who lent their aid to the superb outdoor festivals wherein the expanding artistic energy of the period was most magnificently displayed. Leonardo da Vinci did not disdain to design machines disclosing a surprising fertility of resource. It was from those outdoor spectacles of the Italians that the French court-ballets are directly descended, and also the English masques, which demanded the collaboration of Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson. Yet at first the Italians got along without the aid of the yet unborn scene-painter; and the inventions of the engineer were carried out by the house-carpenter and the decorator. Even as late as the seventeenth century a magnificent spectacle presented in the garden of the Pitti Palace, in Florence, relied mainly upon the ingenious engineer and scarcely at all upon the scene-painter. It seems probable that it is here in Italy in the Renaissance, and at first as an accompaniment of the outdoor spectacle (or of its indoor rival), that the art of the actual scene-painter had its birth. The engineers required the aid of the artists—indeed, in those days, when there was little specialization of function, the engineers were almost always artists themselves, capable of their own decoration.

In time there would be necessary spe-

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cialization, and after a while certain artists came to devote themselves chiefly to scene-painting, finding their immediate opportunity in the decoration of the operas, which then began to multiply. The opera has always been aristocratic, expensive, and spectacular; and it continued the tradition of the highly decorated, open-air festivals. In fact, it improved upon this tradition in so far as that was possible, and it achieved a variety of mechanical effects scarcely less complicated than those which charm our eyes to-day in "Rheingold" and "Parsifal." Thirty years ago the late Charles Nuitter, the archivist of the Paris Opéra, and himself a librettist of wide experience, drew my attention to Sabbatini's "Practica di fabricar scene e machini ne teatri," published in 1638, and declared that the resources of the Opéra did not then go beyond those which were at the command of the Italians three centuries earlier. "They could do then," he asserted, "almost everything that we can do now here at the Opéra. They could bring a ship on the stage under full sail, for example. We have only one superiority over them: we have abundant light now; we have electricity, and they were dependent on candles and lamps."

Yet even in Italy, in the Renaissance, the most popular form of the drama, the improvised play which we call the "comedy of masks," was performed in a traditional stage setting representing an open square whereon only the back-cloth seems to have been the work of the scene-painter, the sides of the stage being occupied by four or more houses, two or three on each side, often consisting of little more than a practicable door, with a practicable window over it, not made of canvas but constructed out of wood by the carpenter with the solidity demanded by the climbing feats of the athletic comedians and by their acrobatic agility. The traditional set of the comedy of masks conformed to that recommended for the comic drama by Serlio, in his treatise on architecture published in 1545; but it may be noted also that Serlio's suggested set for the tragic drama was not dissimilar—although it was distinctly more dignified.

The opera was the direct descendant of the court-ballet (known in England as the masque), as that in its turn seems to have been derived from the open-air spectacle of the Italian Renaissance, such as survived in Florence in the seventeenth century. In the beginning the court-ballet of France, like the masque of England, was not given in a theatre with a stage shut off by a proscenium arch, but in the ball-room or banqueting-hall of a palace. One end of this spacious apartment, often but not always provided with a raised platform, served as the stage, whereon one or more places were represented, a mountain, for instance, and a grotto, at first only by the decorated machines of the artistic engineers, but afterward by the canvas frames of scene-painters. The action of the court-ballet or of the masque was not necessarily confined to this stage, so to call it. The spectators were ranged along the walls and under the galleries (if there were any), leaving the main part of the hall bare, and the performers descended frequently into this area, which was left free for them and which was better fitted for their dances and processions and other intricate evolutions than the scant and cluttered stage.

A twentieth-century analogue to this sixteenth-century practice can be seen in the spectacles presented in our modern three-ringed circuses—the "Cleopatra," for example, recently the opening item on the Barnum and Bailey programme, where the Roman troops and the Egyptian populace came down from the stage and paraded around the arena. Bacon, in his essay on "Masques," used the word "scenery" as though he meant only decorated scaffolds, perhaps movable; and his expression of desire for room "to be kept clear" implies the use of the body of the hall for the manœuvres of the performers. Ludovic Celler, in his study of "Mise en scène au dix-septième siècle" in France, shows that the action of the court-ballet was sometimes intermitted so that the spectators could join in the dancing, as at an ordinary ball. In the earlier Italian open-air festivals and in the earlier French court-ballets there was not even a proscenium sharply separating the stage from the rest of the hall; but in England, by the time of Inigo Jones, the advantage of a proscenium had been discovered, and

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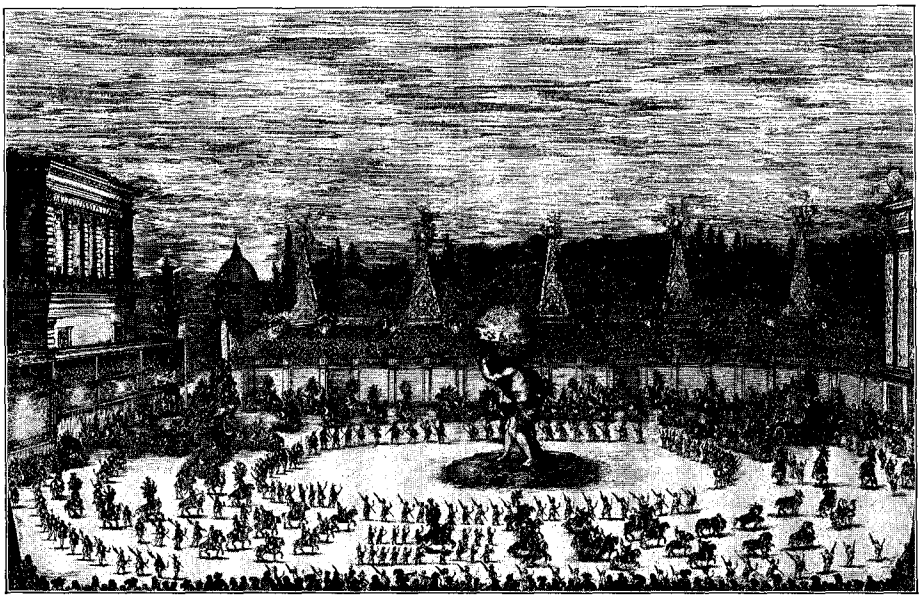
we have more than one of the sketches which that skilful designer devised for his masques. But even then this proscenium was not permanent and architecturally conventionalized; it was invented afresh for every successive entertainment; and it was adorned with devices peculiar to that particular masque. Inigo Jones had also advanced to the use of actual scenery, that is to say, of canvas stretched upon frames and then painted. Mr. Hamilton Bell believes it possible that the invention of "grooves," to sustain wings and flaps, may be ascribed to Inigo, or to his assistant and successor, Webb.

Even in the Italian opera, where all the scenery was due to the brush of the scene-painter, there was for a long while a formal and monotonous regularity. Whether the set was an interior or an exterior, a public place or a hall in a palace, the arrangement was rectangular, with a drop at the back and a series of wings on either side equidistant from one another. This stiff representation of a locality is preserved for us nowadays in the toy-theatres which we buy for our children. It is still seen on the actual stage only in certain acts of old-fashioned opera. It lingers also in the variety shows, where it is the proper setting for many items of their miscellaneous programmes.

Although the Italians had discovered perspective early in the Renaissance, they utilized it on the stage timidly at first, bestowing their rectangular regularity upon all their sets, both in their architectural interiors and exteriors and in their rural scenes, in which rigid wood-wings receded, diminishing in height, to a landscape painted on the drop at the back, thus leaving the whole stage free for the actors. Not until the end of the seventeenth century did an Italian scene-painter, Bibiena, venture to abandon the balanced symmetry of the square set and to slant his perspective so as to present buildings at an acute angle, thereby not only gaining a pleasing variety but also enlarging immensely the apparent spaciousness of the scene, since he was able to carry the eyes of the spectator into vague distances, and to suggest far more than he was able to display. This advance was accompanied by a more liberal use of stairways and platforms—"practicables" as the stage phrase is, that is to say, built up by the carpenters so that the actors could go from



An outdoor entertainment in the gardens of the Pitti Palace in Florence in the early sixteenth century.
(From a contemporary print.)

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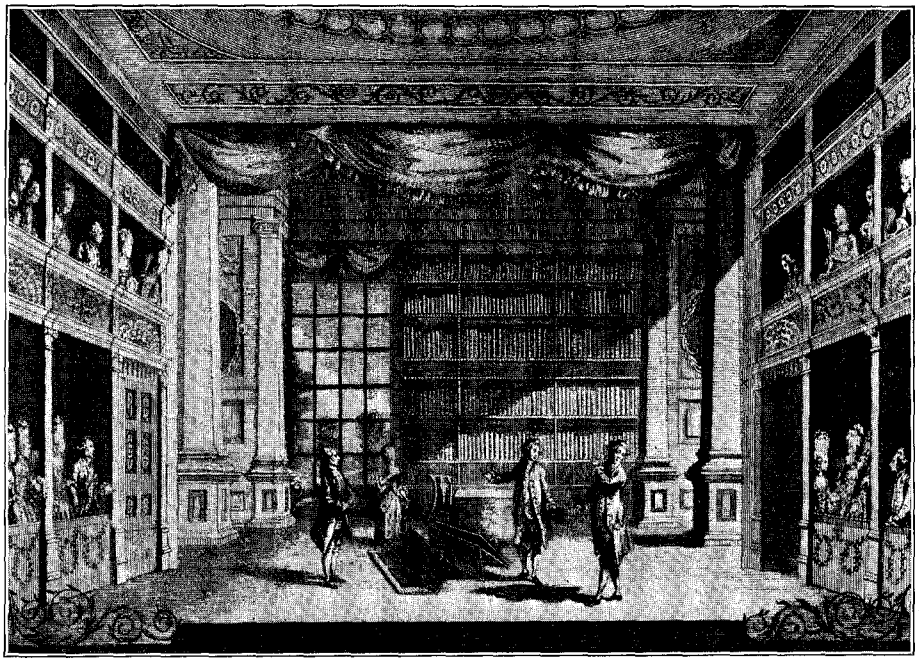

The screen scene of the "School for Scandal" at Drury Lane in 1778.
(From a contemporary print.)

one level to another. Hitherto flights of steps and balconies had been only painted and could not be used by the performers.

A similar development took place also in the landscape scenes; the foreground was raised irregularly, so that the persons of the play might climb up. Practicable bridges were swung across torrents; and the former formality of the pastoral and forest scenes began to disappear. Apparently the scene-painters were influenced at this time by the landscape-painters, more especially by Poussin. The interrelation of painting and scene-painting, each in turn affecting the other, is far closer than most historians of pictorial art have perceived. It is not unlikely, for example, that Gainsborough and Constable (who were the fathers of the Barbizon men) had been stimulated by the stage-pictures of De Lutherbourg. David Garrick profited by the innovating art of De Lutherbourg, who came to England in 1771. Apparently it was De Lutherbourg who invented "raking-pieces," as the scene-painters term the low fragments of scenery which mark the inclines of mounds. To him also is credited the first use of transparent cloths to reproduce the effect of moonlight upon water and to suggest the flames of volcanoes. Thus to him must be ascribed the beginnings of that complicated realism by which our latter-day scene-painters are enabled to create an appropriate atmosphere for poetic episodes.

The next step in advance, and one of the most important in the slow development of the scene-painter's art, took place in France early in the nineteenth century and simultaneous with the Romanticist movement, which modified the aims and ambitions of the artists as much as it did those of the poets. The severe stateliness of the stage-set which was adequate for the Classicist tragedies of Racine and Voltaire, generally an indefinite interior of an indefinite palace, stiff and empty, was hopelessly unsuitable for the fiery dramas of Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas. An even greater opportunity for spectacular regeneration was afforded in these same early decades of the nineteenth century by the bold and moving librettos which Scribe constructed for Meyerbeer and Halévy at the Opéra and

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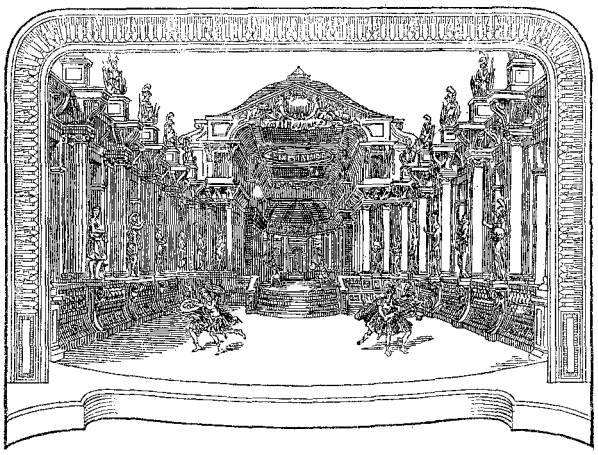
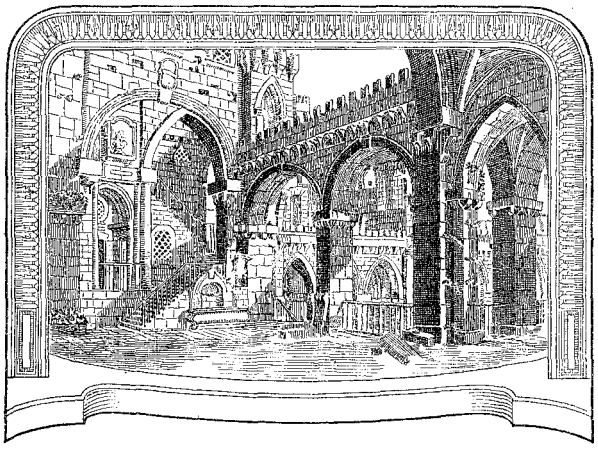
for Auber at the Opéra-Comique. The exciting cause of the scenic complexities that we find in Wagner's music dramas can be discovered in these librettos of Scribe's, from "Robert le Diable" to "L'Africaine." For one act of "Robert le Diable," that in which the spectral nuns dance among the tombs under the rays of the moon, Ciceri invented the most striking and novel setting yet exhibited on any stage—a setting not surpassed in poetic glamour by any since seen in the theatre, although its eerie beauty may have been rivalled by one scene in the "Source," a ballet produced also at the Opéra forty-five years ago—a moonlit tarn in a forest glade, with half-seen sylphs floating lightly over its silvered surface. This exquisitely poetic set was imported from Paris to New York, and inserted in the brilliant spectacle of the "White Fawn."

The ample effect of these scenes was made possible only by the immense improvement in the illumination of the stage due to the introduction of gas. Up to the first quarter of the nineteenth century the stage-decorator had been dependent upon lamps—a few of them arranged at the rim of the curving apron which jutted out into the auditorium far beyond the proscenium, and a few more hidden here and there in the flies and wings. Early in the nineteenth century gas supplanted oil, and a little later than the middle of the century gas was powerfully supplemented by the calcium light. Toward the end of the century gas in its turn gave way to the far more useful electric light, which could be directed anywhere, in any quantity, and which could be controlled and colored at will. It was Henry Irving, more especially in his marvellous mounting of a rather tawdry version of "Faust," who revealed the delicate artistic possibilities of our modern facilities for stage illumination.

In France the Romanticist movement of Hugo was swiftly succeeded by the Realistic movement of Balzac, who was the earliest novelist to relate the leading personages of his studies from life to a characteristic background, and to bring out the intimate association of persons and places. From the novel this evocation of characteristic surroundings was taken over by the drama; and a persistent effort was made to have the successive sets of a play suggestive and significant in themselves, and also representative of the main theme of the piece. The actors



The set for the opera of "Persée" (as performed at the Opéra in Paris in the seventeenth century).



A prison (designed by Bibiena in Italy in the eighteenth century).

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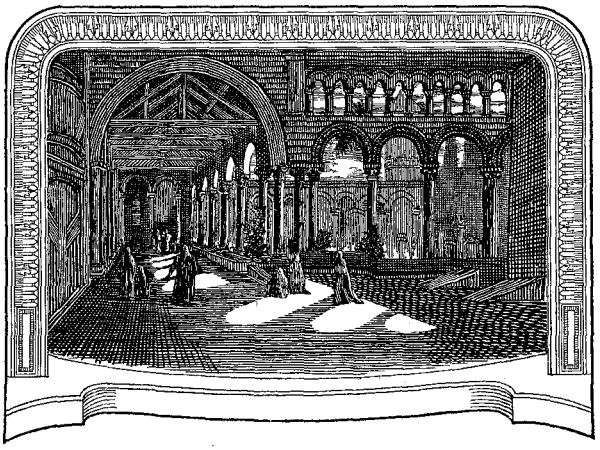
were no longer dependent upon the "float," as the foot-lights had been called; they did not need to advance out on the "apron" to let the spectators follow the changing expression of their faces; and in time the apron was cut back to the line of the proscenium arch, and the curtain rose and fell in a picture-frame, which cut the actors off from their proximity to the audience—a proximity forever tempting the dramatic poet to the purely oratorical effects proper enough on a platform. A most momentous change this was from the platform stage of the past to the picture-frame stage of the present, and the ultimate consequences of this change have not yet completely disclosed themselves.

A landscape set.
(Designed by F. Fontanesi in Italy in the eighteenth century.)

When the modern play calls for an interior this interior now takes on the semblance of an actual room. Apparently the "box-set," as it is called, the closed-in room with its walls and its ceiling, was first seen in England in 1841, when "London Assurance" was produced; but very likely it had earlier made its appearance in Paris at the Gymnase. To supply a room with walls of a seeming solidity, with doors, and with windows appears natural enough to us, but it was a startling innovation fourscore years ago. When the "School for Scandal" had been originally produced at Drury Lane, in 1778, the library of Joseph Surface, where Lady Teazle hides behind the screen, was represented by a drop at the back on which a window was painted and by wings set starkly parallel to this backdrop and painted to represent columns. There were no doors; and Joseph and Charles, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, walked on through the openings between the wings very much as though they were passing through the non-existent walls. To us this would be shocking, but it was perfectly acceptable to English play-goers then. To them, in fact, it seemed natural, since they were familiar with no other way of getting into a room on the stage.

The invention of the box-set, of a room with walls and ceilings, doors and windows, led inevitably to the appropriate furnishing of this room with tangible tables and chairs. Even in the eighteenth century the stage had been very empty; it was adorned only with the furniture especially demanded by the action of the drama; and the rest of the furniture—bookcases and sideboards, chairs and ta-



A set for the opera of "Robert le Diable."
(At the Paris *Opéra.*)

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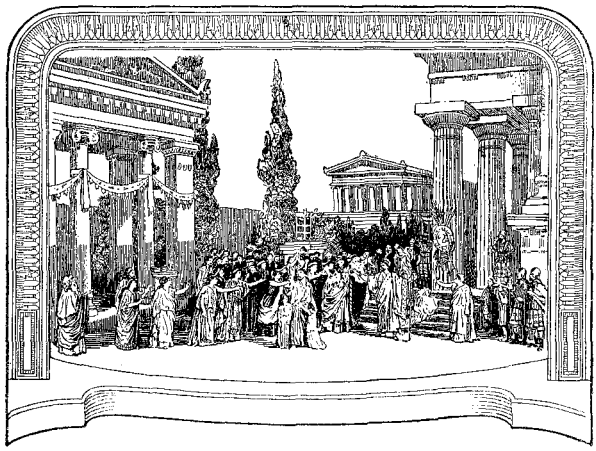
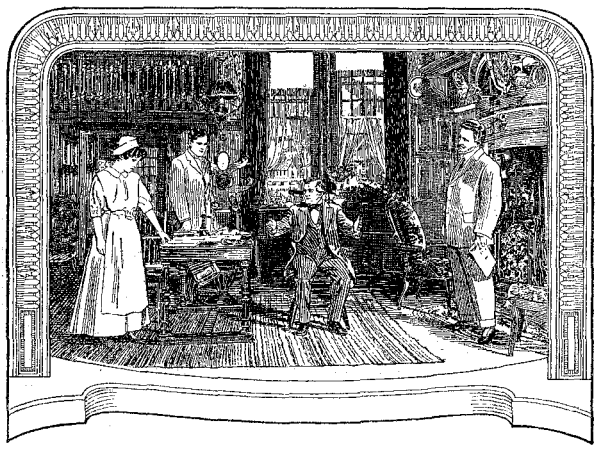
bles—was frankly painted on the wings and on the back-drop by the side of the painted mantel-pieces, the painted windows, and the painted doors. In the plays of the twentieth century characters sit down and change from seat to seat; but in the plays produced in England and in France before the first quarter of the nineteenth century all the actors stood all the time—or at least they were allowed to sit only under the stress of dramatic necessity, as in the fourth act of "Tartuffe," for instance. In all of Molière's comedies there are scarcely half a dozen characters who have occasion to sit down; and this sitting down is limited to three or four of his more than thirty pieces. Nowadays every effort is made to capture the external realities of life. Sardou was not more careful in composing stage settings to his liking than was Ibsen in procuring the scenic environment that he needed. The author's minute description of the scenes where the action of the "Doll's House" and of "Ghosts" passes proves that Ibsen had visualized sharply the precise interior which was, in his mind, the only possible home for the creatures of his imagination. And Mr. Belasco has recently bestowed upon the winning personality of his "Peter Grimm" the exact habitation to which that appealing creature would return in his desire to undo after death what in life he had rashly commanded.



The set of "Œdipe-Roi" (at Comédie-Française).



The set of "The Return of Peter Grimm."
(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

While the scene-painter of our time is most often called upon to realize the actual in an interior and to delight us with a room the dominant quality of which is that it looks as though it was really lived in by the personages we see moving around in it, he is not confined to those domestic scenes. There are other plays than the modern social dramas; and these other plays make other demands upon the artist. On occasion he has to supply a gorgeous scenic accompaniment for the Roman and Egyptian episodes of "Antony and Cleopatra," to suggest the blasted heath where Macbeth may meet the weird sisters, and to call up before our delighted eyes the placid charm of the Forest of Arden. The awkward and inconsistent skyborders, strips of pendent canvas wholly unsatisfactory as substitutes for the vast depths of the starry heavens, he is able to dispense with by lowering a little the hangings at the top edge of the picture-frame and by thus limiting the upward gaze of the spectators

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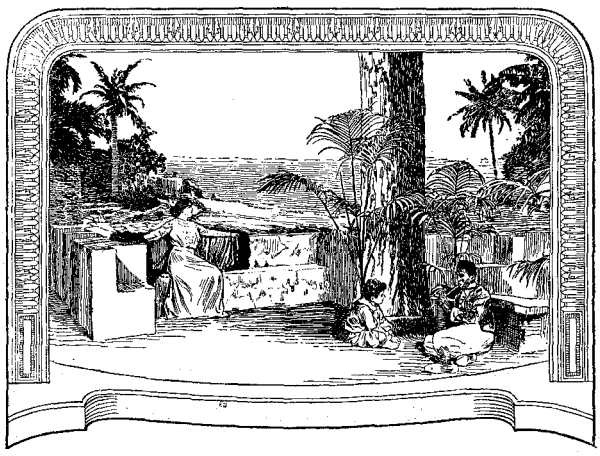
so that he can forego an impossible attempt to imitate the changing sky. He can achieve an effect of limitless space, as in "The Arrow Maker" and "The Garden of Allah," by the use of a cyclorama

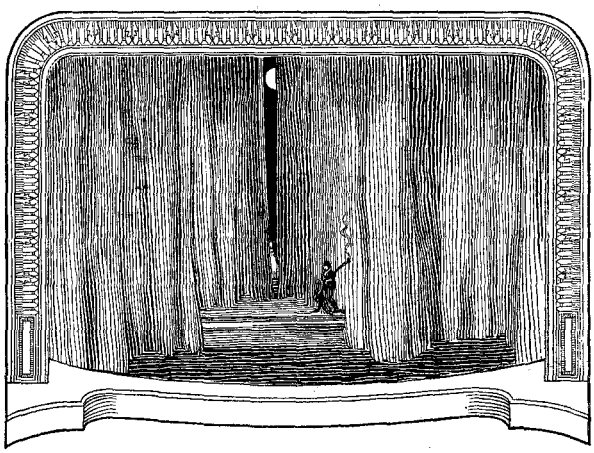


The set of the last act of "The Garden of Allah."
(From the model in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University.)

background, the drop being suspended from a semi-circular rod which runs around the top of the stage, shutting in the view absolutely and yet permitting a representation of sand and sky meeting afar off on the faint horizon.

In the past half-century, and more especially since the improvement of the electric light, scene-painting has become very elaborate and very expensive. Instead of being kept in its proper place as the decoration of the drama, as a beautiful accessory of the action, it has often been pushed to the front, so as to attract attention to itself and thereby to distract attention from the play which it was supposed to illuminate. Shakespeare has been smothered in scenery, and the art of the actor has been subordinated to the art of the scene-painter. Now, it must be admitted that nothing is too good for the masterpieces of the drama, and that Sophocles, no less than Shakespeare, ought to be presented to the public with all the pomp that his lofty themes and his marvellous workmanship may demand. But the tragedies of the mighty dramatic poets ought not to be used merely as pegs on which to hang gorgeous apparel. After all, the play's the thing; and whenever the scene-painter and his invading partner, the stage-manager, are tempted to oust the drama from its pre-eminence and to substitute an exhibition of their accessory arts, the result is a betrayal of the playwright.

A distinguished British art critic told me that when the curtain rose at a recent revival of "Twelfth Night" and disclosed Olivia's garden, he sat entranced at the beauty of the spectacle before his eyes, with its subtle harmonies of color, so entranced indeed that he found himself distinctly annoyed when the actors came on the stage and began to talk. For the moment, at least, he wished them away, as disturbers of his æsthetic delight in the lovely picture which his eyes were feasting on. But even a stage setting as captivating as this might very well be justified if it had been employed to fill a gap in the action and to buttress up the interest of an episode where the dramatist had allowed the appeal of his story to re-



A set for "Hamlet," Act I: Scene IV.
(Designed by Mr. Gordon Craig.)

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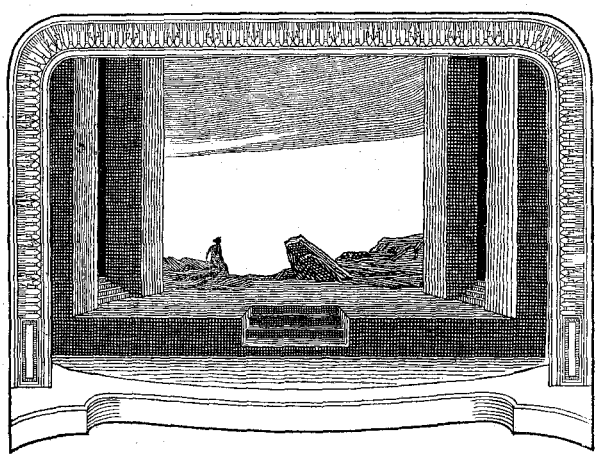
lax. Perrin, the manager of the Comédie Française thirty years ago, declined to produce a French version of "Othello," because he found a certain dramatic emptiness in the scenes at Cyprus at the opening of the second act, which he felt he would have to mask by the beauty of spectacular architecture, too costly an expedient, in his opinion, for the finances of the theatre just then.

It was Perrin, however, who produced the French version of the "Œdipus the King" of Sophocles, and who bestowed upon it a single set of wonderful charm and power, at once dignified, appropriate, and beautiful in itself. It represented an open space between a temple and the palace of the ill-fated Œdipus, with an altar in the centre and with the profile of another temple projected against the distant sky and relieved by the tall, spare outline of the poplar-trees. The monotony of a rectangular architectural construction was avoided by placing all the buildings on a slant, the whole elevation of the temple being visible on the left of the spectators, whereas only a corner of the colonnade of the palace on the right was displayed. This set at the Théâtre Français was the absolute antithesis of the original scenic surroundings in the theatre of Dionysus more than two thousand years ago, when the masterpiece of Sophocles had been performed in the open-air orchestra, with only a hut of skins or a temporary wooden building to serve as a background for the bas-reliefs of the action.

So elaborate, complicated, and costly have stage sets become in the past half-century, that there are already signs of the violent reaction that might be expected. Mr. Gordon Craig, an artist of remarkable individuality, has gone so far as to propose what is almost an abolition of scene-painting. He seeks to attain effects of massive simplicity by the use of unadorned hangings and of huge bare screens, thus substituting vast spaces for the realistic details of the modern scene-painter. No doubt there are a few plays for which this method of decoration would be appropriate enough—M. Maeterlinck's "Intruder" for one, and his "Sightless" for another, plays which are independent of time and space and in which the action appears to pass in some undiscovered limbo. As yet the advanced and iconoclastic theories of Mr. Craig have made few adherents, the most notable being the German, Reinhardt, who lacks Mr. Craig's fine feeling for form and color and who is continually tempted into rather ugly eccentricities of design, being apparently moved rather by the desire to be different from his predecessors than by the wish to be superior to them.



A set for "Medea."
(Designed by Herr Gustav Lindemann.)

Interesting as are Mr. Craig's suggestions, and well founded as may be his protest against the excessive ornamentation to which we are too prone nowadays, there is no reason to fear that his principles will prevail. The art of the scene-painter is too welcome, it is too plainly in accord with the predilections of the twentieth century, for it to be annihilated by the fiat of a daring and reckless innovator. That the producers should hearken to Mr. Craig's warnings and curb their tendency to needless extravagance will be wise; but we may rest assured that a return to the unadorned simplicity of the Attic theatre, or of the English theatre in the time of the Tudors, is frankly unthinkable now that the art of scene-painting has been developed to its present possi-

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bilities. In fact, the probability is rather that the scene-painters will continue to enlarge the boundaries of their territory, and to discover new means and new methods of delighting our eyes by their evocations of interesting places.

Perhaps they would be more encouraged to go on and conquer new worlds if there was a wider recognition of the artistic value of their work. Although De Lutherbourg and Stanfield won honorable positions in the history of painting by their easel pictures, the art of scene-painting does not hold the place in the public esteem that many of its practitioners deserve. Théophile Gautier—often negligible as a critic of the acted drama, but always worth listening to when he turned to pictorial art—was frequent in praise of the scene-painters of his time and of scene-painting itself as a craft of exceeding difficulty and of inadequate appreciation. Perhaps one reason why the scene-painter has not received his due meed of praise is because his work is not preserved. It exists only during the run of the play which it decorates. When the piece disappears from the boards, the scenes which adorned it vanish from sight. They linger only in the memory of those who happened to see this one play—and then only in the memory of such spectators as have trained themselves to pay attention to stage pictures. For the scene-painter there is no Luxembourg; still less is there any Louvre. As Gautier sympathetically declared: "It is sad to think that nothing survives of those masterpieces destined to live a few evenings only, and disappearing from the washed canvas to give place to other marvels, equally fugitive. How much invention, talent, and genius may be lost—and not always leaving even a name!"

It is pleasant to know that at the Opéra in Paris a formal order of the government has for now a half-century prescribed the preservation of the original models—the little miniature sets which the scene-painter submits for the approval of the manager and the dramatist before he begins work upon the actual scene. These models are always upon the same scale—in France this is three centimetres to the metre and in America it is a half-inch to the foot. In the Paris Opéra a dozen of these models are set up to be viewed by visitors to the library. Of course, no tiny model, however cleverly fashioned, can give the full effect of the scene which has been conceived in terms of a huge stage; and yet the miniature reproductions do not betray the scene-painter as much as an engraving or a photograph often betrays the painter. Whatever its limitations, and they are obvious enough, the collection of models at the Opéra is at least an attempt to retard the oblivion that Théophile Gautier deplored, and to provide for the scene-painter a substitute, however inadequate, for the Louvre and the Luxembourg.

In the dramatic museum recently established at Columbia University and intended primarily to contain models of theatres of historic importance in the development of the drama, space has now been provided for a few models of scenery, including the realistic and characteristic interior which served for the three acts of "Peter Grimm," and also the final scene of "The Garden of Allah," with its vista of the vast Sahara stretching away in every direction.

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EDUCATING THE BINNEYS

By Olivia Howard Dunbar

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

LIKE a stage army, the Binney children were in constant circulation, yet, because of the exiguity of shipboard, never all visible at any one time. So it may be that the effect of multitude that they produced during our voyage was at least partly illusory. I did refer the question to their mother, but the most curious of Leota's various puzzling aspects, at the time of our encounter, was her reticence in regard to her orderly and homogeneous brood, who were bafflingly of the same shape, size, and color, and as difficult to count as the flock of sheep that you evoke lying in bed with your eyes closed. "We're taking them home to be educated," was the solitary formula to which their mother clung. From this point she drifted always into evasiveness. And I found that I grew drowsy as often as I made an independent effort to reduce the infant Binneys to statistics.

Perhaps the thing would not have obsessed me so if the robust curiosity of the Westovers, with whom I was travelling, hadn't centred on this very point. But I remained absurdly unable to answer them, and, in the light of my consequent chagrin, it even struck me that Leota herself had sometimes a faintly shamed attitude toward her children that was manifestly inexplicable in view of their creditable appearance and the entirely orthodox circumstances of their birth. They were much nicer than their too professionally clerical father—and yet she strove to obscure the Reverend Wilbur Binney by no mitigating veil. One got the singular impression that she was vaguely trying to conceal her progeny, as if they were large feet or contraband finery. I remember even suspecting that she considered them out of fashion—the kind of possession one frugally conserved but did not flaunt.

It hadn't, of course, been in the least surprising to discover Leota Binney on the steamer at Naples. For there was scarcely a spot in the Orient where a Circleville face, pale, exotic, conscious of its irreproachable purpose, hadn't met my expectant look. They had always taught us at home that the East—or India and Egypt, at all events—was in a sense our own especial territory, fenced off, practically, from the rest of the world, and patiently awaiting our beneficent approach. The Himalayas used, indeed, to seem nearer than the Adirondacks, and Cairo rather less distant and foreign than New York. All this, of course, was because of the lively spiritual commerce that we conducted with the antipodes. A one-sided commerce in my early days—our woman's club hadn't then begun to study the Vedas. But one that from the beginning had a strongly personal side. There are few of our families that haven't a close connection with heathen strongholds, for the consequence of maintaining a theological seminary in Circleville is that we've been, for a generation or two, the main supply centre for missionaries' wives. Leota, therefore, was one of many—so many that I had really forgotten what had become of her. And I should not have supposed she would remember even the look of me.

But at the very first glimpse she had hastily tossed two very young children on her husband's spare, sable lap, and seized me in a disconcertingly warm embrace. The poor creature had been too long an exile, one could see that; she was homesick to the point of hysteria. It was a case where that sallow apostle, her husband, could not minister to her. Her psychic surfaces seemed to have become insensible to domestic contact. But I, habitual wanderer though I was, embodied home to her. I was America, I was the Middle West, I was Circleville itself. I carried with me something of Circleville's pungent provincial atmosphere, I spoke its loved familiar speech. We became in-

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timate in an hour. There was no resisting the famine in Leota's eyes.

It was a bit of a bore at first, although I was ashamed to feel it so. Leota's savagely insistent curiosity demanded, after all, such insipid food. I could have summoned romance or tragedy, had she asked for them, and even perhaps recalled a whiff or two of scandal. But to describe the furnishings of Opal Jennison's new house, or pretend I remembered the frocks worn at Arvilla Sweet's wedding, were services that I fear I performed rather sleepily. Leota's interests, so far as she confessed them, were as banal and simple as the youngest schoolgirl's. And yet—and yet—it wasn't wholly from a sisterly sympathy that I maintained our intimacy. For, with all her ingenuousness, she had her reserves; and these intrigued me. There was a queer knowledge in Leota's eyes—a knowledge that her suddenly dropped lids were always masking. There were subjects you couldn't bring her to the brink of—she would dodge with the most determined affectation of innocence. Even the poor woman's homesickness came to seem to me a mysteriously exaggerated emotion. But I don't know why I should have taken it for granted that the simple creature's secrets would in time become my secrets too.

It was an evidence, I thought, of Leota's unnatural and almost trance-like condition that she made such scant response to the occasional civil advances of the Westovers. This at first surprised me the more because Clara Westover, a round, smooth, worldly woman, who frankly couldn't abide missionaries but adored children, had paid flattering court to as many of the Binney brood as she could identify and waylay. And you would suppose that to have practised motherhood on the scale that Leota had, one must have the enthusiasm of a specialist. But it occurred to me that any stray maiden aunt would have shown more pride than she in the quite charming blond pattern to which each one of the innumerable little Binneys conformed.

My own preoccupations being those of the tourist, I had hoped to learn something from Leota about India itself. But it was as though she had during her exile lain under a spell. She seemed to have perceived strangely little, and that little she was too indifferent to recall. Such information as I received, therefore, came through the Reverend Mr. Binney, who, in addition to his morning sermon, gave a Sunday afternoon address on "Prayer and Praise in the Punjab." He styled himself "the King's messenger," and adhered closely to the stock metaphors of the evangelical pulpit. Somehow I could not picture myself yielding to his exhortation, were I a heathen soul.

We were in mid-Atlantic when Leota led me one afternoon to an unfrequented corner of an upper deck, where we could but faintly hear the boots and the voices of the Binney children as they defiled below us—and besought me once again to help her picture the scenes and figures of Circleville. But I had already told her all I knew, and when a steward scudded obliquely past us with tea I eagerly hailed him by way of interruption. Shortly after, refreshed by the interval, I braced myself for the counter-attack.

"Leota," I demanded, "you haven't told me why you didn't care more for India. Was it so different from what you had thought?"

Leota drew a bottle from a bag that hung at her waist and applied it to the suddenly contented lips of the youngest Binney, who, as usual, occupied her unmaternal lap. Then she turned to me with a surprisingly candid look.

"I wish it *had* been different. . . . But didn't I know beforehand just what India was? Hadn't I been listening to returned missionaries all my life? You ought to remember—you heard them too. They all dwelt on the same things—and they were just the things I always knew I couldn't bear. Oh, you know what I mean—the dirt—and disease—and the low ways of living. Don't you remember the Saturday afternoons when they dragged us away from 'playing house,' and dressed us in our best frocks with pink ribbons, and sent us to the girls' missionary meetings? And do you know the old ladies in tight, black silk dresses who used to talk to us? They tried to throw in a little diversion by talking sometimes of elephants and monkeys, but they never amused *me*. From the time I was a baby I've known what India really is."

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"Then how could you go out there? But of course"—I offered the platitude falteringly—"one is always told that a woman doesn't care what part of the world she is in when she is with her husband—and her children . . . and you had *them*, or the hope of them."

and hiatuses and her continual allusions, both too familiar and too distant. Moreover, it will be plainer if I piece it out with certain recollections of my own. . . .

Leota was nineteen when, without consulting her elders, she became engaged to Wilbur Binney. The matter once settled,

". . . But didn't I know beforehand just what India was?"—Page 96.

"But I didn't," declared Leota frankly; "I had never thought of such a thing—as children, I mean."

"Oh!" I said. . . . "But, *Leota!*"

Leota glanced a little fearfully at the baby in her arms; it was engaged in the serene sleep of repletion.

"I may as well tell you how it was," she said. Poor woman, she would have had to tell somebody. I knew then that I had half-expected it from the beginning—the confession that now overflowed from her surcharged consciousness.

I won't attempt to tell the story in Leota's own words, with her repetitions

she found that she had to summon what was almost bravado to announce the news, not to her own large, cheerful, disorderly, and poverty-pressed family, who would readily welcome it, but to that severer social tribunal, the Girls' Thimble Club. She shared devoutly the ideals of these very young creatures, which were rigidly unromantic. Their hearts inclined less to a lover than to the management of a house—a shining, dustless, noiseless temple of propriety which should be regulated according to the precepts of the leading woman's journal of the period. With a profound and innocent passion, they longed for a guest-room that should con-

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tain a lace bedspread; and they knew no dearer wish than to invite each other to luncheon served from pink-flowered china. As one of the conditions of such an establishment, they sagaciously accepted husbands—but children they proscribed. Hadn't their own homes been filled with them, and didn't they *know?* Didn't they know, that is, how it was with the mussy paraphernalia of infancy, which you never could succeed in getting out of the way quickly enough before some one whose formality you respected came to call—worsted blankets, a little soiled; go-carts that you stumbled over; and moist, well-chewed rubber cows and sheep—babies always chewed things so. Hadn't their own mothers almost daily lamented the effect of half a dozen children on furnishings in general; and hadn't the finer and more perishable features of household decoration been eliminated altogether on that account?

So that if you were going to strive for elegance and refinement in your home, as the woman's journal advised, you must keep children out of it. And if any of the Thimble members accepted this view with secret reservations, Leota wasn't one of them. In engaging herself to the youthful Mr. Binney, she had not swerved from her ideal; but she was sorely afraid that her associates would not give her credit for her allegiance. It was the unshaken local belief, based, it is true, on ample evidence, that ministers' families were always large.

Her future decided, and Wilbur Binney accepted as a daily visitor, Leota began to embroider towels that she frankly considered too fine for use, and tried to believe that a minister's house, with the interruptions one couldn't, of course, avoid having, could ever be administered as smoothly as a secular one—and that a minister's salary could ever, *ever* yield a piano. The seminary graduation was to take place in May, and Leota was to be married in June. In April it chanced that a missionary of a certain renown, hoary with long apostolic service, came to lecture at the seminary, and through his agency young Binney received, as he said, the call to the Foreign Field. There were vacancies in the service; Binney's application was passed upon almost before Leota had regarded the matter as a serious possibility. Then, suddenly, she was obliged to face her fate.

She met it stolidly. As she herself told me, there wasn't a question that she needed to ask. She may have been quite ignorant of most things that educated people know, but as to the Foreign Field she had been, for as long as she could remember, copiously informed. And she was well aware that her qualities were not such as fitted her for labor in it. Her first impulse, she confessed, was to throw Wilbur Binney over. The second was to make him feel that she was sacrificing everything for his sake. She stopped embroidering towels—who would ever see the delicate stitches, *now?*—and began to think of herself as a martyr.

A year later they were in the Punjab—accustomed to a hot climate, to alien speech, to offensively foreign customs, to slow, oh, dismally slow, progress in their work of conversion—but totally unreconciled, or at least Leota was, to the absence of cleanliness and order, of trim green lawns, and of china cabinets, with all the delightful implications that that article of furniture conveys.

Furthermore, it seemed to Leota that she was, in a new, unexpected, and desperately unwelcome sense, the object of a universal conspiracy. Women who had preceded her in the field by a score or two of years, and who displayed a mysterious content with its intangible harvests, significantly assured the newcomer that she would be happier in India—later on. Over and over again keen-eyed matrons who missed the note of exultation in Leota's demeanor, and foresaw that she was of the tribe that become discontented and handicap their husbands, patted her comfortably on the shoulder and intimated that the babies would settle everything—that she would feel at home when *they* came.

Being reduced to violent weeping one day by an encounter of this sort, Leota was called upon to account for her emotion to her husband, and for the first time confessed the persecution of which she regarded herself the victim.

"It's as if they were threatening us with a thing they know we can't escape," wailed the girl. "And it has nothing to do with *them.* Why do they take the

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liberty of insisting on it so? Why, suppose we did have a baby. What could we do with it?" Leota dried her eyes and took a brief, practical survey of their small quarters. "And how could we ever support it, with the pittance we have?"

"Leota," he said, "I think your concern is unnecessary."

Young Wilbur Binney, precocious in his acquisition of the clerical manner, cleared his throat. "Leota," he said, "I think your concern is unnecessary. Don't you know that 'the just man walketh in his integrity: his children are blessed after him'? Moreover, the Board"—with the inimitable round and resonant inflection that this word receives at clerical lips—"the Board has made ample provision for that contingency—for all such contingencies. You recall, too, that 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never——'"

"Did you say, the *Board?*" interrupted Leota, bewildered.

"The Board stipulates a yearly allowance of one hundred dollars for each child born to a missionary during the first ten years of the child's life."

So that, after all, Leota hadn't known everything about the Foreign Field. "You said, for *each child?*" she repeated.

"I will show you the printed ordinances of the General Assembly," reassured her husband, reaching toward his writing-table.

There can never have been a single soul, whether in Circleville or the Punjab, who

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suspected foolish young Leota's continued theoretical faithfulness to the doll-house ideals of the Girls' Thimble Club. The actual trend of life of even so simple a person as she may be completely masked by circumstance. For the outward events of her existence were, it is true, precisely what Circleville would have expected of her. As her mother had done, she had married very young; as scores of Circleville girls had done, she had gone to the Foreign Field; and, with a most unremarkable conformity to custom, the first baby appeared when they had been in India a year. To the superficial historian there would seem to be nothing salient or significant in such a history. Even Leota's altered attitude toward the detested life, and the energy with which she now sought out the forlorn women in the little mud houses and persuaded them to come to clubs and classes of her own devising—even this surprised no one. Hadn't everybody known it would be so?

The secret truth was, of course, that Leota was acting under the stimulus of an idea. Even after so many years she glowed with reminiscent pride as she told me. At the moment when it had come to her what glorified use might be made of the extra hundred dollars, with the—for her imagination had leaped boldly into the future—with the two or three or four hundred dollars to be vouchsafed annually by the Board, she had known the keen intellectual joy of creation. For, of course, the idea had been entirely her own. Never for an instant had Wilbur Binney had a share in it, and even now, at this late day, he hadn't a suspicion of its magnitude or its success. That was to be his surprise. And need I wonder that now, after so many years of delay and suspense, when she was at last on her way home again—need I wonder that she was conscious of nothing in the world but the desire to be in Circleville, and to prove to herself and Circleville the validity of her idea?

She had had the instinctive wisdom not to appeal to Wilbur when the first extra hundred dollars had been sent them. Without ever having heard the phrase, she chose to assume that it was a mother's pension, and that the disposition of it belonged to her. Affecting, therefore, to consider the matter for the first time, she had said, on the morning that the American mail arrived:

"How absurdly little it costs in this country to care for a baby! She'll need this money so much more, later on, when she has to be educated, than she does now. We'll send it home, I think."

The educational argument had seemed brilliantly cogent to Leota herself, and her husband, taken by surprise, appeared to think it could not reasonably be opposed. After a few moments' troubled hesitation, he said:

"I think baby's life will be more richly blessed if she donates a tithe of her—her stipend to the mission work."

This concession Leota hurriedly made. The next day she sent the remainder of the money to a prosperous cousin in New York, asking that he invest it. If possible, she suggested, she would like something more remunerative than the conventional investment. Weren't there opportunities of buying shares, or whatever they were called, at a low price, and selling them at a considerable advance? Her solicitude, Leota explained, arose from the fact that the money represented baby's education fund and that, if baby kept on growing as fast as she had already, her school bills would soon be due. Leota was partly sincere in referring to the money as an education fund. But, remembering how little her own education had cost, she couldn't help foreseeing that there ought to be a great deal left over.

Leota was always a literal person, and her recollections, once she had started the train, entirely exhaustive. She filled in, I believe, every detail of the accumulation of that as yet untouched fortune, as her obliging and alert relative had reported upon it; and her complacent allusions led one to picture it no less concretely than in piles of yellow disks, securely confined within triple steel. Its precise measure, of course, I never knew, even as I never knew just how many candidates there were for the education it was incidentally to supply. Doubtless I should have learned more if I could, after a certain point, have been more attentive; but who could have listened to Leota's meticulous narrative after she had disclosed her one astounding fact? For the time, indeed,

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I parted with the Binneys on the pier.—Page 103.

I quite forgot Leota herself, so promptly had my mind swerved to the more than ever fascinating consideration of the wise, reticent, elusive, engaging little blond Binneys. Picturing their charming neglected multiplicity, an indignant sympathy burned in me. I suddenly saw the situation in a lurid and infamous light. How could the little creatures seem other than shadowy and cinematographic when they had never been offered a solid human place in the world—when they confessedly represented mere stages in a sordid industry, milestones in a secret enterprise? Smoothly self-possessed little confraternity, I almost believed they intuitively *knew*.

It was after my emotion had subsided

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a little that Leota's colorless voice recaptured my ear. . . . The thing had demanded resolution on her own part, she proclaimed. Wilbur Binney, who wasn't at all "practical" where his family was concerned, hadn't always been satisfied with having the mere Scriptural tithe of his children's emoluments turned over to him. His occupation and his pride were the building of a mission church. And the well-to-do church people at home were not lavish in their contributions, and the natives themselves were, of course, almost paupers, and so the education fund, or the punctual yearly accessions to it, seemed to him so more than opportune, so almost divinely contrived. For, as the round, blond babies multiplied, their father seemed to incline to the view that they themselves constituted substance.

"They are as arrows in the hand of the mighty man," he reminded Leota. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full." And he attempted to persuade her that godly families, being under special protection, are exempt from the duty of thrift.

But Leota remained indomitable. Except in the year when there was a famine, and when almost every penny that the Board sent out to them went to buy rice for the starving—she did not concede a jot. Their life in India would come to an end sooner or later, she had dared to suggest to her husband. And if education hadn't to be considered in the Punjab it had in Circleville.

To defend her purpose, Leota was obliged to repeat the word so often that the education of her little clan came to seem to her a matter far more significant than the education of the world in general. The Reverend Wilbur, even though he could not wholly share it, respected a purpose so high and so unassailable. And her acquaintance unanimously praised and stood in awe of her maternal ambition.

Such as Leota's purposes were, circumstance from the first strongly favored them. And she couldn't have considered it altogether a calamity when the climate, from which Wilbur had always suffered more than the others, made such definite inroads upon his health that a furlough —as Leota was willing to allow it to be called—became imperative. The furlough was to be of indefinite length; and during this happy interval the education of the children, or such at least was the announcement made to strangers, could at last be begun. To me Leota offered an ampler version of her programme. Although her husband was not seriously ill, she prophesied, with no tinge of regret in her tone, that it would take him several years to regain his health. The best thing for them to do, therefore, would be to devote a part of the fund—since, after all, the children's first schooling needn't cost so much—to building a house in Circleville, and there establishing themselves according to the secret dreams that Leota had for so long cherished. . . .

So couldn't I understand, she challenged me, how it was that now that India lay behind her, and the rainbow shone ahead, each moment's delay was torture? Such impatience as hers was a veritable malady. She believed it might really have consumed her during this last stage of the journey, if she hadn't providentially encountered me, and if I hadn't seemed to grasp the dire character of her thwarted longings and the brightness of her anticipated joys. And the vision was nothing if not definite. Leota knew precisely what her house would cost, and had the plans in her bag at that moment. It was to contain a piano (Leota was not a musician)—and a linen closet of prodigious size—and a shining multitude of bright, beautiful "conveniences," whose names I had never heard before. And then, the machinery once in place, there would be the long-awaited ecstasy of setting it in motion. "I want to give some luncheons," she declared wistfully. "Does Opal Jennison give very successful ones? And I want to show them that I can keep house, even after living in India, and even—even though I have so many young children." She spoke of her pretty tribe as though they were troublesome pets, whose maintenance could only be regarded as an eccentricity. "I suppose Myrtle Sabin has no babies? I forgot to ask about her."

"She has six," I announced with satisfaction. "And she couldn't live for a minute without them. Or she has always said so."

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The Circleville mothers were vigilantly alive to all of them.—Page 104.

Leota seemed vaguely surprised and shocked, as at each report I had made of the cheerful fruitfulness prevailing in the homes of Circleville. But she made no comment.

The hysterical fulness of my friend's confidence to me must have been followed by a quite natural reaction, for I was to hear no more of the Binneys' financial future during the voyage—a voyage so happily conditioned that we all—except Leota—bewailed its end. But while the rest of us surrendered ourselves to its distractions, I recall her, during those last few days, as sitting for the most part alone, her hands perfunctorily occupied with the baby in her lap, her eyes strained beyond the neglected ocean toward Circleville. Her husband was usually rather ostentatiously busy in the writing-room, or engaged in giving dry little dissertations to more or less uninterested passengers, who felt that they were merely making a just use of their opportunities in inviting information as to the missionary life. They had all promptly learned that nothing of the sort was to be had from Mrs. Binney, who was at no pains whatever to sustain the rôle of missionary coadjutrix, and had frankly left the unwelcome subject behind her on the Indian peninsula. Meanwhile the active little brother and sister Binneys, mysteriously efficient in taking care of themselves and of each other, were always forming absorbed little conversational groups that dispersed, like coveys of wild things, directly the too curious adult approached.

Inasmuch as the Westovers were hospitably delaying me in New York, I parted with the Binneys on the pier, where more than ever they swarmed innumerably—and for several weeks forgot all about them.

But, arriving in Circleville a month later, my first concern was for this still uneducated family and its secret fund. They were at the point, I now realized for the first time, where missionary traditions

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would rather awkwardly confront them. Corrupt politicians might accumulate fortunes that they couldn't account for; missionaries distinctly didn't. How would Leota summon the effrontery to spend hers before a Circleville audience, even conceding the acquiescence of her astonished husband? I wondered if she had convinced him by this time that a new house and a piano were indispensable educational instruments. After all, education is an elastic term.

But my prompt and eager inquiries drew out, not a breath of disapproval, only a chorus of praise of the Binneys, large and small. To my bewilderment, they were spoken of quite as though they were a normal family. Especial eulogies of Leota herself, not only as a missionary, but as a mother, met me everywhere. Circumstances, however, delayed our meeting, and meanwhile I one day encountered on the street the Reverend Wilbur Binney who read me, from an open letter in his hand, the distressing news that his mission church had burned to the ground. I saw that he was genuinely smitten by the disaster; he had never been so free of clerical cant. And, though it was plain that his health had not yet improved, he spoke of returning to India as soon as possible to begin the work over again.

It must have been a week after this that I at length accomplished my afternoon visit to Leota. A wholly altered, an almost contradictory personality received me. She was engaged in spirited talk with a group of girlhood friends, who, like herself, had long ago become matrons and mothers; and she was enveloped by an aura of almost tangible complacency. The poverty of my own experience prevented my making any worthy contribution to the talk, but it went on almost without reference to me. And the strange, the inexplicable, thing was that in this innocently competitive struggle in which they were engaged, Leota should so easily outdistance her guests. The air was resonant with infant exploits, the mothers of Circleville were shrill in emulation; yet it appeared that in health, good nature, intelligence, precocity—and above all, naturally, in sheer numbers—the Binney children brilliantly took the lead. Anecdotes, measurements, infant data of every description dropped from Leota's lips as glibly as though she had devoted all her waking moments to collecting them—as, after all, it may be that she secretly, shamefacedly, had. She glowed superbly with maternal pride. Furthermore, she had the supreme advantage over the others of immediate demonstration, for in addition to the yardful of cavorting Binneys outside, the Binney baby, really a most persuading object, sat blond and beaming in her lap. Leota had, indeed, every cause for satisfaction; for I had gradually perceived that in this group of redundantly maternal visitors she was facing again the tribunal of her youth—a tribunal, it may be, no less rigid than ever, but with standards radically changed. In these days one had to produce something beyond table appointments to meet its approval. There are so many possible lines of emulation in the matter of baby-culture; the Circleville mothers were vigilantly alive to all of them. The prim circle that had once formed the Girls' Thimble Club had, of course, undergone an entirely normal development; but it was one that the yearning Indian exile had not had the imagination to foresee. At all events, it had now become happily plain to her. Babies were the fashion in Circleville. And it was a fashion to which, at last, she could showily, triumphantly, conform.

When I left the gathering in which I had played so inconspicuous a part, Leota followed me to the door. I could not miss the opportunity to ask her if the education of the Binneys had been arranged.

"Oh, we shall send them to school, I suppose; that is, the older ones," Leota answered, with cheerful indifference. And, as I looked my amazement—"There isn't any fund any longer," she added, with a shade of embarrassment. "The children have sent it out to India, as their joint gift, to rebuild the church. I did have other plans, as I think I told you. But their father said it wouldn't do. . . . And we don't mind, we're all so happy in getting back to Circleville. . . . And, as Wilbur says, the great blessing is that we have our quiver full."

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Drawn by Henry J. Peck.

The Dragon-fly.

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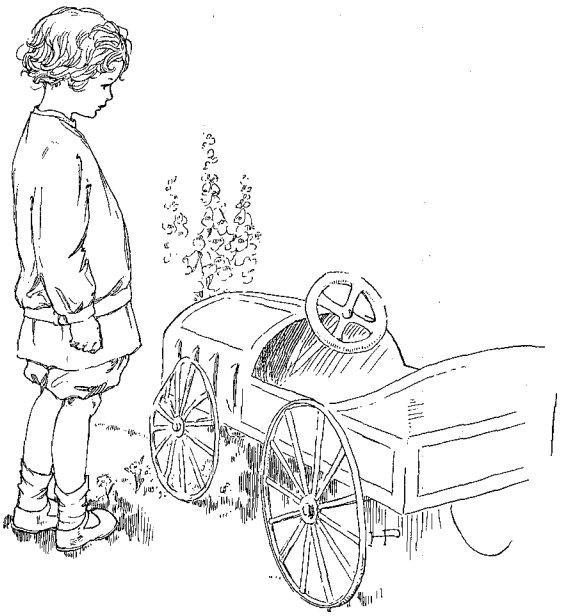

THE SPEED KING

By William Wright

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN C. PARK

WHEN Peter Piper was angry, his gray eyes clouded and sometimes tears clustered under his heavy black lashes. He was very angry now. His automobile had hit a tree and he had just discovered that the front axle was bent.

"The old thing!" he muttered; "the old thing!"

At each exclamation he kicked the machine viciously and his toes tingled. He climbed into the seat, hoping the damage was not as serious as it looked, but the wheel scraped against the body so that the car barely crept along. His rage was too deep for words, and he sat back in silence; a fearful scowl on his forehead, a pout on his lips.

So he was when Lady Linda found him.

"Peter! Peter!" she cried in alarm. "Look! What have you done?"

Unconcernedly he gazed at the palm of his hand and examined the scratches and the grime which had been ground into it when he sprawled across the sidewalk.

"Come with me, quick," she commanded.

So Peter ruefully dismounted. He repressed a desire to kick the car again, because he was ashamed to show his anger before Lady Linda. He trudged along at her side until they went up the steps of the big house on the hill and entered the dark, cool hall.

The sting of the antiseptic he bore unflinchingly as the nurse bathed his hand.

"There," she said, "that will fix it. Now you must be careful not to get any dirt in it."

Peter looked at the bandage. He was quite proud of it.

"Will Jack the Giant-killer be sorry?" he asked.

"Of course he will," replied the nurse. "We all are sorry to see Peter Piper hurt."

She lifted him to her lap and kissed his forehead, which was moist with perspiration.

"Hasn't he been away a long time?" remarked Peter.

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"Yes, a very, very long time. But he will soon be back," she said.

The boy raised his eyes to hers.

"Will you be glad, too?" he inquired.

Lady Linda made no reply, but she hugged him tighter.

"The old ogre," he muttered. "Didn't the old ogre send him away?"

"Peter," answered the nurse sharply, "you mustn't call him that. Mr. Norden is an old man and he is sick."

"Well, he is an ogre," insisted Peter, "and I'm afraid of him. He did send Jack the Giant-killer away."

"Yes, he did. Because Jack was a naughty boy and wouldn't do as he was told, just as you are sometimes."

"How was Jack a naughty boy?"

"Never mind. Now I'll tell you a story."

"An Indian story," said Peter, and he settled back in her arms to listen while she rocked gently in the chair.

When she had finished he was silent a long time, but Lady Linda had little suspicion of his thought. She had not answered his question, and when he asked again, "How was Jack a naughty boy?" a faint shadow passed across her face.

"His uncle wanted him to do something and he disobeyed. So Mr. Norden sent him 'way, 'way off to Europe."

"When is he coming back?"

"Next week, I think," she replied, putting the boy down.

"I'll be awful glad to see him," he said; "won't you?"

He repressed a desire to kick the car again, because he was ashamed to show his anger before Lady Linda.
—Page 106.

"Of course I will," answered Lady Linda.

"Well, I must take my automobile home. Good-by."

He stopped at the door and turned toward her again.

"Jack the Giant-killer doesn't like Miss Parker," he said. "He likes you."

"Peter! Peter!" cried the nurse. "You mustn't say such things. Who told you anything like that?"

"My mother told Mrs. Williams," he replied.

Peter stalked out of the house and down the short hill to where his automobile stood on the lawn. He gazed disconsolately at the wreck. It would need repairs before he could spin around the corners, leaning far out of his seat in the manner that earned him the sobriquet of "The Speed King" among those who lived along the street. He tugged the cart behind him, meeting the smiles of the neighbors with covert glances.

When his mother saw the bandage she jumped and hastily unwound it. Finding only a few scratches, she decided not to replace it, but Peter was other-minded.

"Lady Linda said I mustn't get any dirt in it, so put it back," he commanded.

"Peter," she reproved, "you've been playing on Mr. Norden's sidewalk again. You know I've forbidden you to do it. He doesn't like it."

"I didn't make any noise," he said. "It's the only hill anywhere. And Jack the Giant-killer is coming home next week."

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"Did Lady Linda tell you?" asked his mother.

When he assented, she looked knowingly at a friend who had brought her embroidery over for the afternoon, and said something about "setting her cap."

Once Peter's mother was young, too, but the haze which gathered with the years obscured romance and she saw only the designing woman.

"Jack the Giant-killer does not like Miss Parker, does he?" asked Peter.

Intuitively his mother caught the drift of his words.

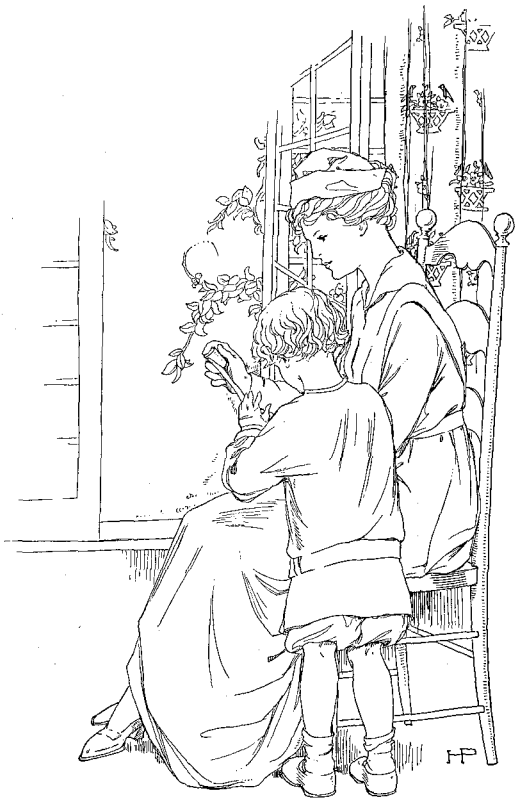
"Did you tell Lady Linda that?" she inquired.

There was a stern expression about her face that the boy did not trust.

"No," he lied in a feeble voice, and ran off.

If Peter had remained he might have learned more of the gossip that centred around the mansion on the hill where the aged and invalid Mr. Norden was trying to guide the destinies of a nephew whom he had brought up as a son. Only the old bachelor and the father of the woman he had picked for a daughter-in-law knew the real reason for the union, though the theories were many. None suspected the vein of sentiment buried so deep in the past.

Although the talk of the village never penetrated the big house, sheltered by towering maples and flanked by flower-flaming lawns, Lady Linda, as Peter Piper had named her, was too shrewd not to divine what they all were saying, and her heart was heavy.



"There," she said, "that will fix it. Now you must be careful not to get any dirt in it."—Page 106.

So the day came when Peter's grief knew no comfort. Lady Linda called him in and told him she was going. He saw her trunk packed and her charts, bandages, and instruments all neatly laid away in her handbag.

"And you're never coming back?" he asked in open-eyed astonishment.

"Never, never," was her answer.

She leaned forward in the chair, pinning his arms down with her own as he stood at her knees. His wondering eyes looked solemnly into hers as though he did not know what to say.

"I shall come to see you sometimes," she told him.

But he was silent. For a long time he studied her face.

"You won't forget me, will you?"

She was almost pleading, but still he said nothing. When he finally spoke, his voice was very grave.

"What will Jack the Giant-killer say?"

She hugged him and made no answer.

"You are crying," he declared accusingly, as she strove to hide her tear-filled eyes. Then his lips began to quiver.

"You mustn't go, you mustn't. You must wait till he comes."

He stamped his foot in vexation.

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"Hush!" cautioned the nurse, hurriedly picking him up. "Come, I'll tell you a last, last story. Now listen. Once upon a time there was a great king who lived in a big, big castle by the sea."

Peter's eyes dried as he followed her words. But the tale was never finished. Lady Linda could not choke back the sobs, though the boy did his best to comfort her. Finally she smiled at him, and he asked:

"Did the prince marry the swan-keeper's daughter?"

"I don't know," replied the nurse, burying her face in her hands.

In a few hours she had gone. Peter saw her baggage piled in the express-wagon. He stood at the corner and watched the team roll away under the interlocking elms that arched over the street.

It was here that Jack the Giant-killer found him . . . industriously engaged with a black beetle.

It was here that Jack the Giant-killer found him. Peter had seen the big purple touring-car leave the garage and knew the reason. He sat on the curb, calmly waiting, and was industriously engaged with a black beetle when the car returned.

"Peter Piper!" shouted Jack, rising from his seat and ordering the chauffeur to stop.

He leaped from the car and tossed the boy in his arms. A pair of dirty hands stole around his neck to ruin a spotless collar.

"Gee, but you're getting heavy!" said the Giant-killer, his teeth gleaming. "How's the pickled pepper king been all summer?"

Peter kicked his heels in the air from joy.

"My automobile's busted," he replied as he was carried back to the car.

He started to tell of the accident, but was awed into silence by the stately Miss Parker, who sat by his side. Although she smiled sweetly, he was not encouraged. Jack plied him with questions all the way to the house, but he answered only by shaking his head.

Old Mr. Norden in a wheel-chair was on the veranda when they drove up, and the returned traveller was all enthusiasm until a white-clad figure moved noiselessly up to the side of the invalid. He saw a strange face and grew strangely quiet. In a moment he excused himself and drew Peter into the house.

"Has Lady Linda gone?" he asked quickly when they were alone.

"Yes," replied Peter dolefully. "I told her to wait till you came."

Jack the Giant-killer sat down and rested his head in his hands. He was quiet so long that the boy became uneasy.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes, very, very sorry," was the dejected reply. "Did she tell you where she was going?"

"No, she just said she was going far, far away and nobody would ever find her."

Jack became very grave.

"She is coming to see me some time," continued the boy, and at the words his idol looked up.

"Listen, Peter," he said. "Will you promise me something? If she comes, will you run up here and tell me? If she writes will you let me know?"

Peter promised, but the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months before anything was heard from Lady Linda. The void in the boy's little heart was quickly filled. With Jack the Giant-killer, however, it was not so. The hours

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were long for him and his face grew solemn. Peter noticed the change. All the stories he listened to were about a wonderful, wonderful land where dreams come true. He did not understand much about it except that every one seemed to be happy and things came about just as they all wished.

"I'd like to live there. Is it very far?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Jack. "Miles and miles away. Too far for your little feet ever to walk."

"I could have a pony then, couldn't I?"

"A pony and a gun, and you would always be a happy little boy."

"But I want to be a man so I can drive a real automobile."

"I know. That's why the land is so far away."

As the winter drew on and the trees lifted their gray branches to the cold skies, Mr. Norden grew weaker. He found it too tiring to get up each day, and one evening he called Jack to his bedside.

"I feel I am not going to live long, son," he said. "By the time the first snowdrop opens again, I will be laid away. But that is neither here nor there."

Jack took the old man's outstretched hand in his.

"I want to die in peace," he continued, "and you know how you can bring me that blessing."

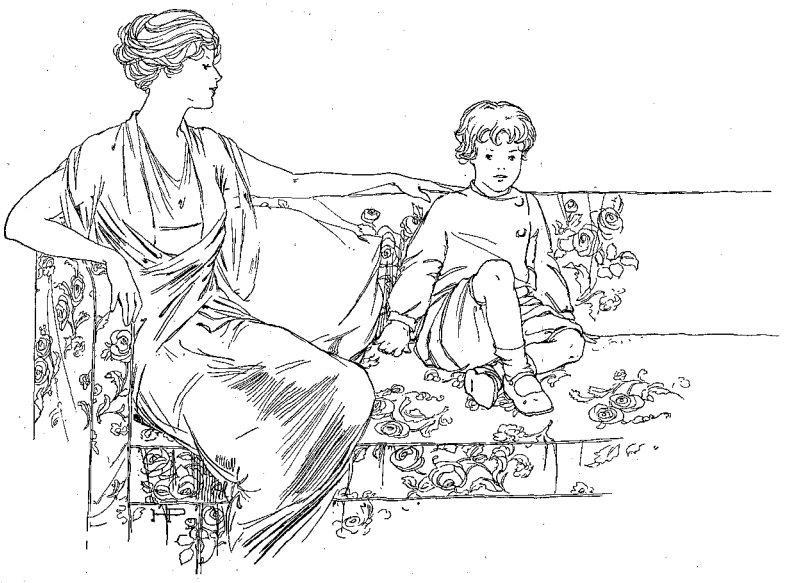
The younger bowed his head in silence.

"I have been irritable and impatient at times during these last few years. I wanted to see you married, and when you got out of law school I thought the day was near. But you held off. I suppose I might have been like the rest. I might have threatened to disinherit you and driven you away, like a thousand other angry fathers. But that would have been foolish. You are all I have, Jack, and everything goes to you. It isn't much, compared to some fortunes. But it is enough to keep you in comfort, in the greatest luxury even, if you desire. It's to be all yours, son, all yours."

The old man stopped for a moment.

"You know what my one wish is, and I want you to give me your word you will do all in your power to fulfil it," he continued. "You won't ask me why, for I should have to unburden my very soul to you and that wouldn't be right. I have kept the secret all these years. It would sound different if I put it into words. I was a coward once. But let that pass."

Jack looked at the white face on the pillow. The old man's eyes were veiled with memories. Years had dropped away



Miss Parker gazed into the fire and said nothing.—Page 113.

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in that half-lighted room where only the gentle ticking of a watch broke the stillness. The minutes passed and no words were spoken.

"I thought you loved some one else," said Mr. Norden finally. "I wasn't sure, but I was afraid. That is why I asked you to go away, and when the nurse left suddenly just before you came back, my suspicions were confirmed. But I was wrong, wasn't I? You have heard nothing from her since, have you?"

He turned and gazed sharply into the young man's eyes.

"No," Jack replied firmly.

"Of course, if you had loved her you would have found a way to see her," he added in a relieved tone.

Jack's head sank as the old man looked away. The words struck deeper than the speaker realized.

"That is over, and now will you give me your word?"

"She's here, she's here!" he shouted.—Page 113.

His pleading voice was weak and his eyes grew misty with a look of inexpressible longing. It was a bitter moment for Jack, but he did not flinch.

"Yes," he said, and a smile came to the face of his foster-father such as he had never seen before.

"My son," murmured the old man with grave satisfaction. "Now I will sleep."

When Peter Piper tramped gayly up to the house one day, not long afterward, Jack greeted him with an old-time welcome. The boy clutched a picture postcard.

"Read it," he said. "It's from Lady Linda."

He had already heard the message several times from his mother.

Unmoved, Jack took the card. He noticed it had been mailed in Chicago.

"Has my little Peter Piper got his peck of pickled peppers yet?" he read.

That was all. There was no address.

"Look at the picture," commanded Peter.

Jack turned the card over and saw the representation of a gayly lighted amusement park. Down in the corner was the printed title: "Dreamland."

With a grim smile he handed it back to the boy.

"Isn't that fine?" he said.

"She didn't say when she was coming back, did she?" commented Peter. "Do you think you will get one, too?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Why don't you think so?"

"Because she has forgotten me."

There was a peculiar gleam in his eyes. "That's funny," said Peter. "She remembered me and told me never, never to forget her. And I won't, will you?"

"Let's pop some corn over the big fire," was Jack's answer, and Peter romped off, leading the way.

In time the boy came to know another, who never was quite able to supplant Lady Linda in his affections. As Mr. Norden's health failed, both Jack and Peter saw much of Miss Parker, for she was a constant visitor at the house. She was very beautiful, but the light in her deep-blue eyes gleamed cold. Her smile was brilliant, her hair mounted in lustrous waves of silky gold, and a faint pink bloomed on her cheeks, which were as soft as sheerest linen. Peter was afraid of her, though he tried hard not to let her know it.

"You can't tell stories like Lady Linda, can you?" he once told her.

"No," she admitted, and a fleet tremor of wistfulness played across her face. "Lady Linda must have been a very wonderful person."

They were sitting on a long divan in front of the fire with Jack the Giant-killer. The gale outside caught the icy particles that surfaced the snow and sent them crackling against the window-panes. The shadows of late afternoon crept into the room while they silently watched the tongues of flame, blue, red, and gold, eat into the heart of the wood on the andirons.

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"Do you think the swan-keeper's daughter was happy?" asked Peter suddenly.

"I don't know," said Jack. "Tell me who she was."

"Well, once upon a time there was a great king who lived in a big, big castle a little house near the big, big castle. She loved him, too, but she said the king would be very angry when he found out. And he was, because he sent the prince away to a distant land, where he was nearly killed by brigands, and escaped after many,

"See," he said, "this is what I wrote Lady Linda."—Page 114.

by the sea," began the boy, and then stopped.

"That's the way it started," he continued in a moment. "Lady Linda never told it all. One dark night the king was riding his horse and nearly ran over the old witch. The old witch was very angry and shook her cane at him and cursed his line.

"'Beware for the young prince,' she said. 'For the girl is fair and the prince is young and the blood of the peasant will enter your house.'

"Then the old witch flew away and the king was very angry, because he didn't know what she meant, and he wanted the prince to marry the beautiful princess in a distant land. But the prince loved the daughter of the swan-keeper, who lived in many years. When he came back, the king said, 'Now will you marry the princess?' and the prince said, 'I must first see the swan-keeper's daughter,' for he still loved her and she loved him. But the king said, 'I have banished her to a distant land and she no longer loves you,' which was not true. Then the prince was very angry and said, 'I must see the swan-keeper's daughter.' Then she cried."

"Why did she cry?" asked Jack.

"I don't know, but she cried awful hard and put her arms around me and kissed me and told me never to forget her."

"Who do you mean, Peter?" asked the man, his voice rising.

"She never told me the rest," answered the boy dreamily.

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"It was Lady Linda!" he exclaimed, getting up and rubbing his forehead in dismay. "Tell me, tell me again, Peter. What was it? What do you mean?"

He became excited and grasped the boy's arm. Then he felt a pair of blue eyes fastened on him in quiet study, and a flush came to his face. He sat down quickly to hide his confusion. Miss Parker gazed into the fire and said nothing.

Not long afterward old Mr. Norden sank wearily into a sleep from which he never awoke, and they laid him away. When the soft touch of the passing days had taken the edge off grief, Jack took counsel with himself as to how soon he could fulfil the promise he had made. Long was he occupied in settling the big estate, most of which he had inherited, and he often wondered if the delay in seeking out Miss Parker was more from desire than necessity.

Then came the day when he felt he could no longer compromise with time, and he faced the beautiful woman who was decreed his wife.

"Do you know why he wanted you to marry me?" she asked. "You probably don't. I am not sure, but I suspect. Men say so little about such things."

Jack listened in silence. There was an unfamiliar tenderness in his eyes.

"You know, Jack, ever since I was a little girl I have known that I was to marry you. When mother died and father and Mr. Norden became such fast friends, it was settled. All these years I have been waiting."

She gazed at him pityingly.

"I have always liked you better than any other man I ever saw. Perhaps that is love. If it isn't, then that is all I am capable of. I sometimes think I am different from other women and will never really love any one very deeply. There has been no one besides you, Jack."

For a moment she hesitated.

"But your case is not the same, is it?" she said finally.

He bowed his head.

"I saw it in your eyes when Peter Piper told us that story. Yet you would marry me to keep the word you gave a man now dead. We might be happy. I doubt it."

"Don't say that," he expostulated. "You know I am fond of you and always have been."

"Yes, I realize it," she continued. "We grew up together. It might have been all right if no else had come along. But that was inevitable."

She gently placed her hand on his shoulder and her face grew very solemn.

"Your uncle once loved my mother," she said. "It is time you knew it. But his heart was faint and he never had the courage to tell her. She waited long for him to speak, but the years passed and he said nothing. Then father married her. Not long afterward Mr. Norden learned what he had lost, and the sorrow preyed on him throughout his life. None knew the secret. Now his hand reaches back from the grave to point you to the way that brought him such disappointment. It isn't right, Jack, it isn't right."

They were silent a long time. The fire glowed softly on the hearth and the fitful shadows danced in eerie procession across the ceiling.

"He once told me he was a coward," said Jack. "But I never knew what he meant."

"I hope you will never be able to say the same about yourself," she replied.

"Oh, that is all done!" he exclaimed almost angrily. "Don't talk about it. I have made up my mind. Would you ask me to be so faithless?"

He looked away from her and she gently placed her hand on his shoulder. Perhaps there was more than sympathy in the sweet light that dawned in her eyes.

"You know you love her, Jack. Some day you will meet her again. Fate brings such things about. Be sure to tell her then. It would be only a tragedy for you to marry me. I couldn't do it. Never, never."

One day when the breath of the softened earth had scented the April air, the wheel of fortune completed its cycle. As Jack passed down the street he heard the patter of little feet on the sidewalk, and turned to see Peter running up to him.

"She's here, she's here!" he shouted.

His eyes were dancing with delight and he grasped Jack's hands to pull him along.

But the man's face fell in sore perplexity, and he hesitated.

"She came to see me this afternoon,"

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announced the boy. "Come quick, she's going pretty soon."

Still he hung back, and Peter stepped away in amazement.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked solemnly. "It's Lady Linda."

Jack slowly shook his head.

"But you must, you must. Quick! I wrote her you wanted to see her, and you must."

"You wrote her?" inquired the Giant-killer. "How?"

But Peter would say no more, and continued to coax until tears of disappointment began to run down his red cheeks. It wasn't until Jack felt a valued friendship at stake that he turned and followed into the house.

Lady Linda rose to greet him when he entered the room, and a wise mother drew Peter away.

"It is a long time since I have seen you," she said in a low voice. "Did you have a pleasant trip?"

"In a way, yes," he replied. "But from the day I started I looked forward to the time I should return, and when I reached home you were gone."

The color rose in her cheeks.

"Perhaps you know why I did it," she suggested.

"No, I didn't at the time. But I suspect now."

As they stood facing each other, he felt as though he could not keep his hands away from her another instant.

"It seems so good to see you after all these weeks," he said, his face brightening. "Do you remember the times you and I and Peter had together? He was all you left me."

She smiled at him so tenderly that he trembled to think what would happen if she looked at him like that again.

"What was the story about the swan-keeper's daughter?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, why did he tell you that?" she pleaded, her face flushing.

Jack gazed into her eyes for a moment and then swept her into his arms.

"Oh, Linda! Linda!" he murmured. "Why did you do it? Why did you go? If you only knew how I have wanted you."

For a long time they talked quietly together, while the light faded and the room was shadowed with the dusk. It was so still that they heard Peter softly tiptoeing across the hall and they waited for him to stick his head through the portières.

"Come in, Peter Piper," said Jack, with a laugh. "You've done your worst now and I hope you're satisfied."

Peter ran to the big chair in which they both were sitting, and piled on top. In his hands was a much-soiled letter.

"See," he said, "this is what I wrote Lady Linda."

"When did you learn to write?" asked Jack.

"You read it," ordered the boy.

It said little, only begging Lady Linda to come back. But at the end were the words: "Jack the Giant-killer wants you, too. He is waiting, waiting, waiting, and thinks you have forgotten him. Won't you come?"

A long string of X's of many sizes and shapes cluttered the bottom of the page to represent kisses, and a misshapen scrawl formed the name, "Peter."

Jack carefully examined the handwriting.

"Why, I know!" he exclaimed. "It was Miss Parker."

He looked up at Lady Linda. Her eyes were grave and a solemn little smile curled her lips.

"Oh, Jack," she said. "How blind you are! She loved you, too."

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THE WISHFUL SELF

By Pearce Bailey, M.D.

ONE morning in the summer of 1912, a robust factory employee woke up blind. He never had had any trouble with his eyes, and had worked full time the day before, as indeed he had for the past fourteen years, without missing a day. From the first he was under the care of skilled ophthalmologists who examined him frequently and under different conditions, but who prescribed no remedies, as they could find no disorder to remedy. The whole ocular apparatuses—pupils, lenses, muscles, and optic nerves—were, they said, normal. Then searching examinations of all kinds were made in order to discover if any general physical disease existed which might explain the blindness. From all this there resulted nothing but voluminous reports, according to which the man should have seen, out of respect for the industry and learning which had been expended on him, if for no other reason. But in the face of everything he persisted that he could not see, and acted as blind men do, stumbled over obstacles, felt his way, was led about, did not go out alone, and did not even feed himself.

Sight being, after all, a subjective affair and so outside final proof, the question arose if the man were feigning. This hypothesis fell flat, as every circumstance which might make feigning profitable was absent in the case of this poor factory hand who had no insurance, who had sustained no injury, and who was entirely dependent on wages which stopped when he stopped work. Instead of helping him in any way, his infirmity jeopardized the welfare of his family, which consisted of a wife and three children. And besides that, all the various tests to detect feigned blindness failed in his case. As, then, there was no motive for the man to deceive us and no evidence that he was trying to do so, we were forced to the conclusion that he was deceiving himself, and that some mental state, individual to him, had rendered it impossible for him to put to any personal use the ocular impressions of the outside world. In October this hypothesis was demonstrated correct, after four days of mental analysis and after three months of continuous blindness. A wish was shown to be at the bottom of the loss of sight. There was, it seemed, a condition in his life that had created in him a deep but unrecognized conviction that it would be better for him not to see at all than to see that; that even blindness was preferable to looking at what he hated, which was his wife. This created a wish powerful enough to rob him of his vision; he realized the wish but he did not realize at first the far-reaching effect of it. When the dissection of his mind was completed and the results of it were spread out before him, his mind's eye took in the full situation. He appreciated then that unconscious wishing sometimes goes too far. For, as Doctor Ames, who made the analysis and who reported the case in full, said, "on realizing that his blindness was the expression of his desire not to see, and that by being blind he gratified the desire, the idea occurred to him that if all he wished was not to see her, he could find less inconvenient ways than by remaining blind."

And then he saw.

He had been the sport, to a superlative degree, of what may happen to any one when a wish so permeates the mind that this latter creates a reality out of what is little more than air. The man's wish was not to see, and it was strong enough to create for him the actual realized state of blindness, in the same way that a child astride a cane looks upon himself as a mounted warrior, or that some little man's desire to be great convinces him that he has actually arrived.

All are examples of wish-thinking or autistic thinking, a type of cognition in which the judgments are not subjected to critical comparison with demonstrable reality, but are accepted at the persuasive call of the thinker's inclinations. Behind

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such judgments may generally be detected the instinctive idea of personal gratification or advantage, and the autistic qualities of judgment must be considered in any estimate of truth.

Those who treat truth as an undesirable abstraction, do with knowledge what the autistic mind does unconsciously, *i. e.*, they fabricate a situation for the purpose of gaining an end. The difference lies in the consciousness of the motive. The liar creates his situation with the intention of gaining his end by deceiving others; the end of the autistic thinker is not in such plain view and he often denies there is an end; for the end or purpose is bound up with organic propensities and need not be recognized in consciousness; together they conjure up realities too attractive to be disbelieved and too alluring to risk verifying, and are accepted at the outset, as the liar may accept finally as true what he once knew was lies. The point between truth and falsehood must remain fluid as long as we believe in the truth of our pretensions without making any effort to get warrants for them. The tendency is not the exclusive birthright of the inaccurate. Sonia Kovalewski, the famous Russian mathematician, was not able to ride nor to skate well, but she talked to every one as though she were accomplished in both sports. "She hoped that next time she could," her biographer explains.

In every human document, from the construction of an anthropomorphic idol to the plans of an invader, the wish appears as the near relative, if not the father, of the thought. It is recorded in myths and fairy-tales, and to-day, as Professor Bleuler says, we still live our fairy-tales, whether it be in the discriminating interest which selects the becoming necktie, or in the final flourish to a signature on the hotel register.

It is in our own times chiefly that the biological inevitableness of the personal element in reason has become evident and that its recognition has brought to light new methods of understanding the infinite varieties of character. As wish-thinking carried on uninterruptedly brings about a disorganization of the personality, it is not surprising that those who have to do with disordered personalities should have been the first to take up this subject in its scientific aspects. Up to the late eighties it had been supposed that there were many bodily functions that only physical causes could interfere with. But Charcot, in his studies on hysteria, enlarged the category of paralysis from idea, and went on to demonstrate that many of the deformed and contorted figures huddled for years in the Salpétrière were mental cripples only, curable by mental means. More recently the general study of the unconscious and the demonstrations by Freud of the mechanisms by means of which personal leanings, desires, wishes, create realities for the holders of them, have furnished a solution to many human riddles, inexplicable before.

In medicine it is daily being proved that some unconscious purposive thinking which the sick man does not know about may create a reality for him of blindness, deafness, paralysis, convulsions, or protracted pains which even simulate some operable disorder. The reality seems true or logical to the sick man and he acts on it. He is to be counted fortunate if the wise man called to cure him sees through the fantastic simulacrum of disease and recommends, instead of drugs or a surgical operation, an analysis of the personal reasons that have transported the deceiver, who is also self-deceived, into the land of unreality. The credit of the analytical method is largely due to Freud, and being a pioneer he has been bitterly attacked. But none can fail to cede to Freud the introduction into medicine of a much-needed method of causal psychology, which as a means to an understanding of human conduct is indispensable for the comprehension of disease.

The outlines of this subject were summed up in 1913 by Professor Bleuler, who then introduced into English the term "autistic thinking" as a contrast to "pure reason." He intended by this term to indicate the willing, the feeling, the personal element, all the subtleties of human nature which insinuate themselves into what we call reason, making it human, too, and defeating the object of the syllogism. For to think autistically is to let thoughts be smuggled past the censor of critical approval by our natural inclinations to turn toward what pleases us and away from what does not, so that our desires and

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fears, without paying duty, get the stamp of intellectuality.

Such inclinations are inborn and unavoidable. Through the long course of evolution desires and fears have become imbedded in us as complicated psychophysical reactions, each with its own characteristics in the way of motor expression and of feeling, each strong determinants of those actions which carry thought with them. Their forerunners existed before thought. They can be traced back to the earliest beginnings, and upon them depended the evolution of the race. Every living organism was and still is required to obtain for itself certain things in order to live, and is confronted by things which may kill it. Its survival depended and depends on striving for one and avoiding the other. Life demands of every living thing that it overcome obstacles for its personal benefit and that it protect itself. And the struggle which is the one means of preserving existence must be the only means of transcending it. To meet vital necessities two separate springs of action arose, one assertive, which maintains life, and one defensive. Somewhere in the evolutionary scale feelings were added—yearning, elation, and pleasure to the one, and pain, depression, and fear to the other. Each also acquired highly characteristic motor expressions, those of desire being aggressive, such as jumping at, running to, showing the teeth, embracing; those of fear are defensive, such as jumping and running from, warding off, avoiding, flight. When these two springs of action fused into instincts, which are the innate tendencies to strive after some particular end, the ends of them became more evidently constructive; but a knowledge of purpose was not acquired until consciousness was enlarged by ideas, and these ideas became associated with the instincts in a relationship too intimate ever to be broken up. The physical stimulation of an instinct arouses thoughts as to the means of its gratification or else to its control—and, on the other hand, thinking about an instinct will arouse it.

In the deportment of the serene and thoughtful man it may be difficult to detect the basic factors of the instincts; but, even if they are not immediately apparent, they can generally be identified by the associations they have acquired. Many of our gestures are unrecognized survivals of reactions to ancient and forgotten fears. William James suggests that the common phobia of closed places is a reincarnation of the fear of being attacked. Wishes may account for many of our moods. Desire, as it carries with it the pleasure of performance, has the mood of anticipation and cheerfulness; fear, through the checking of performance, has acquired the mood of apprehension and doubt. In action, one turns to or rushes to, the other turns away from or flees. In thought, desire creates the attractive realities of optimism, while fear hastens, if it does not absolutely lead, the pessimist to his conclusions. It is sometimes difficult to distinguish between these, and, from the philosophical point of view, they may be the positive and negative expression of the same thing. Desire to have carries the fear of losing, and fearing to lose implies desire. We are most solicitous about what we prize most. But biologically they are distinct.

Freud posits a wish behind every dream. But many dreams, while expressing wishes in their content, are really fear dreams, as the dream wish is only wished for the purpose of defeating the threatening thing which aroused the fear. During a period of investigation a financier dreamed that a certain person identified with an associate and personal friend called "X" was dead. Now, "X" was about to be called to testify, and he possessed information which, if others knew it, might result in the financier going to jail. "X" was the only one who knew. Would he tell? As dead men are the only human beings who can be relied on not to tell, the frightened financier dreamed that "X," the one man who might ruin him, was dead. In this sly way he wished him dead. But the wish had no occasion for existence except as danger prompted it, and while it appeared in the dream as a wish, fear created it, not desire.

Additional evidence as to the organic derivation and character of autistic thinking is furnished by the tendency of mental operations to revert, under certain circumstances, to more primitive types. The establishment of this tendency, to which Jung has given the name "regression," is

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psychology's chief contribution to the theory of evolution. Primitive tendencies are individualistic. But with the establishment of family and community life, the individual was forced to curb some of his tendencies for the benefit of the group, a necessity later refined and idealized as altruism. The primitive individual tendencies are held in check by self-control, which is partly the product of our enlarging mentality and partly the result of habit forced on the individual by a life of mutual co-operative service. Self-control, being a recent acquisition, is lost easily, and when lost, the primitive tendencies may be counted on to reproduce, in thought and conduct, earlier phases of the race. At the time of great calamities, stampedes, terrors, primitive individualism thrusts itself forward in ugly form, especially when the terror is too sudden and unexpected to permit the person to get a grip on himself.

One of the survivors of the *Titanic*, a young, unmarried, and lovely woman, even after she was safely in the lifeboat was still trembling with terror at her own personal danger. She then saw the great vessel, stern high in the air, begin to settle, and the lights along its side extinguished one by one as they glided into the water. As in a dream, she saw frenzied people massed at the unsubmerged stern, and she heard their shrieks until the sea silenced them. But this made no painful impression on her then or afterward, she said; she felt neither pity nor horror—she felt nothing but joy and gratitude at her own rescue. The terrific shock did away for the time with all human qualities, leaving her with the one emotion of satisfaction over the victory in her personal struggle for existence. At the sudden, unexpected threat of death the primitive wish to live had left no room in consciousness for sympathy, pity, or distress for others, which are later evolutionary acquirements and so less fundamental traits of character. She had but one reality and it was that of her own personal desire for life. It was "as in a dream" that she looked at the sinking steamer.

Similar examples of regression, recognizable as an unconscious egotism, are furnished throughout the period of developing mentality, "that age without pity," and reappear again in the degenerative changes of senility. They appear as primitive expressions in any state which impairs or limits the supremacy of the critical intellectual faculties. They are regressions in that they are mental "throwbacks," in that they call to life again its earlier phases of both racial and individual development when thought was all autistic and before the mind had acquired the ability to test reality by the facts. Indeed, it would seem that a measure of man's intellectual progress is his mastery over his natural tendency to think autistically, and it may well be that to fix the balance between the criticised and the wished-for or the feared, in the representative life of an individual, is the surest means of gauging his personality. In attempting this, it must not be forgotten that desires and fears often appear in action as their direct opposites, that they are in normal life often masked, and that the direction of desire is always toward personal gratification or advantage, actual or ideal. Desire is the more common and the more evident; but fear also creates beliefs, as in the prisoner denounced by Daniel Webster, "who thinks the whole world sees the guilty secret in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears it in the very silence of his thoughts."

The delusions of the insane are marked repressions in that they constitute the most striking contrast between phantasy and facts and are the most typical examples of autistic thinking. It has never been possible to define insanity, but any definition must be considered in relation to reality, for the essence of sanity is the ability to adapt beliefs to facts on all subjects where adequate facts exist. An insane delusion abolishes more or less completely that ability. The cripple walks on legs that have been paralyzed for years; the pauper, with trembling fingers, counts his millions or sketches on stray bits of paper the chateaux he has dreamed of; some shrivelled waif believes that a queen or an heiress is in love with him. In the delusions of grandeur the phantasy contrasts so grotesquely with the facts that it seems almost a beneficent compensation which permits some wretched, wasted figure to turn wishes into horses and to

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believe himself whatever it is that he would like to be. In insane delusions, the gulf between the autistic and the logical conclusion is so wide that the phantasy is immediately evident to every one.

Such discrepancies are not limited to the mental peculiarities which exclude from social intercourse. In many cases of mere nervous illness the contrast is almost as great. But in these the wishful nature of the conclusion is so deeply imbedded in the personality that it escapes recognition, and the illness, which is really the fiction of an organic purpose to create an asset, passes in the world as true. Many neurotic people, physically robust, express their individuality by assuming an incapacity which secures for them the sympathy and help they desire and which they might fail to get by direct means. Through the solicitude and co-operation of some fond relative, by blood but oftener by marriage, they create a gilded unreality of invalidism which obtains the result it set out for. On the death or disillusionment of the hitherto unsuspecting confederate the patients are forced back to reality by neglect, take up their beds and walk again, to the amazement of their friends.

Often the purpose reveals itself in more dramatic ways. A hopeless domestic situation paralyzed a woman's legs. She was paralyzed for life, everybody thought. But "she just couldn't walk up to it," she said finally. She had unconsciously created a physical expression for her feeling of inadequacy and for her wish that others should realize the position she was in. It was the cry for help, although for some time unrecognized as such. Convulsions in a precocious girl proved to be her way of expressing that she had arrived at maturity, although they had long passed as epileptic and had debarred her from the schools.

It is difficult to determine how deeply the idea of personal benefit is hidden from the individual in such cases—whether or not he has some glimmering of what his true self wants. It is probably more deeply hidden than is the headache of the boy on the morning he dare not go to school, or than can be believed by the railway claim agent who sees an injured passenger, badly crippled before the verdict, begin to walk soon after it. In litigated cases the purpose is as evident as the point at issue. But in private life it is a much more personal affair, sacred, and secretly interwoven with the intimate mental life that one dreads to speak of, often dreads to think of, and even may not know.

The fantastic unreality of the creation of autistic thought, even when carried to an extreme, is often difficult to recognize, but there is, nevertheless, something about the personality of those given over to it which distinguishes them from matter-of-fact personalities—the inconsistencies in the presentation may escape attention, but the mystic attitude of the individual is unmistakable. He has an air of mild detachment, of mystery, a self-satisfied reserve which makes him somewhat inaccessible in intercourse. Any one who has had a friend or relative go insane will recall that before the final smash, sometimes weeks or months before, a strange aloofness, an indefinite estrangement, something new and still intangible, weakened the relationship. When the truth came out it was easy, on looking back and putting together stray actions here and there, to see that the sick man was withdrawing into the web of his creative fancies. Autistic thinking has that tendency—to withdraw the thinker from the world of facts and to isolate him from the companionship of those who do not see all the realities that he does.

In many emotionalized experiences, in many creeds, and particularly in cults like Christian Science, in which autistic thinking becomes an imposed faith as well as an effective method of therapeutics, converts find a more acceptable companionship with their emotional cothinkers than with their former friends. In the absorption of the day-dreamer, as in the selfishness of the fictitious invalid, one sees the isolating attributes of egotism which are fatal to constructive friendship.

Like everything connected with personal welfare, autistic thoughts are highly emotionalized, and it is their emotional quality which vitalizes the conviction that what they create is true. This latter, in its power to convince of a reality devoid of proof or for which all proof that might destroy it is brushed aside, indicates the balance at the time between

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the feelings and the intellect. It gives to bias its fieriness, for under the prompting of interests, arguments which might jeopardize them are minimized or rejected altogether. A man can hardly be expected to stop for reasons when the question involves the reputation of his wife.

The emotional reaction is particularly intense when a beloved conviction is attacked, or when the idea arises that it needs to be defended. It is hazardous to oppose the delusions of the paranoiac, and hardly less hazardous to remark on the behavior of a badly brought-up child in the presence of a fond progenitor. The very frailty of an autistically created conviction demands for its existence a readiness in defense of it—it must have a strong emotional backing—and few emotions are stronger than those connected with defense. To arouse the full warlike spirit of a nation, it is imperative that this idea of defense be wide-spread; and so in every well-conducted war each belligerent is led to the belief that he is fighting to save his home. If the final discernment of reality ever comes, as it sometimes does, it is apt to cause a profound shock to the individual. Hugh Miller, when he realized that geology contradicted Genesis, committed suicide.

There is never a sharp line of demarcation between the normal and the pathological. There are easily recognizable extremes, but between them uncertainty prevails, as there is no standard of normality. Even such criteria of reality as are fixed by the conceptions of the times, and which insure a certain precision in practical affairs, are changing constantly. What was half folly yesterday may be demonstrated to-day as fact; and facts accepted as final may soon require readjustment in the light of new discovery. The standard must be regarded in relation to the times and also to the individual. What might be phantasy in one is in another a justifiable ideal. We smile superiorly at the boasts of youth; but as we look back we find nothing humorous in Bacon's statement that he was born to revitalize the world of scientific thought.

But it is certain that the more one flies in the face of facts the nearer one approaches the pathological. There are never facts enough to cover every point, and no subjects on which the facts are adequate enough to leave no gaps. Into these gaps settles the personality of whoever forms an opinion about them. Criticism aims to be impartial. But it cannot be entirely so, for the opinions gravely emitted by the critic are also his confession—for there has been left room for choice and the critic's choice reveals those phantasies of his which are the product of his constitution and his experience. Such phantasies need not contradict the facts—by filling in the background they may well insure the attraction of variety.

The establishment of facts limits and directs autistic thinking. What must be delusion now, need not have been so in the past. To believe in demons was once reasonable enough, but ceased to be so when it became known that his own fears and wishes are the "demons" which threaten and cajole the one possessed.

And for so many subjects no positive facts exist at all! There is nothing in our life here to check up our idealized desires for the future life. It is the same with many of our ideals. These appear as intellectual products, but they really spring from our organic natures whence are derived the impulses to struggle, to reach out, to climb. They are autistic points of view and fluctuate with age and time. The earliest ones of childhood are the expression of the consciousness of weakness, before fear has subsided, and imply submission. Thus children first idealize goodness, kindness, qualities which attract friends rather than enemies. Later, with fears quieted by experience, they idealize patriotism and leadership—*i. e.*, desire, freed from fear, has come to express itself more aggressively. In heroic natures the organic pleasure of striving is intensified by an idealism which esteems self-expression above failure or even death, as Cyrano said in his famous line: "C'est beaucoup plus beau lorsqu'il est inutile."

Idealism, fancy, imagination, poetry, all sprung from the phantasies of autistic thinking, give life its charm, and contain the hope of its expansion. But they become most effective when they co-operate with demonstrable truth. Ideals should surpass the immediately attainable—but they are futile when they aim at the impossible. It is wholesome to believe in

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human nature—but to optimistically expect of it a perfection it cannot give ends nowhere. It is generally believed that the records of a man's life are in direct proportion to the loftiness of his ideals; but it may well be questioned if idealism limited to the ultimately attainable will not show a greater sum of good. Certain it is that many people are rendered desperately unhappy at finding how far short they (and others too!) come of realizing the impossible ideals they set themselves. When they compare the wished-for with the actual they lose their zest for life and give up striving or choose some other course of life, not by reason of fitness, but because they hope thereby to atone for failures. A large number of the students in divinity schools are where they are for some such reason; and during every war idealists flock to recruiting offices in the hope of being sent somewhere where they will be shot.

In all practical affairs it is important to see things as they are and to restrict autistic and unattainable ideals. To say that we blindly believe in peace is another way of saying that we love the undisturbed enjoyment of our goods or of our means of getting them. As a belief it seems an autistic phantasy of the well-to-do and justified neither by experience nor theoretical considerations. If we were starving we might not be so keen about it. Ideals are wishful and hypothetical; to become effective guides they must be regulated by comparison and probability. As such, they point a way which the critical, discriminating faculties make practical for travel.

It is sometimes said that the mind as an instrument of thought has made no advance since the days of Plato. From the point of view of autistic thinking it may well be questioned if this be true. It would be profitless to compare great isolated intellects—to guess in how far Pasteur's genius equalled that of Aristotle. The question is whether the mind as a creative force does not acquire a higher efficiency and grasp with the increase in knowledge.

In ancient and mediæval days there were many subjects, which science and discovery have since illuminated, in which there were no facts by which reality could be tested; this was partly due to creeds and superstition, which forbade investigation; partly due to the absence of scientific methods, for among the sciences connected with nature the ancients had developed geometry alone to a complete and general form. One result was that, outside of every-day experience, there was little to check the pilotless excursions of autistic thought; another was that, data failing, the exercise of the highest criticism was impossible. "The Critique of Pure Reason" could not have been written in the groves of Greece.

Every fact established, every criterion of reality or even of possibility, limits lawlessness of thought in that direction; and by doing that it gives a greater concentrated energy to the imagination which creates. It would seem that each step thus taken toward increase in efficiency of the mind becomes a step toward the realization of its highest ideals and toward the justification of a higher standard of ideals.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT runs back and forth between a disused marble quarry and the local metropolis, six miles away. Time was when the quarry was in full swing, and when the train bore a certain important relation to the great world beyond the hills. Then it behaved itself rather grandly, with something of the impersonal air common to railroads. Consisting sometimes of as many as four or five cars, laden with huge white blocks, it took its way noisily and consequentially over its uneven rails. But now that the quarry has gone to sleep and the train serves only to hold the charter and, incidentally, to convey farmer folk to town and back, it has softened into quite the most human and charming institution in the world.

The Quarry Train

The very look of it is delightful. Its engine belongs to an ancient vintage, with a high and wide smokestack; and its one car is furnished with lateral seats which face each other sociably. It is generally very dingy, though now and then the engineer and the conductor put in their time between runs by painting it. Then, for a week or so, a mottled apparition travels back and forth, adding to the gayety of the valley. Bright pink is, on the whole, the favorite color.

It has a regular schedule, and even so far conforms to the tradition of its class as to "make connections" with the Rutland Railroad. But the connections are never "close." Plenty of time is allowed for the cultivation of a leisurely and accommodating spirit. If it knows that its passengers are on the way, it will wait for them as long as possible. I remember once making one of a group of travellers who were unexpectedly interviewed by "Charley," the conductor. "Say, are any of you people goin' to take the northbound train?" In some perplexity we shook our heads. "Well, then, I guess we'll wait a little longer. Joel Barlow's just sent word that his wife is comin'."

Friendliness is the key-note of the quarry train's philosophy. The first thing to do on boarding it is to greet the conductor and the passengers. Part of the interest of the trip lies in the uncertainty as to who the latter may prove to be; and when the traveller returns his family is sure to ask him: "Who did you go over with?" It is no sort of place for the meditation which some railroad trips induce; nor is it a place for taking private counsel with one's shopping companion for the day. If one is incautious enough to remark, "I think I'll try a pair of those shoes which were advertised in *The Journal*," one must expect that Charley will interrupt with "I've got a pair, and I like them first-rate." If, on the way back, one suddenly remembers that one has forgotten some important errand and utters a subdued exclamation to that effect, the whole car breaks forth into sympathy, and Charley looks regretfully, half-guiltily anxious, as if he deplored his failure to order the engine reversed on the spot.

I believe he would do so, if properly urged. There are seemingly no limits to the patience with which he delays committing his train to departure on its last return trip for the day. Always he waits for the arrival of the Montreal "flier"—frequently belated. Then he waits until any possible connecting passenger has had time to go around by the grocery store and do some marketing. After that he considers the probable fate of a passenger who came over with him in the morning and has not yet put in an appearance for return. He inquires of passing vehicles if such a one has been seen getting a lift home in any wagon or automobile. (For my part, I cannot understand the lack of consideration which allows a passenger, having a return ticket on the quarry train, to accept a carriage ride home without notifying Charley.) At last, perhaps urged by some one of the assembled passengers, he nods to the engineer, leaning sociably out of his cab window and catching scraps of the general conversation; and, with a great puffing and ringing of its bell, the engine gets under way.

But even then the necessity for thoughtful circumspection is not over. The train makes but three official stops between its terminal stations, but it is liable to be solicited anywhere. It is almost too obliging. Walking beside it one day, in the course of a long ramble, I had all I could do to prevent it

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from stopping and taking me on board. As for letting its passengers off, it consults their convenience rather than the claims of its regular stations, and pauses neatly just where Mis' Jenkins can make the best speed to her home, or where Mis' Merriman's "team" is waiting for her. Conductor and engineer work in perfect accord in this matter and seldom seem to consult each other; though now and then I have seen Charley open the door and snap his fingers in the direction of the engine, and have heard the whistle reply.

Conversation runs high during these trips. Charley must share with the R. F. D. postman the privilege of being as well-informed locally as it is possible to be. Perhaps he is even the better off of the two, for he hears the news of two villages. Narrative, comment, speculation, mirth, indignation, pathos make a product of that peculiarly human spiciness and richness which the erstwhile city-dweller, transplanted to the country, finds so intoxicating. Having travelled on various transcontinental roads and found them—except for their scenery—very much of a bore, I never fail to return from a trip on the quarry train in a tingling glow of amusement and interest.

Nor is the scenery through which, laughing and chatting, we pass, anything to fear comparison with the glories of the Canadian Pacific or the Santa Fé. It is of the essence of New England—and does not that say everything? Noble hills swell around it—green in summer, dazzling white in winter, soft gray between times; dancing brooks companion it; dim woods receive it among their shadows and let it go again; rocky pastures, dotted with spruce and pine trees, climb the lower slopes of the hills about it; over it bends the beautiful, tender New England sky.

Oh, dear New England! dear Vermont! Who would live in a city prison who might look on these hills and breathe this air? Who would travel in lonely state on the cushions of a Pullman car who might jog sociably with his neighbors on the quarry train?

THIS is the season when your friends once again talk about their gardens. This is no attack on flowers. Even the geranium in a sooty window draws the attention of every passer-by; how much more the color and perfume of a well-ordered garden. But I for my part was better pleased in those almost forgotten days when gardeners did the gardening. They were stern, autocratic men, jealous tyrants who forbade as far as possible the picking of any fruit or flowers; they did not, certainly, create color-schemes as beautiful as those evolved nowadays by our gifted amateurs. But they did let you enjoy the general results of their handiwork in peace and quiet. The most you were ever expected to say was: "Ah, MacFarlane, how well the fuchsias are doing!"

Other People's Gardens

But things are changed nowadays. The gardens of our friends! How half an acre of land can destroy conversation, friendship, and indeed all the finer relations of life. The garden-lover has no conscience. Neither has the man who is building a house, but he commits his atrocity only once in a lifetime. The garden, on the other hand, is like a spoiled beauty. There is no limit to its demands for admiration. It is new not only each spring, but each month, almost each day of the year. You may be required to find something fresh to say about it at least twenty-five times in one season, something which usually turns out to be grossly ignorant and unsatisfactory.

You arrive weary and dusty at the country house of a friend, and have hardly swallowed your tea, when—"Wouldn't you like to see my garden?" says your hostess. Ten to one you have been sitting for twenty minutes in some pergola or piazza from which the garden was designed to be viewed; but in your hostess's question the verb "to see" takes on a new and sinister meaning. It signifies counting buds, chasing small insects, listening to long, confusing names, and allowing opinions to be dragged from you on matters about which you have neither information nor intuitive judgment. For hours afterward sentences like this ring through your head: "Do tell me, should I do better with a group of golden-throated asterisks against that wall, or do you like the azure-eyed Armenias better?" "Give me your opinion about this twelfth-century well-head that we picked up at Ampelopsis last summer. Doctor Bones thinks it's a genuine Marie Corelli."

Not only the suffering of the moment is to

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be considered, but the fact that painful associations are gradually being set up in connection with all growing things. Your heart sinks at the mention of a crocus. The smell of damp, freshly turned earth—once so full of a pleasant promise—now suggests nothing but wet feet, a backache, and hours of interminable waiting beside a digging friend, who knows just as well as you do that luncheon is getting cold.

"God Almighty," said Lord Bacon, himself a gardener, "first planted a garden." Very true, but that garden was Paradise—that is to say, Adam and Eve were spared a personally conducted tour of inspection.

From an Old Maid That Needs No Apology

I AM an old maid, and I like it. I realize that in the eyes of my close friends I am an object of profound pity. I can often feel their conviction of the tragedy of my circumstances when I happen to be smiling at some one else's baby; I read perfectly clearly the glances of understanding that a father flashes to his responsive wife when, by chance, I am caught playing with their offspring. It is not so very long since a generous husband of one of my old friends whispered, as we left a wedding together: "Never mind—we shall all be going to yours some day." He said it very kindly. Why should I have been moved to a mirth that recurs at intervals at the thought of his compassion? I know that I am a disappointment to my family and a failure from the world's point of view. And yet I like it. Sometimes—dare I say it?—I have seen in the eyes of my dearest friend, mother of six, a kind of leaping envy at my freedom. She knows that I have my work to do and that I believe in it and like it. For all the sweetness of those

> "Stragglers into loving arms,
> Those climbers up of knees,"

they are heavy to carry sometimes and they make enormous confusion in the darning-bag. Besides, they disturb one's late morning nap in a way that I could never brook. As it is, there are a dozen such "stragglers" that are glad to see me whenever I appear; they can be borrowed at will; I have yet to see the mother that is not glad to lend me one or two, or the youngster that is not glad to come.

Besides her work, which many an old maid has found as absorbing as a man finds his, there is the entire realm of friendship—not only with borrowed children but with comrades everywhere. Friendship is possible for the married, of course, but it is not so easily cultivated. To the married, dangers threaten friendship—lack of time, calculation and ambition for the children, jealousy in a half-dozen guises. The old maids I know are not too serious or too strenuous to cultivate the heart's ease and the independence of soul that are two of the freshest flowers in the garden of friendship. No, it is not "the mark of inward pain," nor yet "the genuineness of a resolute courage," that keeps the old maid brave. It may be these things, just as it may be these that keep her married sister brave; inward pain and genuine courage have come sometimes even to the married. The fact is that many an old maid is happy in the belief that she has chosen a perfectly simple, sane, and honorable path through life; she has neither "defied nature," nor has she "passed through purgatory," except as there is a good deal of purgatory in most lives. She has maternal instinct—that wearisome, reiterated possession. Of course—why not? She is a woman. She uses it, too—not in a cool, sequestered, pale, poetic fashion, but whenever she may happen to see a next thing to do—as is the way of woman. She has obeyed the impulses of her nature in not marrying because she has never fallen in love or has not loved the right man; and she is as secure and as brave and as independent in her walk through a puzzling world as any other human being that burns her own smoke and keeps her powder dry, whether she be married or single or—even a man!

I am not only an old maid, but I know many others, just as I know many married women, and I believe that it is time for the world to look upon them neither as pitiful, perverted beings nor as unclaimed blessings, but as fellow workers and comrades in a world in which there is serious business to do whether one be married or not. After all, does it make so very much difference except to the novelist and the poet and the scientist—this question of being an old maid?

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·THE FIELD OF ART·

Autumn, by Anton Mauve.

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SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN DUTCH ART

THE recent death of B. J. Blommers brings freshly to my mind some impressions of other men who have made a particular place for themselves in modern Dutch art.

A number of years ago, in company with two of the younger Dutch painters, George Poggenbeek and Nico Bastert, I walked from the village of Breukelen, on the river Vecht, to Blaricum, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee. We were making this excursion to pass a day or two with our friends Kever and Van Essen. Hardly had we entered the village when we saw coming from one of the low, thatched-roofed cottages a short, thick-set man with a large head and strong features. I soon learned that this was Albert Nieuhuys. He had come to Blaricum, one of his favorite sketching-grounds, for a few weeks' work, and he was then at work upon a picture of a handsome peasant girl engaged in teaching her little sister to read, a picture we afterward saw in an exhibition at The Hague. When, a little later, I met Nieuhuys, I found him interested in all that was going on in the art world of America and eager for any information I could give him. His own works were even then on their way to this country, and were among the first to make modern Dutch art known to our collectors. Nieuhuys, like Kever, had come to Blaricum because here they found ready to hand the subjects they so loved to paint. The whole village seemed to be at their service; unannounced they entered any cottage and were as free to observe the inmates at their ordinary household duties as though the painters themselves were the proprietors and were going at will about their own houses. So far as I can remember, I never saw any of these peasant women or children actually posing, though there were undoubtedly occasions when they were called upon to hold a special pose that the artist might verify a bit of drawing or more clearly define a detail. These studies from life were usually done in charcoal or crayon on tinted paper, lightened by touches of chalk. There was never any suggestion of the professional model, never any dressing or other arranging for the part. These painters seemed to be visitors for the time, on a common level with their hosts and part of the every-day life of the home. I mention this to make it clear how simple were the relations between

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the painters and the folk whose life they found it worth while to study and interpret. It was so real and genuine that I began to understand how these painters were able to get so much that was absolutely natural and unaffected in their pictures. They were themselves living the life of the Dutch peasants and learning to know all its sorrows and joys, for they saw with their own eyes

From an unpublished sketch by Kever.
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

the drama enacted from the cradle to the grave. In this way, too, they grew familiar with the setting for these intimate home scenes: the large, roomy, low-toned interiors, the high, tiled fireplaces, the great red chests, the red or blue rush-bottomed chairs, the table with its potted plant placed under the one big window, the delft ware of blue, or the shining copper cans. There seemed to be no picture-making about all this. It was as if able but sympathetic men were, for the pure love of it, making daily record of the doings of their kind: the spinning, the cooking, the feeding, the mending, the teaching, the weeping, the laughing, the coming into this world, the going out of it, the taking of the first step, the tottering of the last, the playing, the praying, the gathering for the family meal or for council—what more worthy of record or more wholesome for the painter! How remote all this from our usual conception of the studio-manufactured picture!

I know we have sometimes wearied of this endless repetition of these ordinary themes, but I think it is because our markets have at times been flooded by inferior work. We cannot see too much of the output of such masters as those already mentioned and a dozen more I might name. I know, too, it is said, "Art is of no country," "Art is universal," and this in a sense is true, but Dutch art is emphatically of Holland, and unless we know Holland we cannot fully understand or appreciate its art.

The Hollander is intensely patriotic. He loves not only his country and its institutions, but its very soil and the skies over it, its luscious fields and its windmills, its dikes and its ditches. He loves these with the ardor of one who has paid dear and continues to pay dear for his possessions. Now, to the painter these sentiments are all the more keenly felt because he is a painter. When he paints his windmills they must come against his own gray skies. His black-and-white cattle must graze in his own rich pastures and his willow-bordered canals must cut their way through his canvases. This is why so few Dutch painters live out of Holland. I can recall but one painter of distinction who has chosen to spend his life away from home, and that is Matthys Maris, who lives in London. It is told of Jacob Maris that when he sought rest from his absorbing occupations he fled to the German Rhine, for he said there he was never tempted to take brush in hand. I once asked George Poggenbeek why he did not spend a season in America. "What should I do there?" he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders; "you know I cannot paint out of Holland." Because of their loyalty to their own country, many Dutch painters cannot understand why artists from other countries flock to Holland and insist upon painting windmills and willows and canals and Dutch interiors, themes they can at best know but superficially, catching only the outside of things, only what they can *see*. They argue: What can these foreigners know about our real life—our inner life—and if they cannot know that, why attempt to paint it at all? It is a very queer Holland that such painters carry away with them, they say. When Nieuhuys was in this country a few years ago he travelled from Washington to Philadelphia. It was in the autumn of the year.

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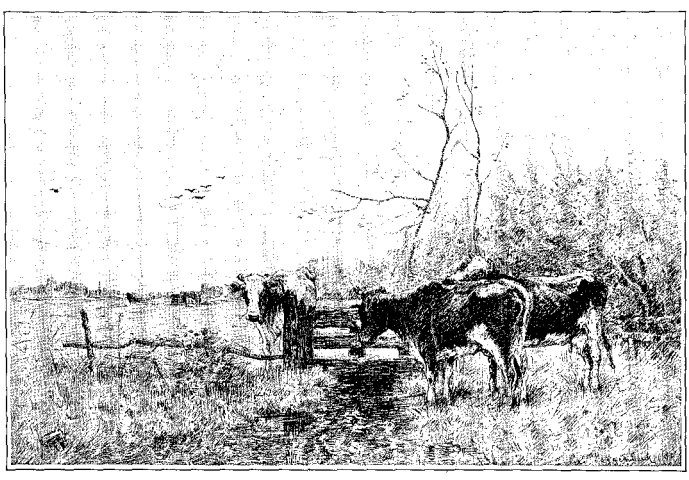
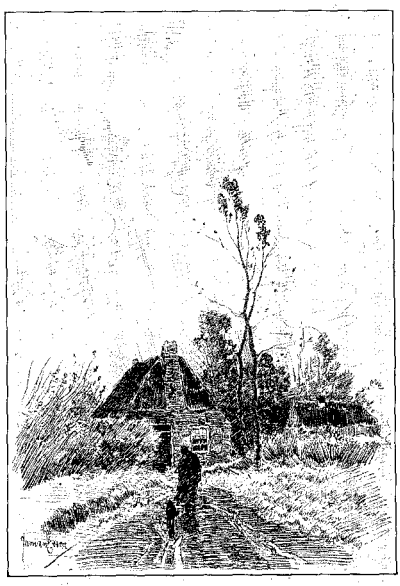
He tried to describe to a little group of us at the Salmagundi Club the glory of our autumn foliage, the inviting subjects that crowded into his vision, the skies that were crying aloud to be painted, and, though he spoke English very well, he confessed he was unable to convey to us any idea of how he had been impressed. He thought Americans had no need to hunt for subjects in strange lands.

When Joseph Israels painted for us a fat, rosy, Dutch baby attempting its first steps by the aid of a sort of cage on rollers, or a lonely old woman saying grace before her meal, he could not be ignored. Like Millet, Israels knew the people he painted. He lived amongst them and loved them. It was a genuine sentiment, born of experience, that led Israels to paint "Alone in the World." The old woman sits beside her dead, utterly dazed and forlorn. Without her loved companion, what is she to do next? How can she live without him? Such a picture speaks to vast multitudes and is easily understood. It is a tragedy taking place every day in every land, in the palace and in the cottage. So far the theme is universal, but the treatment of it is so truly Dutch that it could not have been painted anywhere but in Holland. What has here been said of Israels may be said of the sheep and cattle pictures of Mauve. They belong not only to Holland, they could belong nowhere else.



From an unpublished sketch by George Poggenbeek.
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

But these pictures by Israels, Kever, Nieuhuys, and Blommers appeal to artist and layman alike for another reason. These men, like their ancestors, are good craftsmen. They know how to paint. They know their trade. Above all, they have learned to adapt their way of painting to their needs. A little examination will show that in this



From an unpublished sketch by Jan Van Essen.
(Owned by Mr. Van Laer.)

their methods are sound, sound because simple and direct. They neither know nor tolerate trickery of any sort. In fact, purely technical problems bother them very little. They are never the subjects of conversation in studios or clubs as with us. Dutch painters seem to have but one aim, and that is to paint truthfully and seriously but with the utmost simplicity and frankness. This does not mean that they all paint alike. There is a vast difference between a canvas by Jacob Maris and one by Albert Nieuhuys, or between the manner of Mauve and that of Poggenbeek, and yet these men attain their various ends through one and the same underlying principle, which is nothing

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Alone in the World, by Josef Israels.

more than the attempt of each man to put down his own impressions in his own way, with all the clearness and power at his command, by honest and direct means.

One afternoon Poggenbeek, Bastert, and I were roaming over the fields near Breukelen. Poggenbeek stood still, took from his pocket a little sketch-book, and jotted down in a few hurried lines the essentials of the scene before us. The next morning in the studio, in a few hours' work, he had upon his canvas a strong interpretation not only of the scene but of the day and the hour. This splendid start was made as innocently and as free from mystery as if it were the work of a beginner but with the grasp and knowledge of a master. For weeks after this, when conditions were favorable, he walked out to the fields, spent a half-hour renewing his impressions and absorbing again their charm and mystery, till finally he felt he had said all there was for him to say, and for him the thing was done.

It must not be forgotten that most Dutch painters work as willingly in water-color as in oil, and while they appreciate that each medium has its peculiar charm—that the beauty of water-color is one thing and that of oil is another—the mental process is the same. If it suits the theme to use transparent washes, they will be careful to preserve the purity of the paper. How skilfully Mauve could work in this manner! If the subject calls for texture or solidity, they do not hesitate to employ opaque color or wash and rewash the paper a dozen times. Israels and Blommers were masters of this method. What depths of shadow could they not reach, or by the superimposing of snappy touches of brilliant bits of color to what lightness did they not attain! Who better than they have made this subtle and difficult medium yield more willingly to every shade of feeling or thought or revelled in it with greater zest and freedom?

It must be admitted that Dutch art has its limitations. We shall look in vain for works of high imaginative quality, always excepting the beautiful canvases by Matthys Maris. I cannot conceive, for example, of any Dutch painter living in Burne-Jones's world. Since the seventeenth century Holland has had no notable portrait-painters, nor are there to-day, so far as I know, any mural decorators executing historical or purely decorative works of a high order. As always, it is the life going on about him that holds the interest of the modern Dutch painter, and this he still interprets in his own way. He is still a realist but not wholly given over to materialism. He cannot forget his splendid heritage, his sensitiveness to all that is beautiful in the little world in which he lives and moves. He is and always will be the artist practising those excellences that make for a sound and vigorous art.

ALEXANDER T. VAN LAER, N.A.

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Painted for Scribner's Magazine by Stanley M. Arthurs.

Arthur Lee.

Silas Deane.

Secretary Gerard.
(later first minister from France to the United States).

Count de Vergennes.

Benjamin Franklin.

FRANKLIN AT THE FRENCH COURT.

Franklin arrived at Paris, December 21, 1776, as ambassador to the court of France and in conjunction with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane concluded a treaty with France, February 6, 1778, by which France recognized the independence of America.

[The second of twelve American historical frontispieces.]

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